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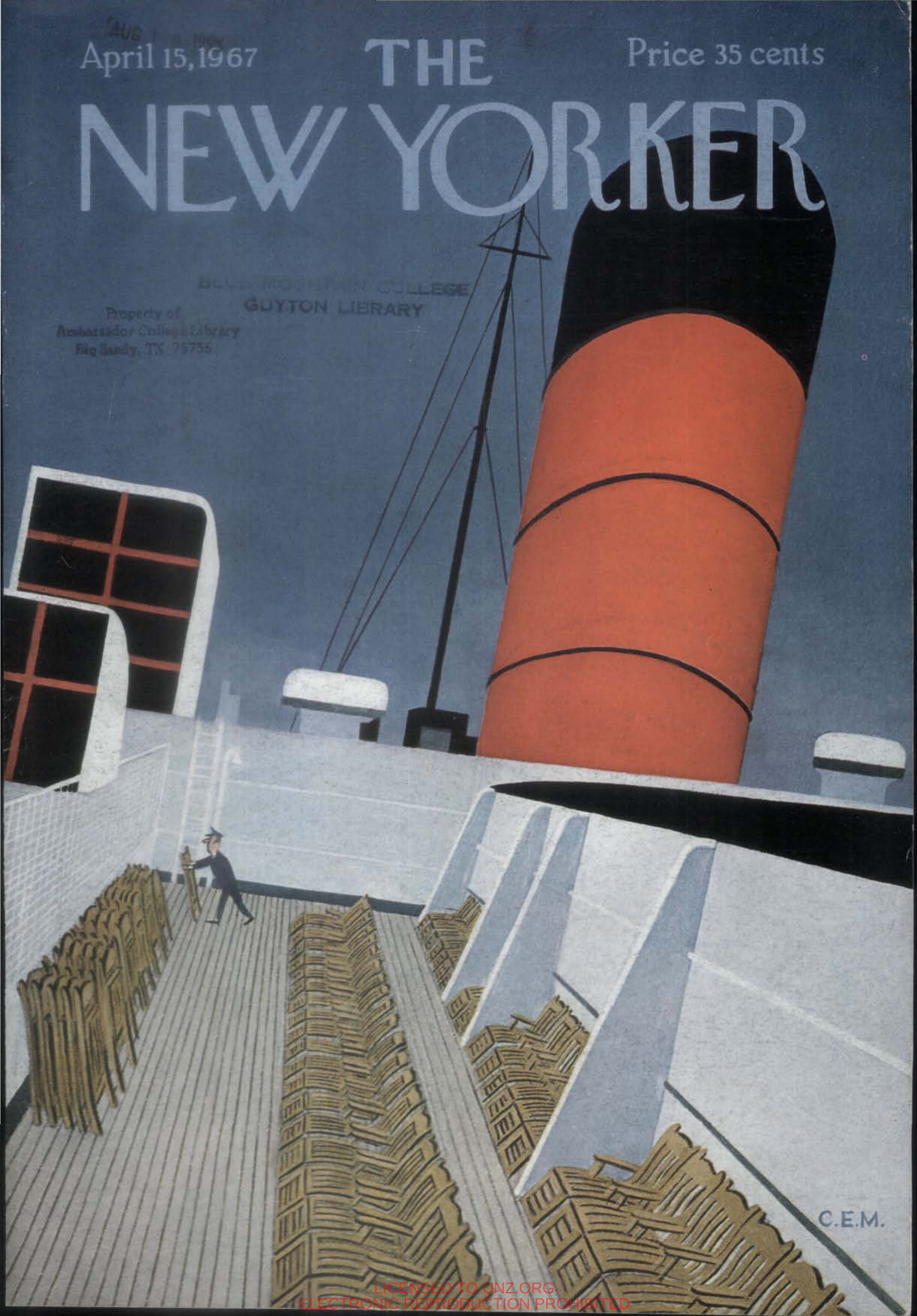

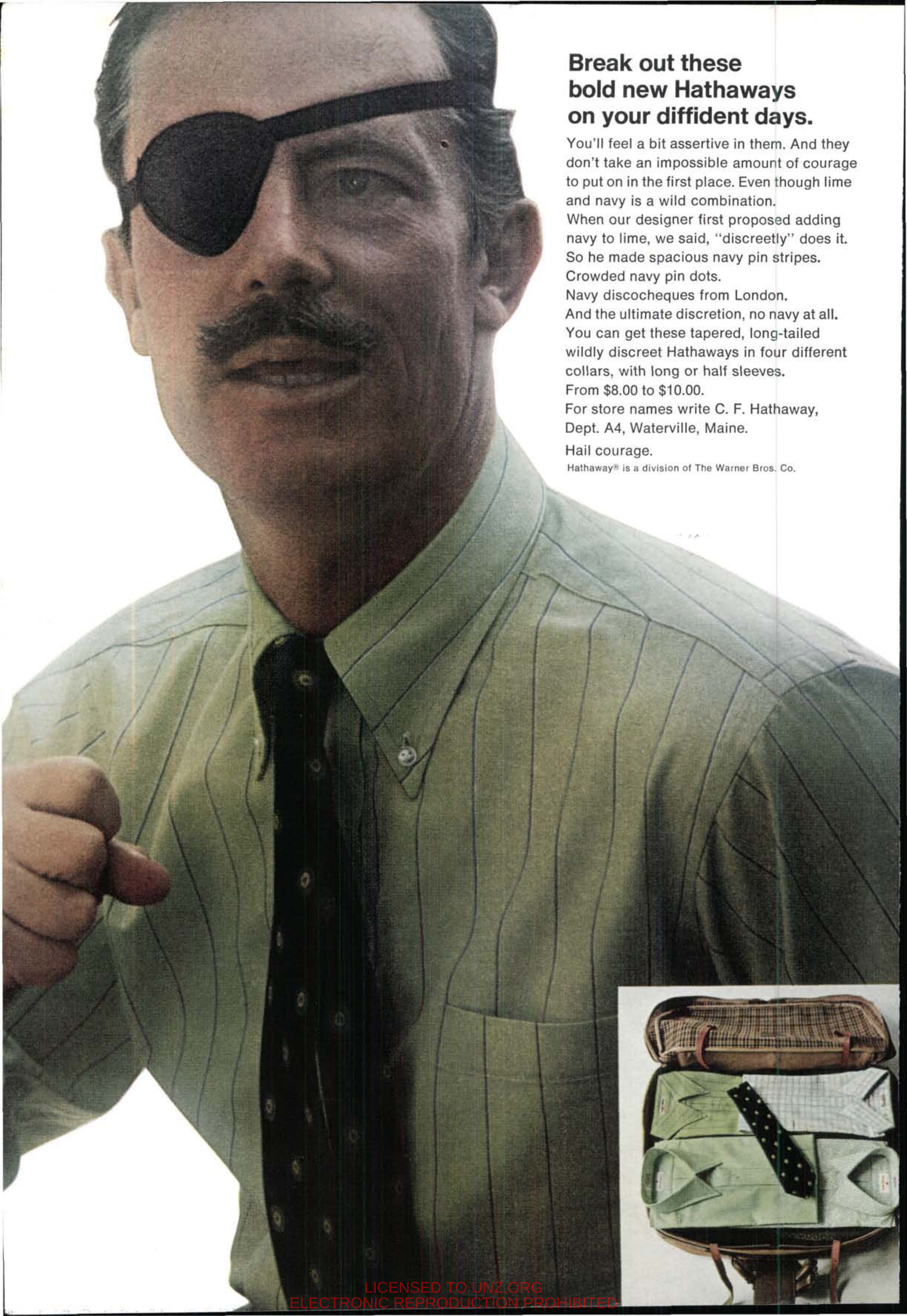

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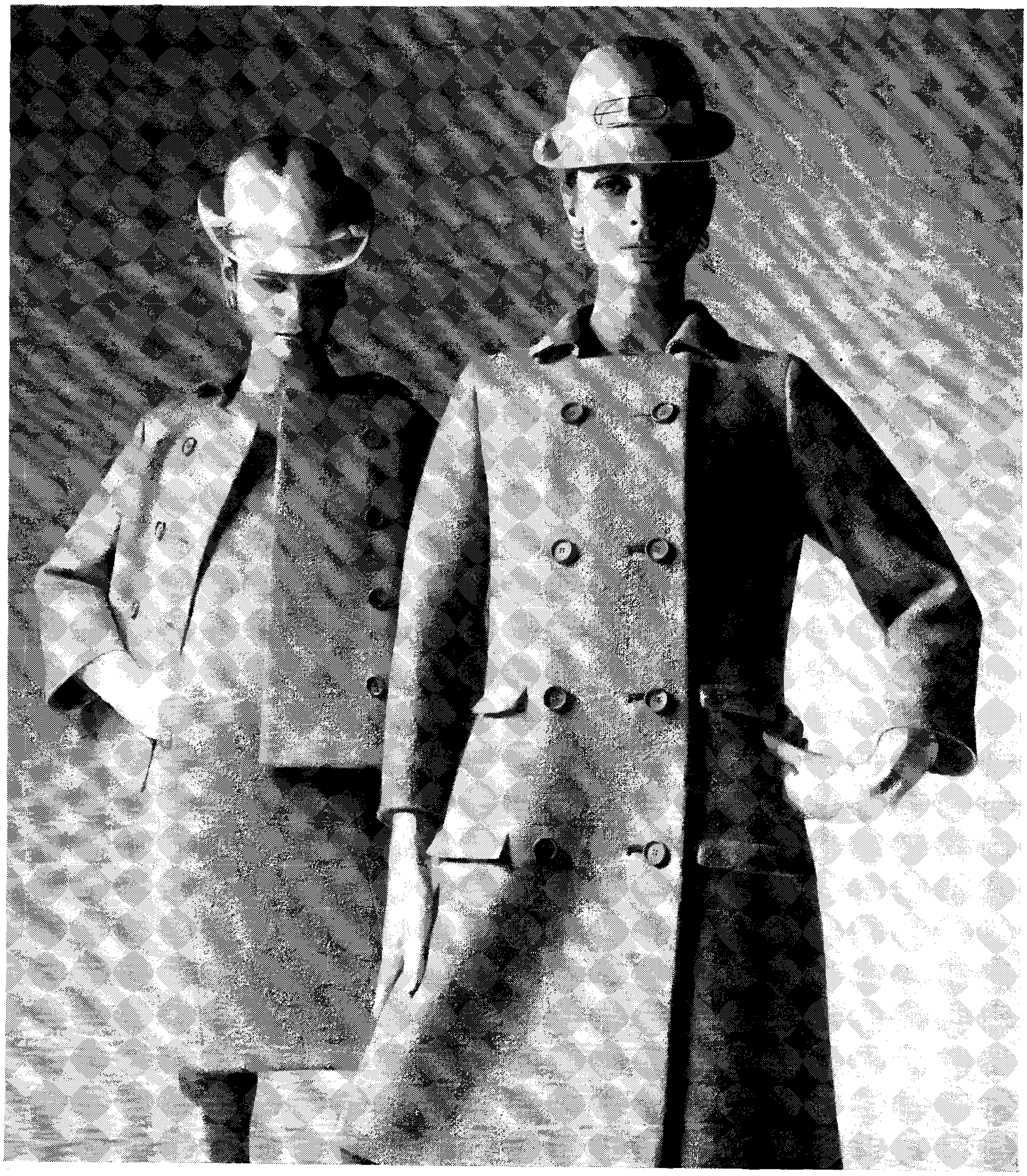

Neal Barr

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

APA-Phoenix—Tolstoy's **WAR AND PEACE:** Thursday and Friday, April 13-14, at 8:30; Saturday, April 15, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Monday and Tuesday, April 17-18, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Ibsen's **THE WILD DUCK:** Wednesday, April 19, at 2 and 8:30; Thursday and Friday, April 20-21, at 8:30; and Saturday, April 22, at 2:30 and 8:30. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877.)

Black Comedy—Odd doings during an electrical blackout in South Kensington. A funny invention of Peter Shaffer, which is preceded, alack, by a curtain-raiser called "White Lies," which isn't up to Mr. Shaffer's usual par. As directed by John Dexter, the cast in "Black Comedy" cannot be faulted. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Don't Drink the Water—Fun and games in an American embassy behind the Iron Curtain that is unexpectedly invaded by a Jewish family from Newark. A fairly droll business, put together by Woody Allen and featuring, most pleasantly, Lou Jacobi, Anthony Roberts, Kay Medford, and Dick Libertini. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Homecoming—Harold Pinter casting a cold eye at some odd doings in a North London slum. Although the play hasn't much coherence, the Royal Shakespeare Company, which enacts it, is worth watching. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, April 16.)

The Star-Spangled Girl—Neil Simon is not at the top of his game in this account of a triangle made up of a young publisher, a writer, and a girl from Arkansas, who live in an apartment house in San Francisco. The writer loves the girl, the girl has a yen for the publisher, and the publisher just wants to get out his magazine. This is a hard plot to thicken. Anthony Perkins, Richard Benjamin, and Connie Stevens make up the cast, and they are quite ebullient. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

You Know I Can't Hear You When the Water's Running—Four plays by Robert Anderson that concentrate determinedly on sex. Mr. Anderson's creations are sometimes funny but not overly original. However, there is not a thing wrong with the cast—Martin Balsam, Eileen Heckart, George Grizzard, Joe Silver, and Melinda Dillon—and the direction, by Alan Schneider, is entirely satisfactory. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-2533. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**BAREFOOT IN THE PARK:** Neil Simon's comedy about a young couple's difficulties in a walkup apartment. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.). . . **CACTUS FLOWER:** A divertissement by Abe Burrows, in which such people as Lauren Bacall, Barry Nelson, and Burt Brinckerhoff disport themselves. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.). . . **THE IMPOSSIBLE YEARS:** Sam Levene in a comedy about a psychiatrist and some adolescents. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. 245-6060. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE ODD COUPLE:** Another Neil Simon comedy, concerning a couple of male marital misfits trying to survive without their spouses in the lonely expanses of a West Side apartment. Eddie Bracken and Mike Kellin lead the cast. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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MUSICALS

The Apple Tree—A musical, composed of three playlets, that is always bouncy and frequently funny. Directed by Mike Nichols, with book, music, and lyrics by Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick, the episodes are based on short stories by Mark Twain, Frank R. Stockton, and Jules Feiffer, the most effective being a reworking of Twain's "The Diary of Adam and Eve." Barbara Harris is wonderfully versatile in all three, and Hal Holbrook and Larry Blyden give her fine support. Phyllis Newman substitutes for Miss Harris at the matinée performances. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Cabaret—A large, lush musical version of John van Druten's "I Am a Camera," showing us how things went in Germany shortly before the Nazis took over. Not the most amusing theme for a musical, but one in which Jack Gilford, Lotte Lenya, and Joel Grey do what they can to make matters entertaining. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

I Do! I Do!—Mary Martin and Robert Preston are the entire cast of this adaptation by Tom Jones of Jan de Hartog's "The Fourposter," and they do well by the enterprise, which is a highly sentimental account of a half century of marriage. Harvey Schmidt and Mr. Jones wrote the music and lyrics for this one, Oliver Smith provided the lively settings, and Gower Champion gave it ingenious direction. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Saturdays at 2:35.)

Sherry!—A sluggish musical adaptation of "The Man Who Came to Dinner," with little in the way of song and dance to recommend it. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 245-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Walking Happy—A labored effort to make something melodious of an old-hat item called "Hobson's Choice," which has to do with a band of English characters resident in the by-gum Midlands. The play is fortunate only in its performers, among them Norman Wisdom and George Rose. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Thursday through Saturday at 8:30. Matinées Saturday at 2:30 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 16.)

Long Runs—**FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Herschel Bernardi in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **FUNNY GIRL:** Fanny Brice as portrayed by Mimi Hines. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Martha Raye now has the role of Helen Nickerson. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **MAME:** Angela Lansbury in an adaptation of the Patrick Dennis novel. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **SWEET CHARITY:** A musical about a wistful dance-hall hostess (Gwen Verdon) who wants to be honestly loved. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **WAIT A MINIM!:** A musical entertainment from South Africa, enlivened by an octet of young performers. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, April 15.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Illya Darling—Melina Mercouri and Orson Bean in a musical based on the film "Never on Sunday." Jules Dassin is responsible for the book and direction, Manos Hadjidakis wrote the music, and Joe Darion did the lyrics. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

A Warm Body—Kevin McCarthy and Lois Markle in a play by Lonnie Coleman, directed by Porter Van Zandt. Previews Thursday and Friday, April 13-14, at 8:40, and Saturday, April 15, at 2:40 and 8:40. Opens officially on Tuesday, April 18. (Cort, 48th St., E. 245-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center Light Opera Company—Nancy Dussault and Frank McHugh in **FINIAN'S RAINBOW.** The first in a series of three musicals by the

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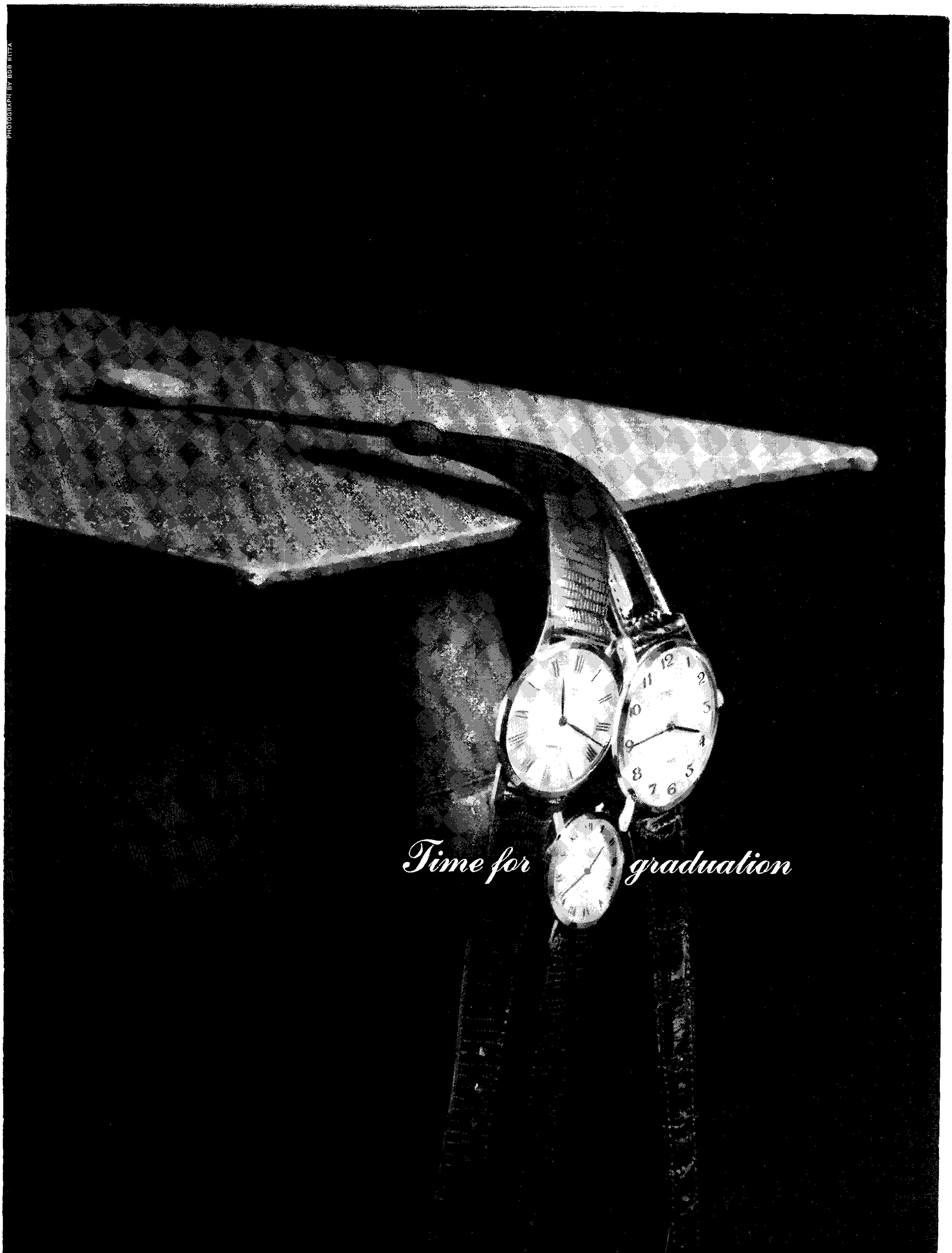

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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company. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, April 23.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of Bertolt Brecht's **GALILEO**, with Anthony Quayle in the title role. The final production of the season. Opens Thursday, April 13, and will run through Saturday, May 27. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Amato Opera Company—Presentations of **FLEDERMAUS**, in English. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

America Hurrah—A trio of plays by Jean-Claude van Itallie. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

By Jupiter—A bright and sprightly revival of the Rodgers and Hart musical about a skirmish in the war between the sexes, when Hippolyta commanded the Amazons and Theseus commanded the Greeks. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 765-5580. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Carricknabauna—Martyn Green in a play by Padraic Colum and Basil Burwell. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Chocolates—A play by Ian Bernard, with Gabriel Dell. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Deer Park—Norman Mailer's long-winded rundown on the sexual mores of a Hollywood that is now obsolete gets awfully tiresome after a while, but it has its comic moments. Most of these occur in scenes that involve Will Lee, as the head of a studio, and Mickey Knox, as his bumptious son-in-law. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Eh?—This piece of nonsense by a British playwright named Henry Livings is, strictly speaking, a revue sketch expanded to two acts, but since its ingredients are funny characters, funny lines, funny business, and funny actors under Alan Arkin's nimble direction, there is no cause for complaint. The setting is the boiler room of a factory. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—A man, a plan, a canal: Panama! (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Fortune and Men's Eyes—A play by John Herbert. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hamp—This British play about a private who runs away from the Battle of Passchendaele, in 1917, and must face a court-martial should have a much greater impact than it does. Even so, the script and performances are well above average. The novel on which it is based was also the basis for the movie "King and Country." (Renata Theatre, 53 E. 11th St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hogan's Goat—A campaign for Mayor is the pivotal event of this good play by William Alfred about Irish politicians in Brooklyn in 1890. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 23.)

The Mad Show—A musical revue with a cast made up of a quintet of highly ingratiating young performers. Lightweight satire is the main ingredient. The piece has music by Mary Rodgers. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 9; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—José Ferrer is now playing the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music, by Mitch Leigh, is commendable, as is the staging, by Albert Marre, but the play as a whole is spotty, and the choreography, by Jack Cole, runs to burlesque-house routines. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Man with a Load of Mischief—A musical derived from Ashley Dukes' 1924 London play of the same name. John Clifton wrote the music and Ben Tarver the book. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

People Is the Thing That the World Is Fullest of—A cheerful puppet show in the form of a topical revue for adults. Children would probably enjoy it, too. (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 1:30 and 4:30.)

The Pocket Watch—A comedy by Alvin Aronson. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 736-4073. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 6. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Skits-Oh-Frantics!—A revue with sketches by Irving Harmon and Hank Ladd, music and lyrics by Bernie Wayne, and an unfortunate title. (Bert Wheeler Theatre, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 9, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown—This musical adaptation of Charles M. Schulz's "Peanuts" is a total delight. The songs, by Clark Gesner; the libretto, by John Gordon; the setting, by Alan Kimmel; the direction, by Joseph Hardy; and all the actors are fine, too. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-9740. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday, April 13, at 8:15: "The Jewels" (première) and "Prodigal Son."... ¶ Friday, April 14, at 8:15: "Raymonda Variations," "Illuminations," "Episodes," and "Ballet Imperial."... ¶ Saturday, April 15, at 2:15: "Firebird," "Variations," "Jeux," and "Pas de Deux and Divertissement."... ¶ Saturday, April 15, at 8:15: "Four Temperaments," "Ebony Concerto," "Trois Valses Romantiques," and "La Valse."... ¶ Sunday, April 16, at 1:15: "Swan Lake" and "The Jewels."... ¶ Sunday, April 16, at 7:15: "Ballet Imperial," "La Guirlande de Campra," "Ragtime," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Monday, April 17, at 9: The première of George Balanchine's film production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." (A benefit performance; for tickets, call JU 6-7902.)... ¶ Tuesday, April 18, at 8:15: "Trois Valses Romantiques," "Ragtime," and "Harlequinade."... ¶ Wednesday, April 19, at 8:15: "Four Temperaments," "Jeux," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet."... ¶ Thursday, April 20, at 8:15: "Ebony Concerto," "Illuminations," and "Harlequinade."... ¶ Friday, April 21, at 8:15: "Prologue" and "The Jewels."... ¶ Saturday, April 22, at 2:15: "Prologue," "Prodigal Son," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Saturday, April 22, at 8:15: "Swan Lake" and "Harlequinade." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, May 7.)

Royal Ballet—Opening performances of an engagement that will run through Sunday, May 28—Tuesday, April 18, at 7:30, and Wednesday and Thursday, April 19-20, at 8:30: A new production of "Cinderella."... ¶ Friday, April 21, at 8, and Saturday, April 22, at 2:30 and 8: "The Sleeping Beauty." (Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center. 787-4200.)

Manhattan Festival Ballet—"Designs with Strings," "Surf Zone," "Giselle Peasant Pas de Deux," and "Just Songs." (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-9740. Mondays at 8:30.)

Juilliard Dance Ensemble—A benefit program of works by Martha Graham, Anna Sokolow, José Limón, and Antony Tudor, performed by students of the Juilliard dance department, with the Juilliard Theatre Orchestra conducted by Jorge Mester. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Thursday through Saturday, April 20-22, at 8. For tickets, call MO 3-7200, Ext. 35.)

Ann Halprin and her San Francisco Dance Workshop—The first appearances here by this company. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday and Saturday, April 21-22, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—A continuous march-past, two by two, of animals, clowns, tumblers, and other rare specimens. (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 2 and 7:30; Fridays at 2 and 8:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8:30; and Sundays at 1:30 and 6. No performance Thursday evening, April 13, and possibly Tuesday evening, April 18, because of hockey playoffs. Closes Sunday, May 14. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around among the sideshows and the menagerie in the basement.)

Hello, Solly!—A Yiddish musical revue, much of it in English. (Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd St. 279-3970. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Magic Show—An event put on by hocus-pocussers from all over the world. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, April 15, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

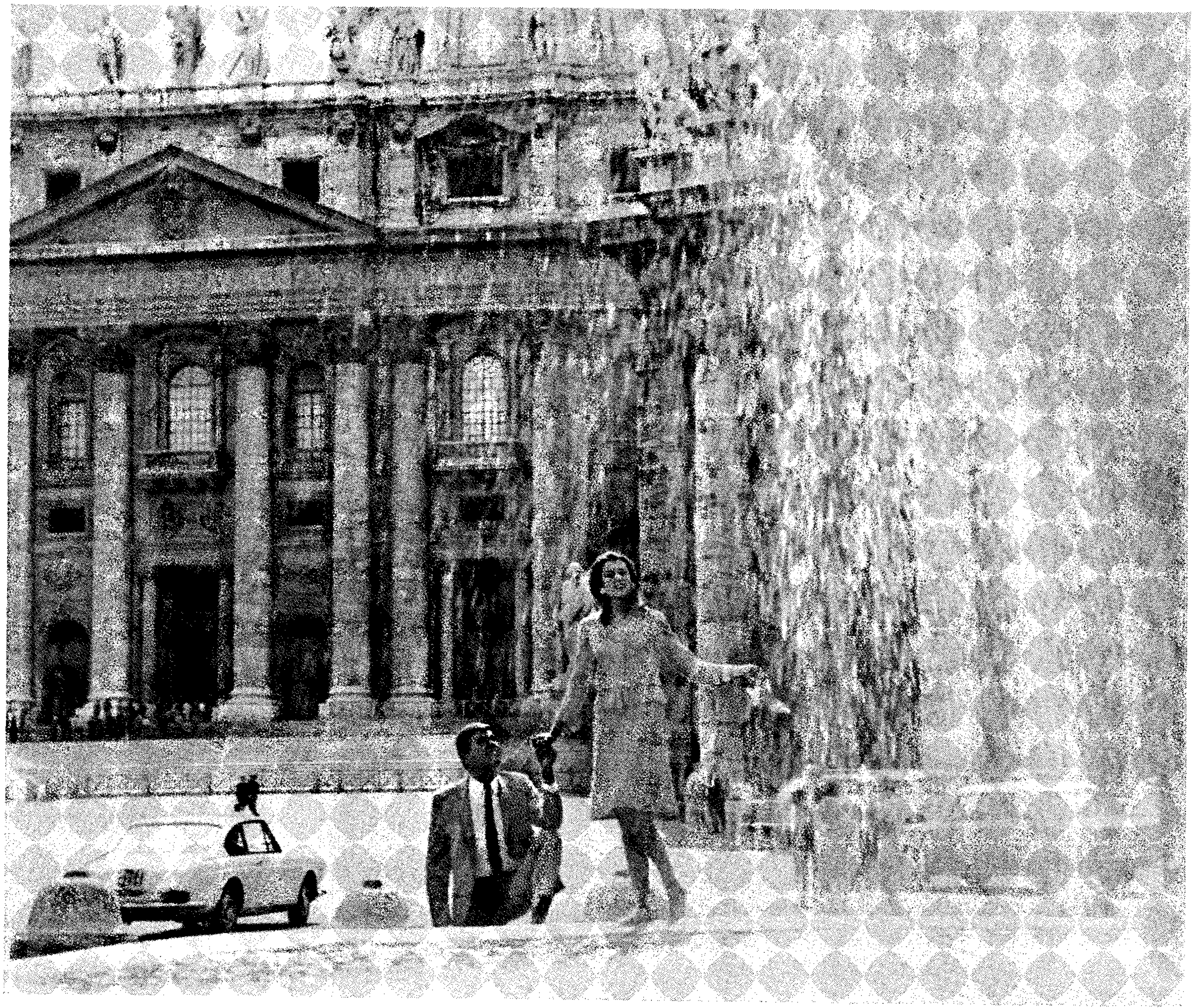
(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Caterina Valente, who makes a royal progress through the Royal Box at dinner and supper, is justifiably *dea ex machina*, but no one can say that her songs are machine-made. On Monday, April 17, she will be succeeded by Myron Cohen, a teller of tales matched in fantasy only by the Arabian Nights, and Felicia Sanders, whose arias demand that she be given liberty or death. A largesse of dance tunes, the best of them, naturally, by the orchestra of Lee Evans, is distributed throughout the evening. Closed Sundays.

Barberry, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—Acting on the assumption that there is a need for studying the New Yorker in his nocturnal pursuits, the management has kindly ar-

Our European Plan.



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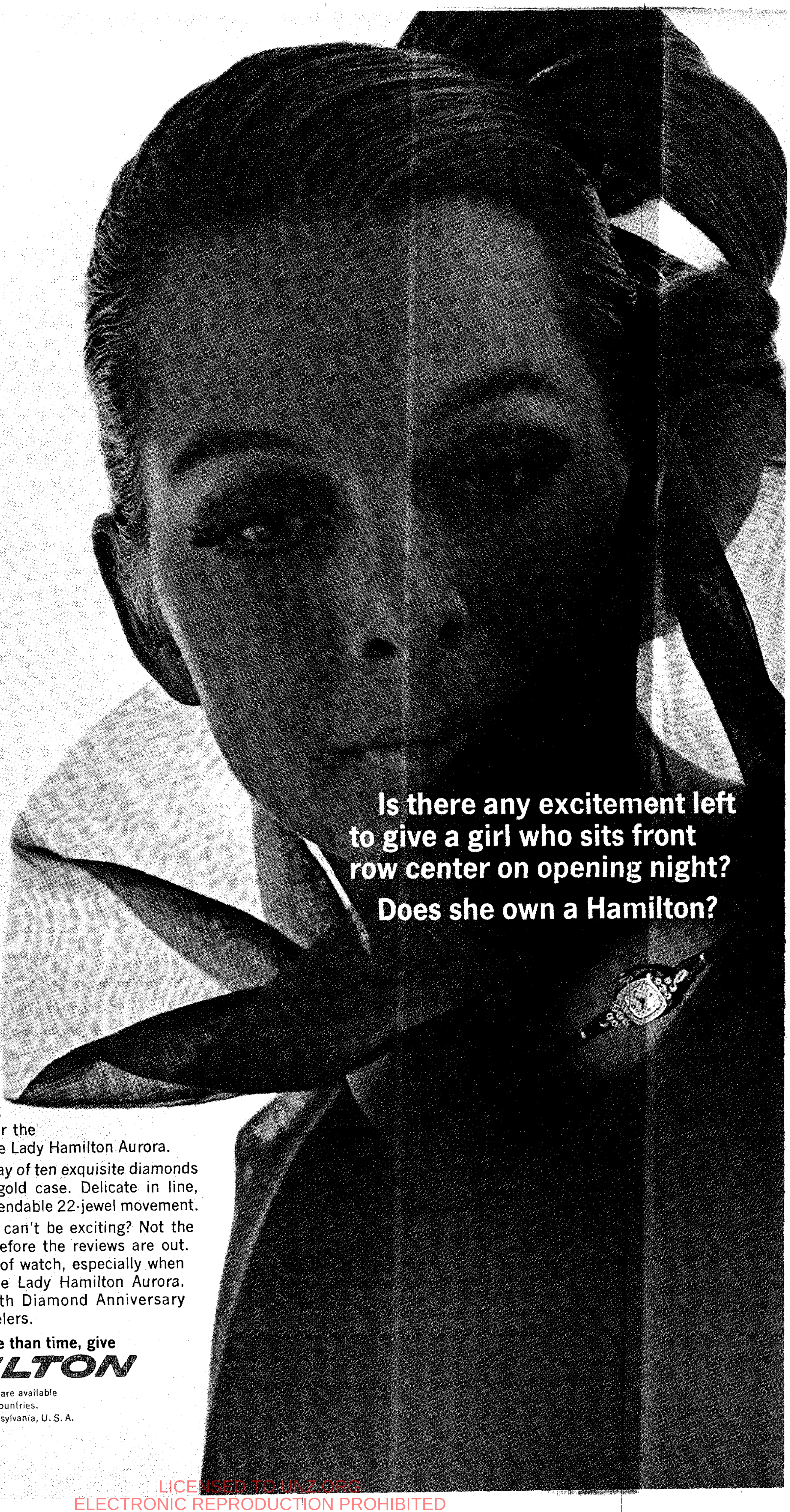
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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ranged an authentic exhibit, with wining, dining, and dancing until two in the morning—acting on the assumption that there is still a need for *that*. The music is not available Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—A life of ease is the sole objective of the couples who inhabit the floor of the restaurant. The music comes from George Anaya's cluster of Latins, who are there from seven to one Mondays through Fridays and from eight to two Saturdays. No music Sundays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—How to get into the public domain. The appropriate entrance music is produced by two non-stop bands. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Social gathering and not woolgathering is the basic tenet of the brisk Café Pierre, where Ben Cutler's Yale boys are on the bandstand seven nights a week. Lest Homer and the other old-school metropolitans nod between sets, a guitarist of Andalusian fervor turns himself on.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The grand old Persian Room will never become a shooting gallery, even though a few of the dinner and supper arias offered up by the impetuous Lainie Kazan may suggest that she has the idea in mind. These interludes are surrounded by the dance bands of Burt Farber and Mark Monte. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Fiddle and piano (these are the weaponry of Leo LeFleur's duo) speak with bated breath from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, which is the nineteenth century at the pinnacle of perfection, and again from seven to nine (except on Sundays) in the Edwardian Room. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court becomes the most beautiful of all Manhattan's architectural follies when lavender light begins to suffuse the statuary and Gunnar Hansen's fiddle begins its sentimental journey down the Danube. No music Sunday nights.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—View without alarm, from the top of the world. Jonah Jones, whose horn can blow a tremendous reveille, and his foursome begin at nine and stick around until two. Closed Sundays.

The Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—Count Basie and this fine old sidewheeler come up the river side by side, jazz in mind. The Basie bash runs from eight until two; no sound on Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette (living, breathing proof that the grand manner can still survive) goes its regal course to the accompaniment of George Cort's up-and-at-them band and Quintero's waltz-and-rumba crew. There are intense dinner and supper interludes of song by Milva, who is Roman and restless. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In La Boite, two early settlers—Walter Kay at the piano and Jani Sarkozi at the violin—are at play from six to one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—There are stars in her eyes and there's a lump (but never a frog) in her throat when Rosemary Clooney, a bit of a sentimentalist, sheds a kindly light on the songs she sings in the Empire Room. Nine-thirty and eleven-forty-five during the week, at ten on Sundays, not at all on Mondays—that is her curriculum. Charles Turecamo's orchestra, the other guest, is likewise a generous contributor. Thursday, April 20, will be a day of rest; next evening, Miss Clooney will be replaced by Gordon MacRae, whose tenor is always in good working order. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ The sagest Peacock Alley cat is Ray Hartley, whose complexly constructed piano is chamber-music and yet romantic. His schedule is Monday through Friday, from cocktails through late dinner. Sonny Kendis and his dance band go to it with enthusiasm—Tuesdays through Thursdays from eight to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from eight-thirty to one-thirty.

Note—ROSELAND DANCE CITY, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—As far as the eye can reach, and carefully planned not to hurt it, for the dancers on the limitless sward are under pledge to take only the steps that were good enough for our forefathers. Two ceaseless bands, one Norte and one Sud, tee off at about seven-thirty during the week and stay put until around one; Sundays they begin at three-thirty. For insatiables, there is a floor show at eleven every Tuesday. The menu is slight indeed. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The off-campus campus for a whole bunch of people who knew each other when and seem rather glad about it. The music for the reunion is piano, piano, piano the whole night through—by Goldie Hawkins and his valiant aides, Wayne Sanders and Sam Hamilton. Closed Sundays. . . . **LIVING ROOM,** 915 Second Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-2262): The audience is apt to make this a living-it-up room—a handicap that Bobby Short, watchman of the late-late night, can usually overcome with his words-to-the-worldly-wise lyrics and his bounding piano and threesome. David Frye, the incumbent wit, is also well above par for this course. Their final night is Sunday, April 16. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): A snug, shipshape West Indie, visited every night from dinnertime until after the theatre by a troubadour who sings in the very best broken-Jamaica dialect. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): You're only young a thousand times—this is the attitude of the boy and girl workers in the communications arts who gather here. Ram Ramirez runs the threesome that provides the accompaniment. No music Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Hubble-bubble happens in the busy-bee corner-saloon lounge of the Hotel Earle, where Laurie Brewis conducts, from his piano, a sort of sing-along that begins at nine-thirty every evening but Monday, and goes on and on into the night. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Beneath the garb of office of every waiter, busboy, and chef beats the heart of a Caruso, a Gigli. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Imaginary deviltry in an imaginary Paris—that's the attitude of Rita Dimitri, whose offhand songs occur during dinner through the week and during dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. Slow-and-easy dance music commences at eight. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-0382): The way it was in Budapest ever so long ago, with quantities of that ambivalent Hungarian music (is it grave or is it gay?) to go with dinner and supper. Tibor Rakossy's tenor counts the world well lost for love; Béla Babai's band makes the dance music. Closed Mondays. . . . **TAMBURLAINE,** 148 E. 48th St. (PL 1-0033): The setting is Outer, or Upper, Mongolia, with touches of Upper Montclair; the dance music is insistent, except when, on Monday nights, Billy Rubenstein's piano puts the figments of its imagination into tangible, tuneful form. He leads a trio. Closed Sundays.

Note—Anyone who still doesn't mind that the discothèque is the Decibel's Disciple should at least wend (or rend) his way to an enterprise that offers a minimum standard of comfort and politesse—to wit: **ARTHUR,** 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): Practically a closed circuit to anyone without a promissory note from the booking office. The eye of the booked beholder grows dizzy as it follows the free-form footwork of the often enchanted young champions. The blare is both mechanical and human, and rarely humane. The human blare will be the handiwork of the Teddy Boys as far as Sunday, April 16; thereafter, the Wild Ones will be on duty. Nine until four is the rule; a slight bill of fare is offered. Closed Mondays. . . . **IL MIO,** in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Men must walk before they dance, but it's the other way around for the young people who live here. The music is solely a feat of engineering; the menu comes close to the vanishing point. Dead silence Sundays and Mondays. The costumes run from theatre working clothes to underground movies. . . . **YELLOWFINGER'S,** 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980): 'Mid pleasures and palaces, mostly Roman Mod—in both décor and dress. It must be looked for behind an unmarked door underneath the street-level café of the same name. The eclectic music is from the grooves of Academe. It is open every night, from nine-thirty to three-thirty. . . . **L'INTERDIT,** in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): Certain formalities are to be gone through, such as dressing like little ladies and little gentlemen, but the music (nine until early morn) is as vibrant as any, though not at the top of any lungs. Supper, too. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Shipshape of stateliness. Amidships in its glory sits the piano of Cy Walter, the measuring cup by which all drawing-room artists are assessed. His cup runneth (often over) during cocktails, dinner, and supper. Allan Haig is the Sunday replacement. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): This castle hath a pleasant seat: the airs (Norbert Faconi, dean of the faculty of nighttime violinists) nimbly and sweetly recommend themselves unto our gentle senses. No music Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another kingly retreat, belonging to the same playful king. George Cardini circumnavigates it with his viva-voce fiddle. No music Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A long-range, considered, but still extremely fond view of an eternal city from a terraced villa in Frascati. Musicians whose term of duty is seven-thirty until two take part. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The guitar of Rogelio Reguera covers in noble fashion the whole range of Iberian music, from the plains to the palaces, the mountains to the Moors. The dining room is one of our most splendid antique shops, and the music runs from eight to one. No sound effects Sundays. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Grand is the manner of the Regency Room, where there is piano between five-thirty and twelve-thirty. Supper but no dinner. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Scene: a town house in its pristine incarnation. Enter a company of ladies and gentlemen on their way to dinner, to supper, to a round at the bar, where leisurely piano dwells. No music Sundays. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (only by appointment with a secret agent at UN 1-9494): A Byzantine bazaar, or bizarre, that happens to be a hideaway, up-one-flight restaurant. In one alcove, dinner is intermingled with modest piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): In the bar-restaurant, the hot buttered rum is the guitar of Enzio Lembo, who is on the prowl from nine-thirty until one every night but Monday and Wednesday. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The grand old countinghouse offers the soufflé piano of George Feyer from eight-thirty until around two. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A Rome that was built in a latter day, but a Rome that is by no means sans-serif. The noblest Roman is Herman Honigsberg, leader of a troupe of peripatetic violinists. Closed Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR,** Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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2000): The piano of Conrad Monjoy wanders calmly o'er the well-cropped lea of the Westbury's restaurant. Nine to one is his range. No music Sundays or Mondays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The herald angels who start singing as you reach your *fettuccine* are not from another world but from a mythical opera company whose mythical home is often Firenze but sometimes Broadway. Thursdays through Saturdays, there is also measured dance music by a trio. Closed Mondays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): In the reasonably grand concourse known as the Casino-on-the-Park, Steven Weltner plays calm but nevertheless top-of-the-evening piano from six-thirty until midnight. Saturdays and Sundays are his holidays.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining, unless otherwise indicated.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Edie Adams sometimes forgets that she's an outgoing Guinan and thinks that she's a Duse; her best moments occur when, instead, she's on the upbeat. She is attended by a humorist of no great import and by the new Copa ballerinas, all of them individualists. Dancing for the guests, too, and no idle nights. . . . ¶ In the bar-lounge, music starts whooping and dooping at ten, and is not likely to stop. . . . **LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): The beauty around here is not just in the eye of the beholder; it is actual, and onstage. The name: Susan Clemm. She and her comrades, mostly comely, female, and feral, have a big old romp a couple of times a night. The principal male is Dominique, whose sport it is to pick any pocket belonging to any guest, but purely *pour le sport*. Dancing, and no nights off. . . . **CHEETAH,** 1680 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): The Devil finds mischief for the busy feet of boy and girl in the mystic and semi-detached rites of the New Terpsichore. It is done at the insistence of two or three maddened drafts of musicians. Eight until three is the usual schedule, but Sundays begin at three in the afternoon. Closed Mondays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Julius Monk, entrepreneur and *conférencier* of this cultural-exchange program, has gathered his wits—Fredricka Weber, Nic Ullett, Tony Hendra—and let them make the most of themselves. Miss Weber represents Chicago as that toddly and tumultuous town really is; the Messrs. Ullett and Hendra, who took their degrees in Political Science at Cambridge, represent Her Majesty's Loyal (and Loquacious) Opposition. The other exchange student is Edinburgh's Jamie Ross, who (speaking or singing) has the Scots tongue and a silver one. The pianos of Otis Clements and Robert Colston give all hands their due; the ceremonies commence at nine-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The grapes of wrath are what Joaquin Robles and his four girl followers appear to be treading, but the action is no more than is to be expected of gypsy flamencans. Another character is Andy Russell, who went native in Barcelona thirteen years ago and has now returned to show off, in song, his viable Catalan accent. The cavalcade happens at dinner and supper. The orchestra (Emilio Reyes's) offers the willing and able customers a chance at rebuttal. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ After ten, in the happy alcove just off the bar, there is the guitar of Emilio Prados, which will have you marching through Iberia before you know it, as well as the eloquent voice of Domingo Alvarado, who decries the violent vagaries of Spanish love life. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): That old French wit Déjà Vu wrote some of the sketches in "Mixed Doubles," but the others were composed by newer, more original authors. Judy Graubart's performance (still waters running deep) is the best; Richard Blair and Larry Moss are her most successful aides. They appear in public at nine-thirty and midnight except on Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Howling in the wilderness of the modern American woman's mind is what Joan Rivers does, and in the requisite clarion voice. Nothing happens (to her, anyway) before ten; the course is nightly, except Sundays. . . . **THE IMPROVISATION,** 358 W. 44th St. (CI 5-9978): A busman's holiday after the theatre for this or that Broadway player who feels he hasn't yet done a full night's work. Earlier, there is potluck entertainment by the staff of this quite casual bar.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): A quintet led by Jeremy Steig's magic flute (per ardua and per electronics ad astra) is supplemented by Freddie Hubbard's fivesome. They will be on hand every night but Monday at least through Wednesday, April 19. The sound runs from nine-thirty all week, from five on Sundays. Mondays are devoted to uprisings by the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Jazz Band. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): The faculty roster is sometimes subject to rapid change, but these bookings for the lower deck of this operation have an air of probability: Symphony Sid and his Latin-American bandsmen every Monday; Fridays and Saturdays, Ahmad Jamal's twittery-jittery trio and Gloria Lynne, whose lyrics come from a pressure cooker. . . . ¶ On the upper deck, Blossom Dearie, girl elf, chants (wholly deadpan) lyrics whose deft, double-talk wit is enhanced by the piano she adds. She checks in about ten every night but Monday. On Mondays, the trio of Daphne Hellman, which gives chamber music its pleasant and serene due. . . . **SHEPHEARD'S,** in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): Lap of luxury, plus music by the quartet of Earl Hines, the Founding Fatha of so much jazz piano. A menu of considerable means and a flurry of discothèque music are the accompaniment. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE APARTMENT,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): Second Avenue at night is an alley to be pondered with circumspection; while you ponder, listen here to Charles De Forest and his well-born wee-hours song and piano, as well as to the cheer-without-chaos jazz of Marian McPartland's threesome. Ten to three is their pattern. The McPartlands lay off on Sundays, Mr. De Forest lays off on Mondays. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The honors are done, and honorably, by Art Farmer's quintet, in which Jimmy Heath is a resident. Closed Mondays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor's trio, whose dissertations are occasionally couched in the Romance languages, sets to at ten. Eddie Thompson, the intermission keyboard man, arrives a bit earlier. Mondays, everybody stays home. Dining. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The venerable powerhouse is getting along, and with power to burn, under the guidance of such as Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, and Marshall Brown. Closed Sundays. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Cannon to the left of us, cannon to the right. The noise, which dates back a lot of years, comes from Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, Cliff Leeman, Bob Wilber, and Mr. Condon, or else exact duplicates of these traditionalists. Dining and dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): Straw hats, blazers, and banjos on the rostrum; beer and peanuts on the table—a current youth-will-be-served formula. From nine to three or four every night, the musicians give the classics of two generations ago a good, sound, nasal twang. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Here, as well, the banjo fills the air, aided in this instance by washboard, tuba, and trombone. Likewise, the population is ardent youth reliving a past it is too young to know. Light-brown sawdust, dark-brown peanuts, and nut-brown ale are the concomitants. Nine until two or three all week long is the program. On Sundays, from four-thirty to nine, the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society Jazz Band gets in its licks (all of them hot) before the regulars report. . . . **RED GARTER,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270): Museum pieces. The largest is the 1906 truck chassis in which the rataplan band plays, the next largest is Ruth Crews, the bombastic singer. Chaplin and Laurel & Hardy movies occur at times; beer, peanuts, and pretzels happen continually. . . . **SLUGS',** 242 E. 3rd St. (WA 4-8400): The address is in the center of one of the new youth-for-joy-and-health cantons, and the slacks tide is in full flow among the customers. Tradition is likewise forsworn by the musicians—Archie Shepp's quartet most of the time, and Sun Ra's ten-man squad on Mondays. On Tuesday, April 18, Jackie McLean's foursome will replace the Shepps. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Betty Carter and her four-man brigade work out every night but Monday, when drop-ins have the floor. Sundays begin as early as five, when the Jazz Interactions report.

ART

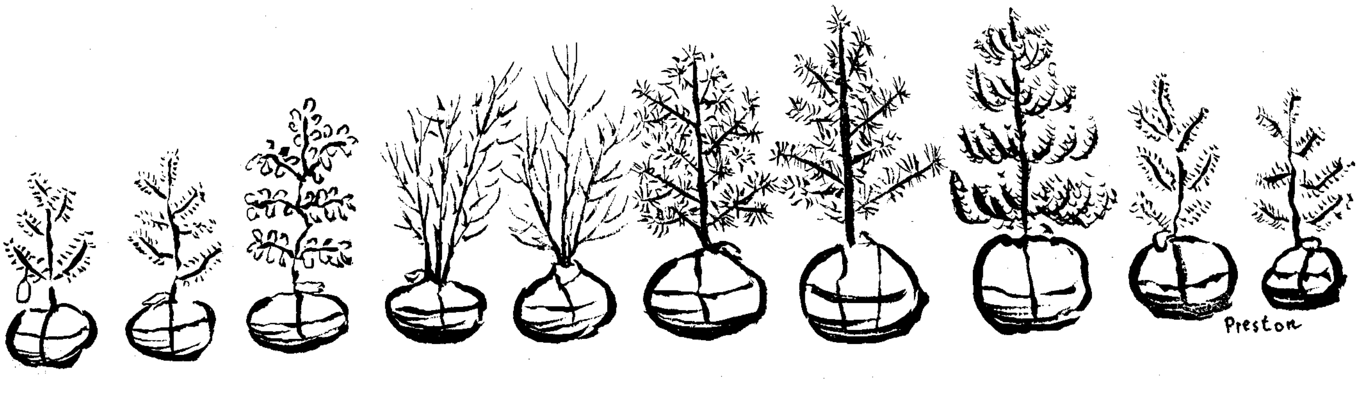
(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Edna Andrade—Double-image geometrical Op; through April 29. (East Hampton Gallery, 22 W. 56th St.)

Mordecai Ardon—The first exhibition here in fifteen years of paintings by an Israeli mystic-craftsman; through April 29. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Anne Arnold—Flattened sculptures of casually posed nudes, alongside two hippos and a



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Chicago/Providence/Philadelphia/Buffalo
Kansas City/Hartford/Detroit/Washington, D. C.
Atlanta/Twin Cities/Indianapolis/Palm Beach

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

monkey; through Saturday, April 15. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Herman Axelrod and Jane Frank—Abstract bronzes and small figure paintings by the former, and abstract paintings with cratered areas by the latter; through Saturday, April 15. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Balthus—Paintings and drawings by the celebrated French psychological-realist; through Saturday, April 22. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jack Beal—Nudes in interiors; through April 29. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Robert Bidner—Geometrical patterns based on industrial objects; through Friday, April 21. (Sachs, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Isabel Bishop—Figurative paintings, drawings, and etchings; through April 29. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Joe Brainard—Paintings and collages featuring flowers and madonnas; through April 29. (Landau-Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gandy Brodie—Landscapes, portraits, and still-lifes by a familiar New York Expressionist; through May 6. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

John Button—Cityscapes and landscapes; through Thursday, April 20. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Doris Caesar—Elongated and muscular bronze nudes; through April 29. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Cronbach—Abstract copper sculptures, some with figurative elements; through April 29. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

José Luis Cuevas—Drawings of far-out experiences—LSD, Marat/Sade, and so on—by a well-known Mexican artist; through Saturday, April 15. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Arthur G. Dove (1880-1946)—Watercolors and pastels by the pioneer American abstractionist; through Saturday, April 15. (Downtown, 465 Park Ave., at 57th St.)

Jean Dubuffet—Assemblages, gouaches, drawings, and oils, 1947 to the present; through April 29. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Wojciech Fangor—Paintings and architectural models that exploit out-of-focus images and blurring; through April 29. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St. Closed Mondays.)

Tully Filmus—Paintings of genre subjects and folk scenes; through Saturday, April 22. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

Jane Freilicher—Landscapes, still-lifes, and nudes; through April 27. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gerald Garston—Paintings of Indians, Thanksgiving, and other American themes; through Saturday, April 22. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Karl Gerstner—Color effects through motion; through April 29. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Eva Goalwin—Abstract Expressionist paintings with some identifiable motifs; through Saturday, April 22. (Panoras, 62 W. 56th St.)

Joseph Goto—Welded-metal sculptures; through April 29. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Chaim Gross—Gay sculptures in bronze, some more than life-size, of acrobats, ballerinas, and mothers and children; through Thursday, April 20. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Nancy Grossman—Constructions of entangled objects of metal, leather, and wood, plus drawings; through Saturday, April 15. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

José Gutiérrez and Ray Hitchcock—Paintings in acrylics with Op effects by Mr. Gutiérrez and abstract sculptures in wood and metal by Mr. Hitchcock; through Thursday, April 20. (Twentieth-Century West, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jean Hélion—A group of oils from this French artist's early abstract period; through Saturday, April 22. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Adolf Hoffmeister—Caricatures of famous people, by this Czechoslovakian diplomat; through April 29. (Grosvenor, 25 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Budd Hopkins—Abstract Expressionist paintings with hard-edge intrusions; through April 29. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Crockett Johnson—Geometric paintings, based on mathematical theorems, by the creator of "Barnaby;" through Thursday, April 20. (Glezer, 271 Fifth Ave., at 30th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

Herbert Kallem—Lots of birds in various stances (venerable, angry, crowing, perched) wittily constructed of industrial parts, farm equipment, and found objects; through April 26. (Roko, 645 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

Guitou Knoop—Abstract sculptures in stone and bronze, as well as abstract jewelry; through April 29. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Nicholas Krushenick—Emblematic abstractions with heavy contours and Pop colors; through Saturday, April 15. (Pace, 9 W. 57th St.)

Gabriel Laderman—Landscapes, cityscapes, and still-lifes; through April 29. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Alexander Liberman—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through April 29. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sheldon Machlin—Kinetic sculptures made of springs; through Saturday, April 22. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

César Manrique—Heavily painted, volcanic abstractions; through May 6. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gerhard Marcks—A huge show of Expressionist bronzes by this German contemporary of Klee and Kandinsky; through May 31. (Hutton, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

John McCracken—A show of ten leaning planks of plywood, fibre glass, and lacquer; through May 5. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Isamu Noguchi—New abstract marbles by the veteran Japanese-American sculptor; through April 29. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

David Novros—Two exhibitions of monochromatic paintings. (Dwan, 29 W. 57th St. Through April 25. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Park Place Gallery, 542 West Broadway, at Bleecker St. Through April 28. Closed Mondays; open Sundays, noon to 5.)

I. Pailes—Paintings by a School of Paris painter now in his seventies; through April 27. (Niveau, 962 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Betty Parsons—Abstract landscape images; through April 29. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

Irving Petlin—Figures and landscapes; through April 28. (Odyssia, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Pollaro—Semi-abstract collages of still-lifes and figures, abstracts with clusters of watch parts and insignia; through Saturday, April 22. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Odilon Redon—An exhibition of over a hundred and eighty items by the famous colorist, including oils, pastels, lithographs, engravings, and drawings; through May 6. (Loeb & Krugier, 12 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Deborah Remington—Totemic machine images; through Saturday, April 22. (Bykert, 15 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Resika—Landscape paintings, many of Italy; through Saturday, April 22. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Bridget Riley—Paintings by the well-publicized Op artist; through May 11. (Feigen, 24 E. 81st St.)

Martin Schreiber—Op paintings stressing luminosity; through April 29. (Spectrum, 54 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

George Segal—Plaster casts of figures in scenes from daily life; through Saturday, April 22. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Gertrude Shibley—Figure paintings made up of abstract dynamic shapes; through Saturday, April 15. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

Walter R. Sickert—Paintings and drawings by

Disappearing machine

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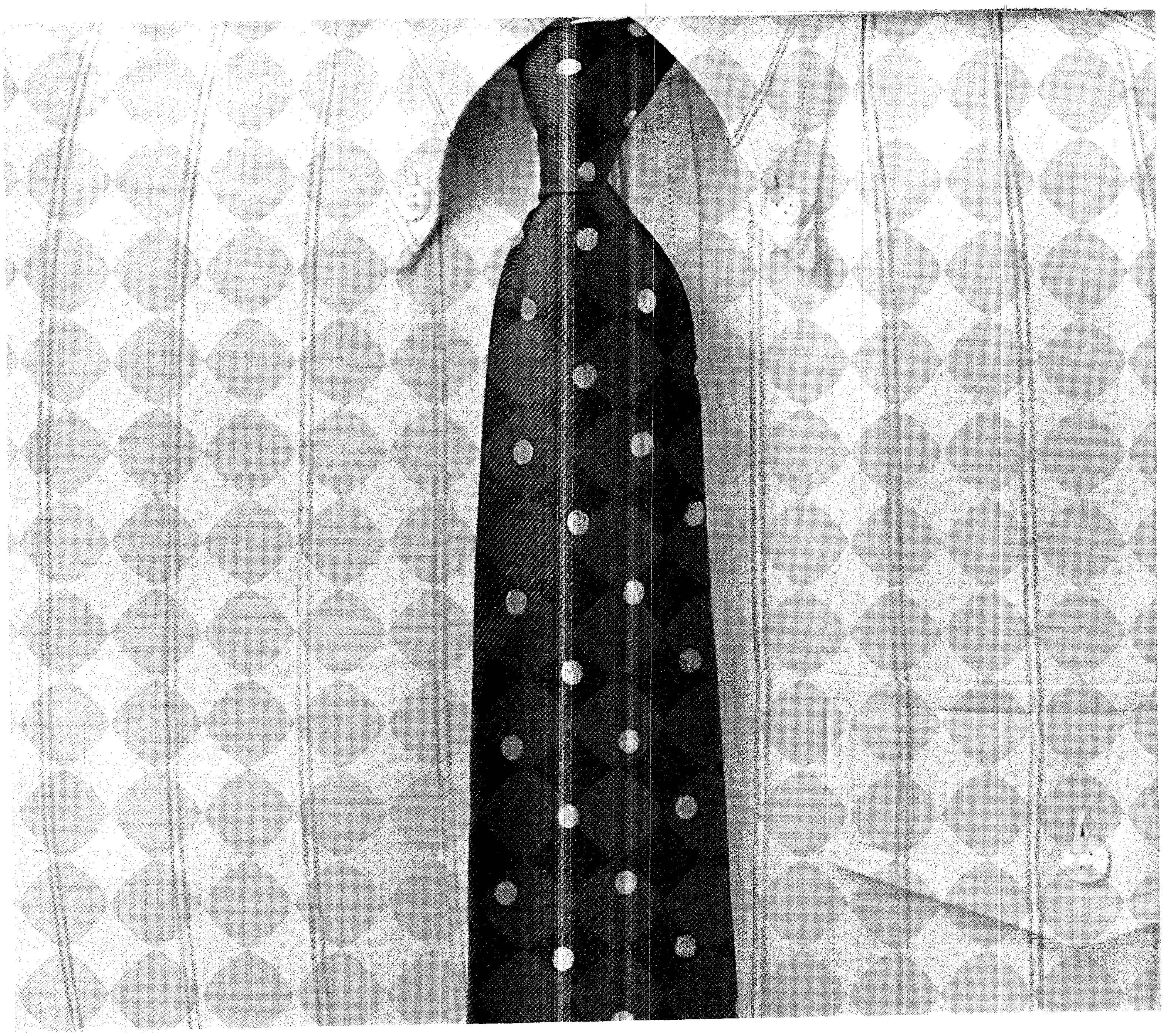
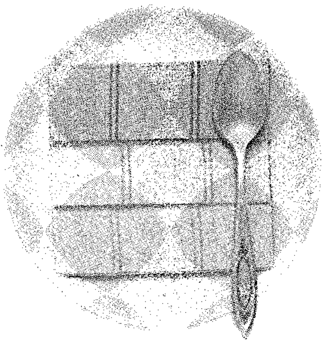


[Flavor-Of-The-Month at Howard Eagle's]

THE TUTTI-FRUTTI TROMBLEE!



THIS shirt is so nice we could have called it Max. ☆ However, since it is for summertime, when ice cream sells like hotcakes (and hotcakes sell like Max), it's Tutti-Frutti all the way. ☆ The colors are, hold on: Tutti-Frutti (shown here), Lemon on Pistachio, Burnt Almond on French Vanilla, and Dill Pickle on Blue, if you can imagine those last as ice cream flavors. The neo-Spumoni brick there will give you an idea of the other three. ☆ The fabric we call Oxfjord Voile, though a Viking would probably freeze to death in it. ☆ Like all Tromblees it has a button-down pocket and collar. It comes in short sleeves and goes for about eight dollars where Eagle Shirts are sold. If you don't know where that is write the Good Humor Lady, Miss Afflerbach, at the below.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

this leading British artist, who died in 1942; through May 6. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Cheou-kang Sie—Bamboo paintings, one of China's classical mediums; through Saturday, April 15. (Asian Gallery, 24 E. 80th St.)

Kumi Sugaï—Abstract shapes in dynamic relation painted in hard bright hues; through Saturday, April 15. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Vassilakis Takis—Magnetic sculptures by a prominent kineticist; through April 29. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Antoni Tàpies—Incised forms on man-made stone-like surfaces by this first-rank Spanish artist; through April 29. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

George Tooker—Paintings of figures with strong emotional overtones; through Saturday, April 22. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul von Ringelheim—Cast metal sculptures of abstract directional emblems; through Saturday, April 22. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

David Weinrib—Abstract see-through sculptures in softly colored plastic, most of them a pale lavender; through Saturday, April 22. (Marks, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

Mario Yrisarry—Paintings with prismatic radiations; through Saturday, April 22. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Masters of the Loaded Brush—A benefit exhibit of seventy-nine *bozzetti* (oil sketches) by British and European painters of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, Rubens and Tiepolo among them, on loan from public and private collections here and abroad; through April 29. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Treasures from the Walters Art Gallery in Baltimore—A benefit show of French, Italian, and Flemish paintings; ancient Egyptian bronzes; Armenian, German, and Mughal manuscripts; ivories, enamels, and goldsmiths' work of the Middle Ages; and ceramics and metalwork from Persia and the Near East; through Saturday, April 15. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

American Watercolor Society—The hundredth annual of watercolors, gouaches, and pastels by artists from all parts of the United States; through April 23. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

Sculptures; Group Show—Animals and birds in bronze by nineteenth-century French sculptors, including Barye and Rosa Bonheur; through May 31. (Pietrantonio, 26 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **goldowsky**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: One large painting each by Franz Kline, Barnett Newman, Morris Louis, and Alfred Leslie; through Saturday, April 15. . . . **kennedy**, 20 E. 56th St.: A survey of drawings and paintings by Copley, Vanderlyn, Andrew Wyeth, and others; through April 28.

Americans and Europeans; Group Show—Paintings and sculptures by Calder, Léger, Picasso, and other leading moderns; through April 29. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **adria art gallery**, 635 Madison Ave., at 59th St.: Paintings, sculptures, graphics, and tapestries by contemporary artists make up the opening exhibition of the first Yugoslavian art gallery here; through May 29. . . . **hahn**, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Monet, Picasso, Chagall, and other French painters; through April 29. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **selected artists**, 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.: German Expressionist painters and sculptors, among them Jawlensky, Kolbe, and Schiele; through April 29.

Peruvians; Group Show—Abstract paintings and sculptures by eleven contemporaries; through Saturday, April 15. (IBM Gallery, 16 E. 57th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—American paintings and decorative art acquired by the Museum during the past six years; through Sept. 30. . . . ¶ Illuminated books by William Blake; through May 30. . . . ¶ Reni, Rosa, and Castiglione are three of the artists represented in an exhibit of seventeenth-century Italian prints; through April 23. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of paintings and drawings by Jackson Pollock; through June 4. . . . ¶ Paintings and constructions from the Museum's collection of Latin-American art; through June 4. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of nearly two hundred oils, watercolors, gouaches, mixed mediums, drawings, prints, and works on glass by Paul Klee; through April 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The first retrospective (1933 to the present) of sculptures and assemblages by Louise Nevelson, also drawings and prints; through April 30. . . . ¶ Life-size drawings with themes based on Nazi brutality and the suffering it caused, by Mauricio Lasansky, well-known printmaker; through April 30. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The first showing here of Japanese ink paintings and calligraphy from the Nezu Art Museum, in Tokyo; through June 25. (An admission charge of fifty cents goes to the Museum's special-exhibitions fund.) . . . ¶ Prints and posters by Toulouse-Lautrec, Bonnard, Cassatt, and other artists who lived and worked in Montmartre between 1890 and 1915; through June 11. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Indians of the Plains," an amalgam of paintings, recorded songs and chants, and lifelike models in settings representing their activities in the nineteenth century. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—"Land and Sea," a show of etchings, drawings, and paintings from the Academy's collection, by (for instance) Winslow Homer, Eugene Speicher, and Ernest Lawson; through April 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"Fantastics and Eccentrics in Chinese Painting," a loan exhibition of hand scrolls, hanging scrolls, and album leaves by "Individualist" and "Eccentric" artists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; through May 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

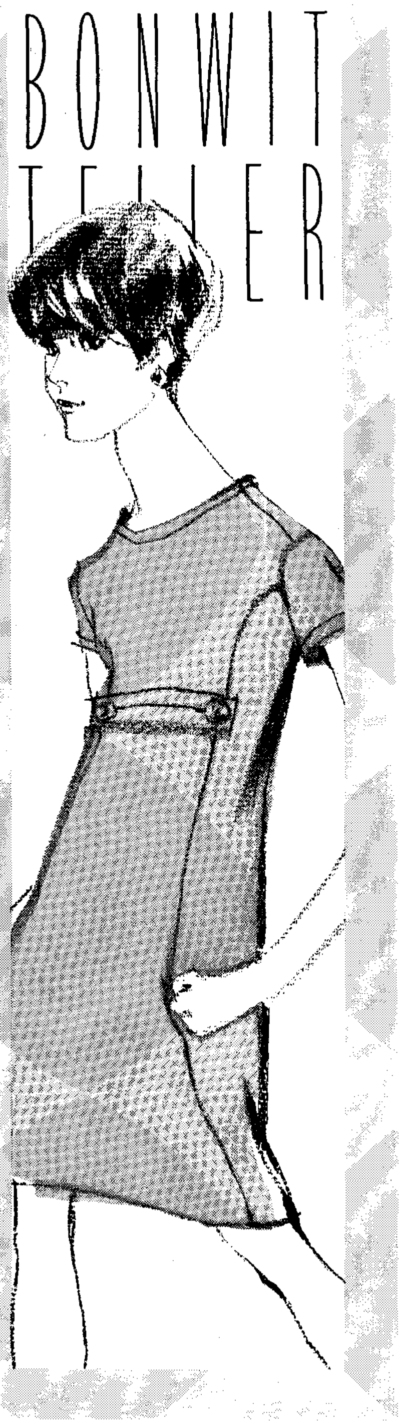
China House, 125 E. 65th St.—"Art Styles of Ancient Shang;" through June 11. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Collages with preliminary studies by Rauschenberg, Ortman, Rivers, and others, plus models and drawings for Oldenburg's "The Toilet" (with a photograph of the finished work); through April 23. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—More than a hundred paintings, from Jan Bruegel the Elder and Rembrandt to Hans Hofmann and Sam Francis, lent by the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts; through April 30. . . . ¶ "Aubrey Beardsley and His Era," consisting mainly of his illustrations for books and magazines; through April 29. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"The Lower East Side: Portal to American Life," a display of photographs, posters, and films, along with a selection of paintings and drawings (by George Bellows, John Sloan, and Joseph Stella, to name a few), documenting a chapter of American-Jewish cultural and social history from 1870 to 1924; through July 2. . . . ¶ A Purim exhibit of ceremonial objects, including Megilloth (parchment scrolls), their decorated containers, silver and wooden noisemakers, ornamental plates, and prints and posters by contemporary artists; through April 30. (Mondays, noon to 9; Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lin-



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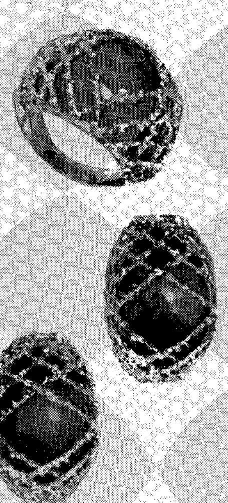

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

coln Center—Six centuries of prints (all on the theme of music-makers) from many different countries; through April 29. . . . ¶ An audio-visual presentation tracing the opera "Die Frau Ohne Schatten" from the initial collaboration between Strauss and the librettist von Hofmannsthal through its refinement in further productions and on to its culmination as revealed in a scale model of the backstage facilities of the Metropolitan Opera House. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—"The Seventeenth Century in Italy" composed of drawings (by such artists as Annibale Carracci, Guercino, and Bernini), illustrated books, correspondence of popes, letters of artists, book bindings, and an envelope on which Galileo made astronomical doodles; through April 29. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—A loan show of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century needlework; namely, memorials, pastorals, quilts, and pincushions; through April 23. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—A survey of four hundred years of North American Indian art, comprising paintings on wood and on copper from the Northwest coast, buffalo-hide robes and shields from the Plains, renderings of murals of prehistoric Pueblo dwellers, and a reproduction of a Navajo sand painting; through May 14. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—"Sculpture: New York Scene," including "Walk-Through-Dance-Through" by Ruth Vodicka, a kinetic by the USCO group, and works by George Rickey, Marisol, and James Wines, among others; through June 4. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 2 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Final performances of the season—Thursday, April 13, at 8: "Mourning Becomes Electra," with Evelyn Lear, Marie Collier, Sherrill Milnes, John Reardon, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Friday, April 14, at 8: "Otello," with Gabriella Tucci, Nancy Williams, Jon Vickers, Gabriel Bacquier, and Ermanno Lorenzi. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 15, at 1:30: "La Gioconda," with Renata Tebaldi, Rosalind Elias, Ruza Pospinov, Franco Corelli, Cornell MacNeil, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 15, at 8: "La Traviata," with Anna Moffo, Marcia Baldwin, George Shirley, and Robert Merrill.

BROOKLYN OPERA COMPANY—"Madame Butterfly." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, April 22, at 8:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall, William Steinberg conducting—A varied program on Thursday, April 13, at 8:30; Friday, April 14, at 2:15; Saturday, April 15, at 8:30; and Monday, April 17, at 7:30 (all with Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano); and performances of Britten's "War Requiem" on Thursday, April 20, at 8:30; Friday, April 21, at 2:15; Saturday, April 22, at 8:30; and Monday, April 24, at 7:30 (all with Ella Lee, soprano; Jon Vickers, tenor; Gérard Souzay, baritone; the Juilliard Chorus; and the St. Kilian Boychoir).

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Erich Leinsdorf conducting the final performances of the season here. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Thursday, April 13, at 8:30, with Evelyne Crochet, piano. . . . ¶ Philharmonic Hall. Friday, April 14, at 8:30; no soloists. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 15, at 8:30, with Miss Crochet.)

WASHINGTON NATIONAL SYMPHONY—Howard Mitchell conducting the final concert of the season here, with Henryk Szeryng, violin, and John Martin, cello. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, April 16, at 3.)

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Eugene Ormandy conducting the final performance of the season here, with Judith Blegen, soprano; Richard Kness, tenor; and the Temple University Choirs. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, April 18, at 8:30.)

AMERICAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Henry Lewis conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 16, at 3; and Monday, April 17, at 8:30.)

WASHINGTON NATIONAL POPS—Arthur Fiedler conducting, with Eugene Indjic, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, April 16, at 8.)

VIRTUOSI DI ROMA—Renato Fasano conducting. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Monday, April 17, at 8:30.)

OBERLIN ORCHESTRA—Robert Baustian conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 19, at 8:30.)

GLEE CLUB OF THE FRIENDLY SONS OF ST. PATRICK—George Mead directing. (Town Hall. Friday, April 14, at 8:30.)

HUNTER COLLEGE CHOIRS—Ralph Hunter directing. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, April 15, at 8:30.)

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY GLEE CLUB AND STATE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE AT ONEONTA WOMEN'S GLEE CLUB—A joint concert, directed by Alfred M. Greenfield and Charles C. Burnsworth. (Town Hall. Sunday, April 16, at 2:45.)

COLGATE UNIVERSITY GLEE CLUB—Gilbert Brungardt directing. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 22, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

MARIA LUCIA GODOY—Soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, April 13, at 8:30.)

BEVERIDGE WEBSTER—Piano, in an all-Debussy program. (French Institute, 22 E. 60th St. PL 9-4747. Thursday, April 13, at 8:30.)

NADIA KOUTZEN—Violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Friday, April 14, at 8.)

HENRYK SZERYNG—Violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, April 14, at 8:30.)

AMERICAN BRASS QUINTET—The third in a series of four programs. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, April 14, at 8:30.)

IDA PRESTI AND ALEXANDRE LAGOYA—Classic guitarists. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 15, at 8:30.)

OLEWSKY TRIO—The first of two programs. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, April 15, at 8:30.)

SÁNDOR KÓNYA—Tenor, in a benefit recital. (Town Hall. Sunday, April 16, at 8.)

BOSTON SYMPHONY CHAMBER PLAYERS—The last in a series of benefit concerts. (Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. TR 9-8300. Sunday, April 16, at 8.)

GALINA VISHNEVSKAYA—Soprano, with Mstislav Rostropovich, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 16, at 8:30.)

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR AMERICAN COMPOSERS AND CONDUCTORS—A program of music by various composers, among them Nicolai Lopatnikoff and Karl Kohn, performed by Virginia Marks, piano; Marian Heller, cello; and others. (Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center. Monday, April 17, at 7. No tickets necessary.)

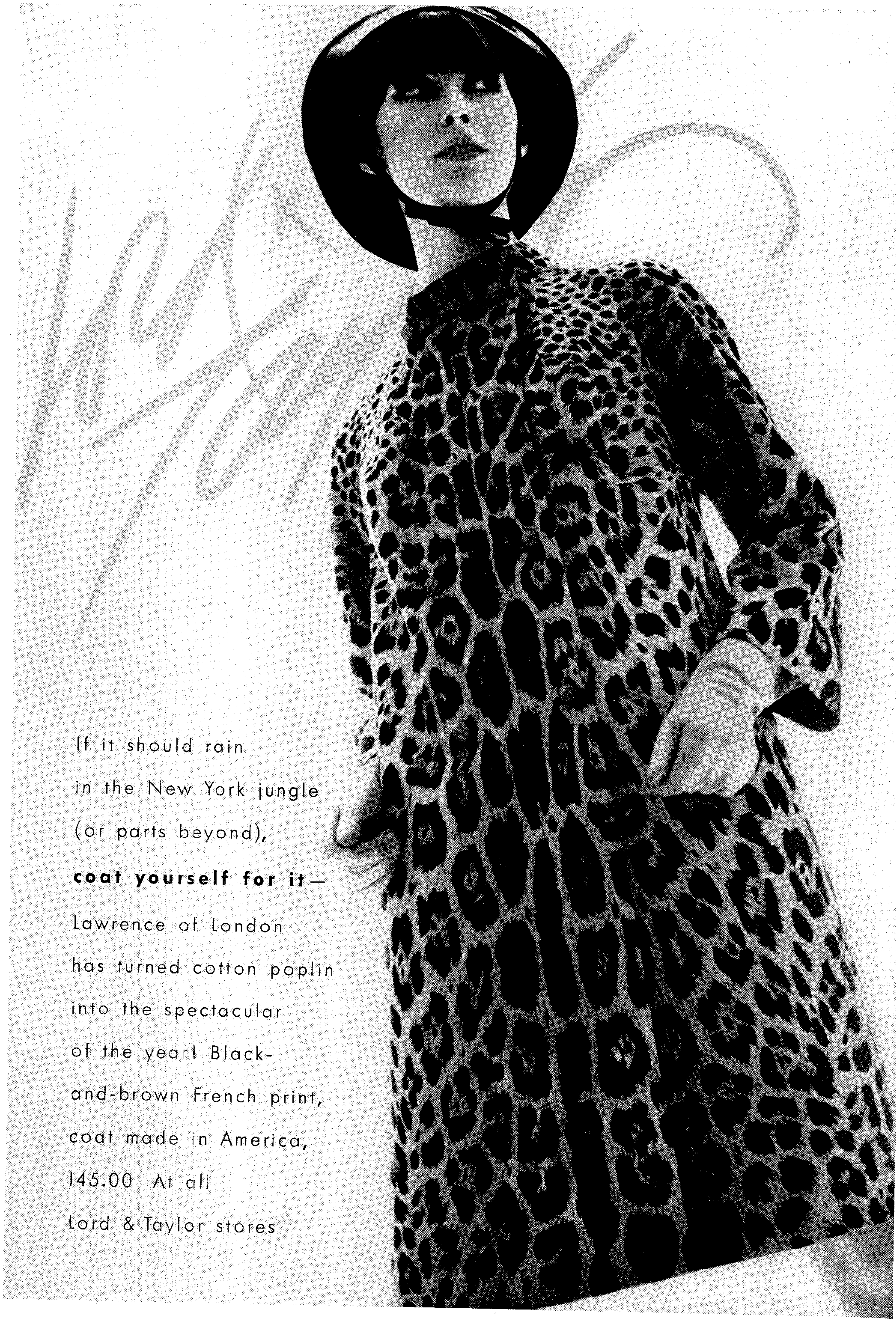
JAMES OLIVER BUSWELL IV—Violin. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, April 19, at 8:30.)

CONTEMPORARY MUSIC SOCIETY—A program of microtonal music by Charles Ives, Calvin Hampton, Donald Lybbert, and Teo Macero, performed by George Pappastavrou and Stuart Lanning, piano; Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano; and others. The final concert of the season. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Thursday, April 20, at 8:30. For tickets, call TR 3-1250.)

KOHON STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Town Hall. Friday, April 21, at 5:30.)

MISCELLANY

JAZZ/FOLK—Theodore Bikel. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.



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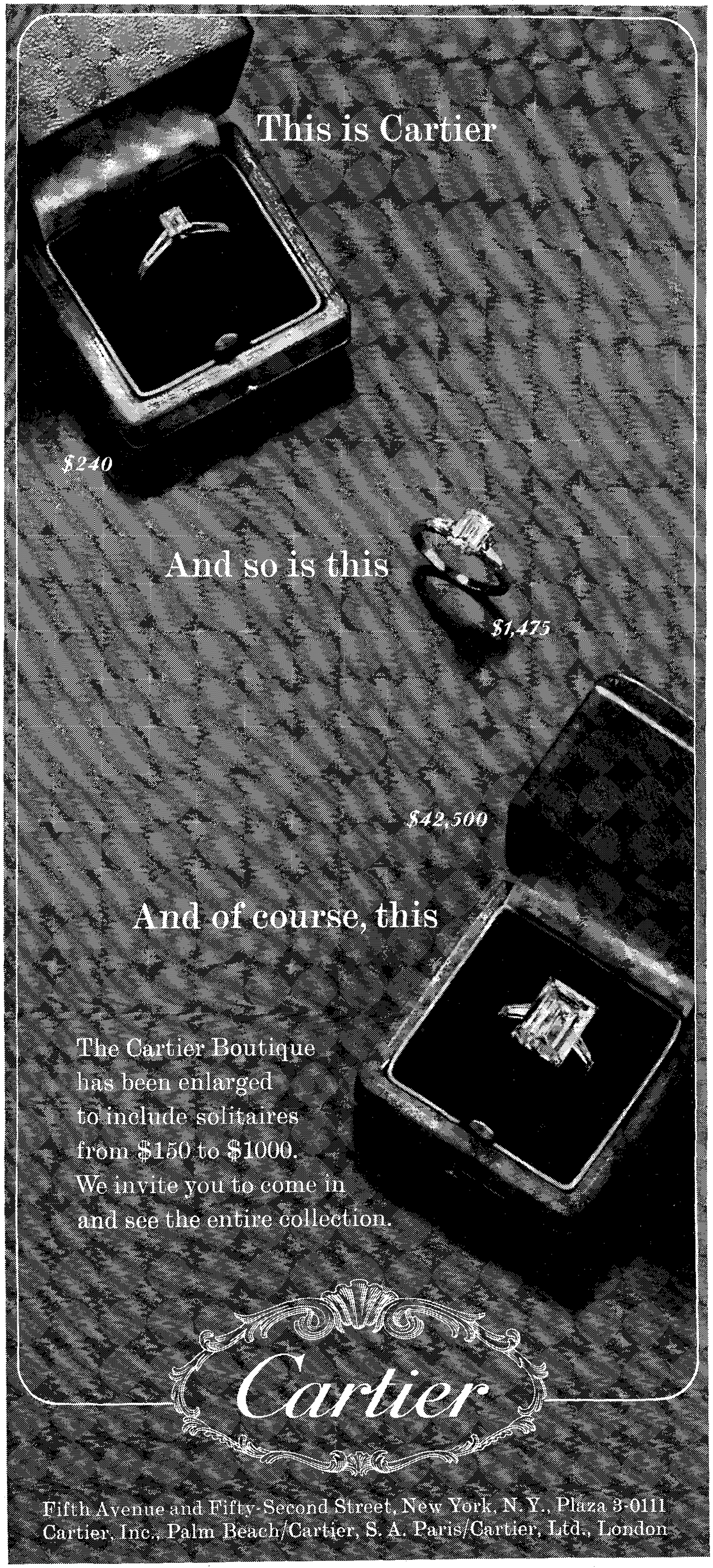

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Saturday, April 15, at 8:30.)... ¶ Muddy Waters and his Blues Band. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, April 17, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Baseball—At **SHEA STADIUM:** Mets vs. Pittsburgh, Thursday, April 13, at 2.... ¶ Mets vs. Chicago, Thursday, April 20, at 2.... ¶ Mets vs. Philadelphia, Friday, April 21, at 2, and Saturday, April 22, at 2:15.... **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Boston, Friday through Sunday, April 14-16, at 2.... ¶ Yankees vs. Washington, Monday, April 17, at 2.

Boxing—Emile Griffith vs. Nino Benvenuti, 15 rounds, for the World Middleweight Championship. (Madison Square Garden. Monday, April 17. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Crew—Childs Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton. (Philadelphia. Saturday, April 22.)

Fencing—International Fencing Tournament—Friday, April 14, at 9 and 7: Men's individual foil.... ¶ Saturday, April 15, at 9 and 7: Men's individual épée.... ¶ Sunday, April 16, at 9 and 5: Men's individual sabre.... ¶ Sunday, April 16, at 7: Men's three-weapon team. (New York Athletic Club, Seventh Ave., at 59th St. CI 7-5100.)

Hockey—Stanley Cup Playoffs: Rangers vs. Canadiens. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday, April 13, at 7:30, and, if necessary, Tuesday, April 18, at 7:30.)

Horse Show—Boulder Brook Club Spring Horse Show. (Scarsdale. Saturday and Sunday, April 22-23.)

Hunt Racing—Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. Saturday, April 15, and Saturday, April 22.)... ¶ My Lady's Manor Point-to-Point. (Monkton, Md. Saturday, April 15.)... ¶ Grand National Point-to-Point. (Butler, Md. Saturday, April 22.)

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT** (depending, of course): Weekdays at 1:30. The Gotham, Saturday, April 15, and the Wood Memorial, Saturday, April 22.... **GARDEN STATE PARK,** Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 1:45, from Saturday, April 22, through Tuesday, May 30.

Soccer—National Professional Soccer League: Generals vs. Chicago Spurs. (Yankee Stadium. Saturday, April 22, at 2:30.)

Sports-Car Racing—At Lime Rock Park, Lime Rock, Conn.: Saturday, April 22, at 12:30.

Track—Boston Marathon, starting in Hopkinton, Mass. (Wednesday, April 19.)

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weekdays at 8:15; through Wednesday, May 24. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.) ... **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15, from Thursday, April 13, through Saturday, Nov. 25.

FOR CHILDREN

Marionettes—Bil Baird's Marionette Theatre presenting "Davy Jones' Locker," plus a number of puppet variety acts. (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Wednesday and Thursday, April 19-20, at 3:45. Children under five not admitted.)

Stage Shows—By the **B. GAY PUPPETS:** "The Three Wishes" and "The Monkey and the Snake." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, April 15, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.)... **GINGERBREAD PLAYERS & JACK:** "King of the Cowboys," Saturdays at 2 and 3:30.... ¶ "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," Sundays at 2 and 3:30. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177.)... **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1.... ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.)... **PAPER BAG PLAYERS:** "Group Soup." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturdays at 3. Tickets at the box office

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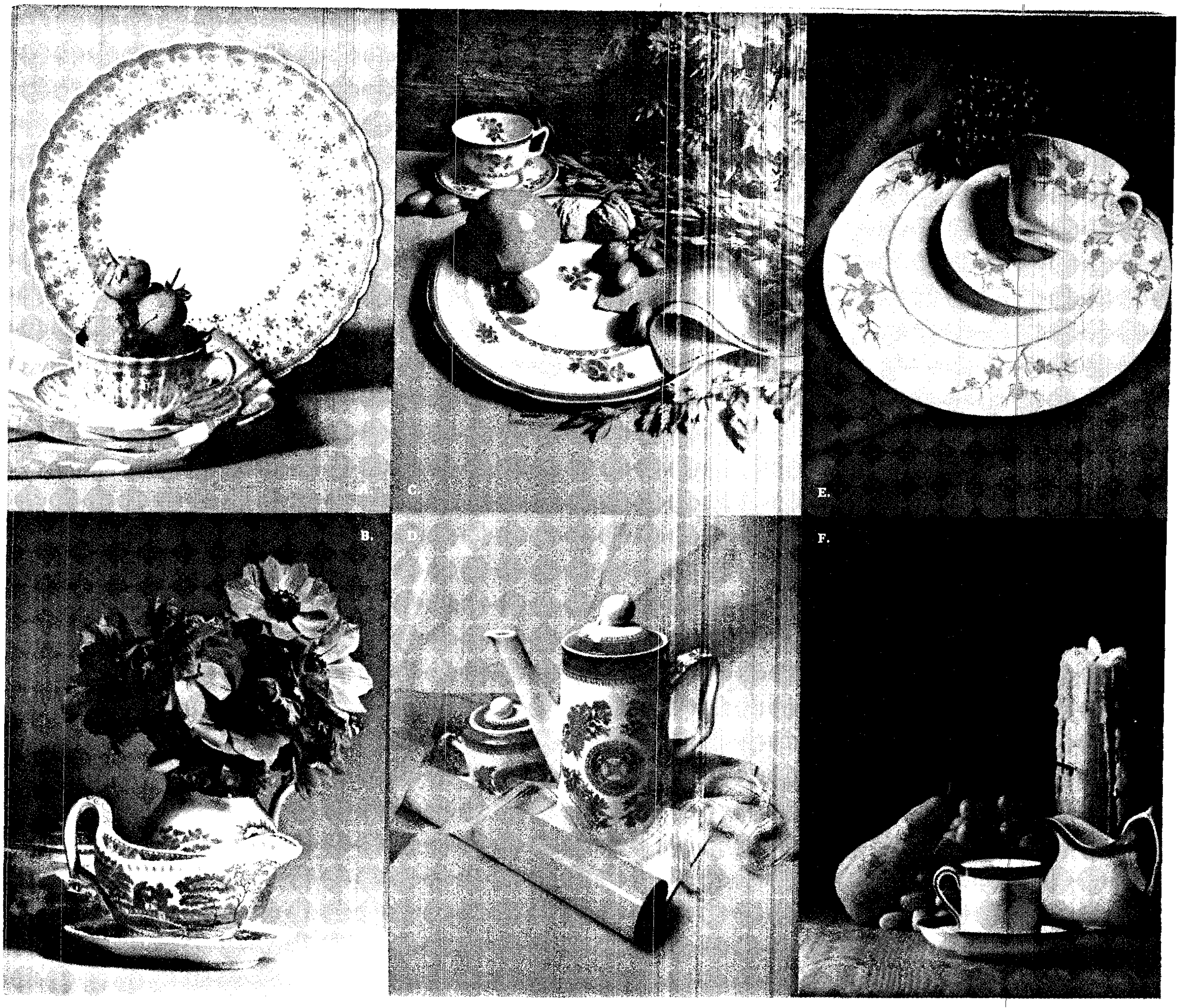

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **ROCKEFELLER PLAYERS:** "Heidi." (Bert Wheeler Theatre, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Saturday, April 15, at 1 and 3.) . . . **SILVER BUTTON PRODUCTIONS:** "The Silver Button." (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Saturdays at 1 and 3, and Sundays at 1.) . . . **STORYLAND THEATRE:** "Canterville Ghost." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3:30.) . . . **TAUBENSLAG PRODUCTIONS:** "Rumpelstiltskin," Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30. . . . ¶ "Pinocchio," Saturdays and Sundays at 3. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition entitled "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques" demonstrates the methods employed in pictorial art and includes examples of different mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-8828)—The current show is called "The Moon and Its Shadow." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

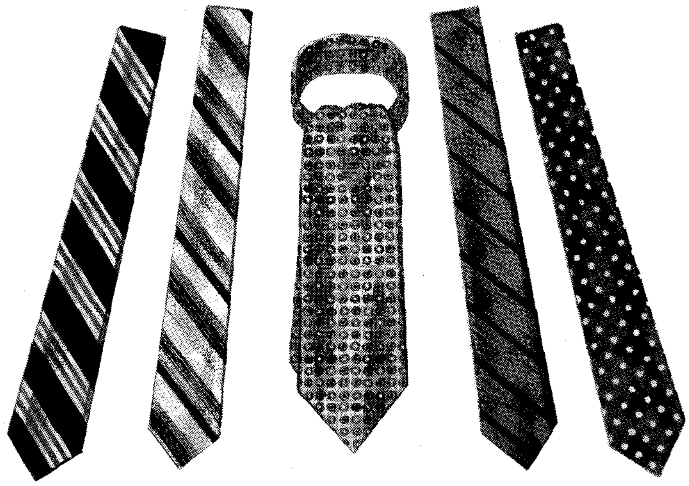
CHILDREN'S ZOOS—In **CENTRAL PARK:** Where the youngsters may visit a pond inhabited by ducks and geese, a Jonah's Whale (with an aquarium inside), a storybook castle, and so on. (Daily, 10 to 4:30.) . . . ¶ At the **BRONX ZOO:** Junior-size fauna—lambs, kids, mice, prairie dogs, and such—for junior-size zoologists. (Open daily, weather permitting, 10:30 to 4:30. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—The twenty-first session of the General Assembly is scheduled to reconvene on Friday, April 21. In the meantime, there may be periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees to which the public will be admitted. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY READINGS—Louise Bogan reading from her own works. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway. Sunday, April 16, at 4. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Kathleen Fraser reading from her own works. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Friday, April 21, at 8:10.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday, April 14, at 1:45: Oriental art belonging to Mrs. Therese Margaret Clayton. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 15, at 10:15: American and European firearms and swords, including a Butterfield revolver, dated 1855; an eighteenth-century German hunting sword; and a pair of southern French flintlock pistols of the early nineteenth century. From various owners . . . ¶ Saturday, April 15, at 1:45: French and other furniture, Limoges and other enamels, table porcelains, lamps, chandeliers, and Oriental rugs; from the estate of Gladys van Heukelom and from other sources. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 19, at 1:45: Georgian and Continental silver, from several collections, among them that of the late Helen M. de Kay. Exhibition starts Saturday, April 15. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 10, at 8, and Thursday, April 20, at 1:45 and 8: Part II of the Thomas Winthrop Streeter collection of Americana, comprising books describing the earliest settlements and the growth of the area east of the Appalachians, from 1586 until the early nineteenth century.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

The Bible—John Huston directed this great big silly picture book, and he also plays, most agreeably, the role of Noah. He appears to have had more fun with his animals than with his actors. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Blow-Up—An account of the mod, mad world of London, 1966, as seen by the poetic eye of Michelangelo Antonioni. With Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

A Countess from Hong Kong—A disaster, carried out with ill-concealed despair by Marlon Brando and Sophia Loren. Charlie Chaplin wrote the screenplay and directed the movie. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

The Deadly Affair—A very good spy story, directed by Sidney Lumet and starring James Mason, Simone Signoret, Harriet Andersson, Harry Andrews, and Kenneth Haigh. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through April 18.)

The Endless Summer—A brilliant documentary on surfing. A perfect movie about a search for the perfect wave. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through April 18.)

Georgy Girl—An exceptionally good English tragicomedy about a fat girl's joys and sorrows, with Lynn Redgrave, James Mason, Alan Bates, and Charlotte Rampling. Directed by Silvio Narizzano. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060; and Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607.)

Grand Prix—Unless you have an invincible aversion to racing cars, this should strike you as one of the best movies of the year. With Yves Montand, James Garner, and Eva Marie Saint, directed with superb gusto by John Frankenheimer. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

La Guerre Est Finie—Yves Montand is extremely effective as the dogged hero of this strong, sad story about the aftermath of the Spanish Civil War. Directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

Hawaii—A long, foolish account of how Christian missionaries spoiled things for the happy Polynesians. With Max von Sydow and Julie Andrews. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. CO 5-8431. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—David Swift has done a fine job of directing this movie version of the celebrated Broadway musical. With Robert Morse and Rudy Vallée. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

Loves of a Blonde—A Czechoslovakian director named Miloš Forman has made a nice, old-fashioned comedy about a girl and a boy and her desire to fall in love and his desire not to. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774; through April 16. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through April 18.)

A Man and a Woman—An example of a movie that really moves, directed and photographed by Claude Lelouch, who doesn't make any mistakes in his treatment of a small love story. Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant play the lovers. In French. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-2013.)

A Man for All Seasons—The moral tug of war between Henry VIII and Sir Thomas More, eloquently set forth by Robert Bolt and enacted by a superb cast, including Paul Scofield as More, Robert Shaw as Henry, and Leo McKern as the wily Cromwell. Directed by Fred Zinnemann. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30. Reserved seats only.)

2 BIG SHOWS
BIG 2 SHOWS
2 BIG SHOWS DAILY ★★★★
Hairdressing

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				13	14	15
16	17	18	19			

Marat/Sade—A successful movie version of the eerie play by Peter Weiss. Peter Brook was the director and is, in effect, the star. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

My Sister, My Love—Bibi Andersson, Per Oscarsson, and Jarl Kulle in a sad, vivid story of forbidden love. Directed by Vilgot Sjöman. In Swedish. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

Persona—An icy, flawless study of the problem of identity. Directed by Ingmar Bergman and starring Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann. In Swedish. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

The Taming of the Shrew—In which the director, Franco Zeffirelli, seeks to lend Shakespeare a helping hand. With Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30. Reserved seats only.)

Thoroughly Modern Millie—A diverting movie, which would have been a lot better at half its length. With Julie Andrews, Mary Tyler Moore, James Fox, and Beatrice Lillie, and directed by George Roy Hill. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10. Reserved seats only.)

Ulysses—Joseph Strick has led an admirable cast with tact and intelligence down several of the main pathways in the Joycean labyrinth. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

La Vie de Château—A comedy about life in the Norman countryside during the Second World War. The spirited direction is by Jean-Paul Rappeneau, who also helped write the witty screenplay. In French. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

The War Game—A prophecy, in documentary form, of the suffering that would befall England in the event of a third World War. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

You're a Big Boy Now—A funny, lyrical movie, made in New York and really about New York. Exuberantly directed by Francis Ford Coppola. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

REVIVALS

Breathless (1961)—Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this pioneer New Wave film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 13.)

Diabolique (1955)—A chilling description of how the wife and the mistress of a cad join forces to bring about his elimination. With Vera Clouzot, Simone Signoret, and Paul Meurisse. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 14-17.)

Help! (1965)—John, Paul, George, and Ringo. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

The Knack (1965)—A comedy of sex in London, with Rita Tushingham, Michael Crawford, Donal Donnelly, and Ray Brooks. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting April 18. . . . ¶ Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting April 19.)

Life at the Top (1965)—Money isn't everything, at least not in Yorkshire. Laurence Harvey, Jean Simmons, Donald Wolfit, and Honor Blackman. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through April 18.)

Morgan! (1966)—David Warner and Vanessa Redgrave in a black comedy about present-day London, directed by Karel Reisz. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

Only Two Can Play (1962)—Peter Sellers as an ineptly amorous Lucky Jim in a small town in Wales. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting April 19.)

Scorpio Rising (1966)—An account of the leather-jacketed motorcycle cult, directed and photographed by Kenneth Anger. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210.)

The 10th Victim (1965)—Marcello Mastroianni and Ursula Andress are the stars of this movie about licensed sudden death in the twenty-first century. In Italian. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350.)

Tom Jones (1963)—An embodiment of the Fielding novel. With Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, Edith Evans, and many others. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through April 18. . . . ¶ Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting April 19.)

The Wrong Box (1966)—Tontine, train wreck, tottering butler; Ralph Richardson, John Mills, Peter Sellers, and many others. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting April 19.)

Film Libraries—At the **Museum of Modern Art**, 11 W. 53rd—April 13 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Stella Maris" (1918), with Mary Pickford. . . . ¶ April 14 at 2 and 5:30: "Amarilly of Clothesline Alley" (1918), with Mary Pickford. . . . ¶ April 15 at 11:30, 3, and 5:30: "The Woman God Forgot" (1917), with Geraldine Farrar. . . . ¶ April 16 at 2 and 5:30: "The Cheat" (1915), with Fannie Ward. . . . ¶ April 17 at 2 and 5:30: "The Woman God Forgot" (1917), with Geraldine Farrar. . . . ¶ April 18 at 2 and 5:30: "The Cheat" (1915), with Fannie Ward. . . . ¶ April 19 at 2 and 5:30: "The Fighting Lady" (1945), a U.S. Navy documentary film. . . . **Gallery of Modern Art**, 2 Columbus Circle—Through April 16: "Salome" (1922), with Nazimova. . . . ¶ Starting April 18: "Salome" (1922), with Nazimova; and a Marx Brothers film. (The schedule of showings is complicated; our best advice is to phone LT 1-2311.) . . . **Note:** At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Hombre," Paul Newman, Fredric March.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
GEORGY GIRL; and "The Professionals," Burt Lancaster, Lee Marvin.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
HAWAII.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Africa Addio," an Italian documentary, with an English narration.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
BLOW-UP.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sand Pebbles," Steve McQueen, Richard Attenborough. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
THE BIBLE.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Hurry Sundown," Michael Caine, Jane Fonda.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
GRAND PRIX.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
MORGAN!, revival; and **HELP!**, revival.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through April 18: **THE DEADLY AFFAIR**; and **LIFE AT THE TOP**, revival.
From April 19: **TOM JONES**, revival; and **THE KNACK**, revival.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through April 18: **THE ENDLESS SUMMER.**
From April 19: "Born Free," revival, Virginia McKenna, Bill Travers; and "The Trouble with Angels," revival, Rosalind Russell, Hayley Mills.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
LA GUERRE EST FINIE (in French).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Through April 17: "Africa Addio," an Italian documentary, with an English narration.
From April 18: "Naked Among the Wolves" (in German and Polish).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
A COUNTESS FROM HONG KONG.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
MARAT/SADE.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
"Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters; and "Carry On Cabby," Sidney James.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Hurry Sundown," Michael Caine, Jane Fonda.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
YOU'RE A BIG BOY NOW.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
LA VIE DE CHÂTEAU (in French).

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through April 16: **LOVES OF A BLONDE**, a Czechoslovakian film.
From April 17: "Accident," Dirk Bogarde, Stanley Baker.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
"Loving Couples" (in Swedish), Harriet Andersson, Gunnel Lindblom.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
BLOW-UP.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Hombre," Paul Newman, Fredric March.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
MY SISTER, MY LOVE (in Swedish).

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"I, a Woman" (in Danish), Essy Persson.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
ULYSSES.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
"Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters; and "Carry On Cabby," Sidney James.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
GEORGY GIRL; and "The Professionals," Burt Lancaster, Lee Marvin.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
SCORPIO RISING, revival; and "Chafed Elbows," a Robert Downey film.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through April 18: **LOVES OF A BLONDE**, a Czechoslovakian film.
From April 19: "The Game Is Over," Jane Fonda, Peter McEnery.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"She and He" (in Japanese).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through April 18: "Tobruk," Rock Hudson, George Peppard.
From April 19: "In Like Flint," James Coburn, Lee J. Cobb; and "Fate Is the Hunter," revival, Glenn Ford, Nancy Kwan.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
THE 10TH VICTIM (in Italian), revival; and "Eric Soya's '17' " (in Danish).

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
"Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters; and "Carry On Cabby," Sidney James.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
PERSONA (in Swedish).

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"After You, Comrade," Jamie Uys.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
THE WAR GAME.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Born Free," revival, Virginia McKenna, Bill Travers.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
A MAN AND A WOMAN (in French).

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through April 19: "The Adolescents" (in French); and "French-Cancan" (in French), revival, Jean Gabin.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through April 18: **TOM JONES**, revival; and "Irma la Douce," revival, Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.
From April 19: **THE WRONG BOX**, revival; and **ONLY TWO CAN PLAY**, revival.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
April 13: **BREATHLESS** (in French), revival; and "Alphaville" (in French), revival, Eddie Constantine, Anna Karina.
April 14-17: **DIABOLIQUE** (in French), revival; and "Nights of Cabiria" (in Italian), revival, Giulietta Masina, François Périer.
From April 18: **THE KNACK**, revival; and "The Pad (and How to Use It)," Brian Bedford, Julie Sommars.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
"Loving Couples" (in Swedish), Harriet Andersson, Gunnel Lindblom.

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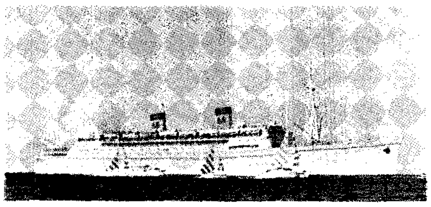

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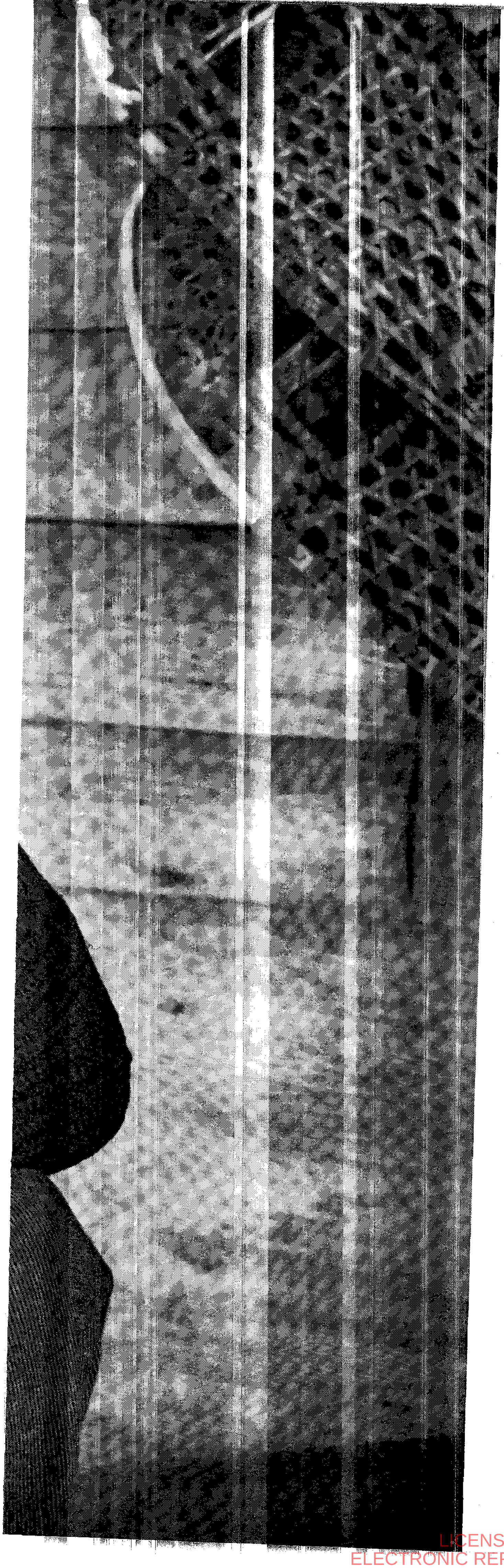

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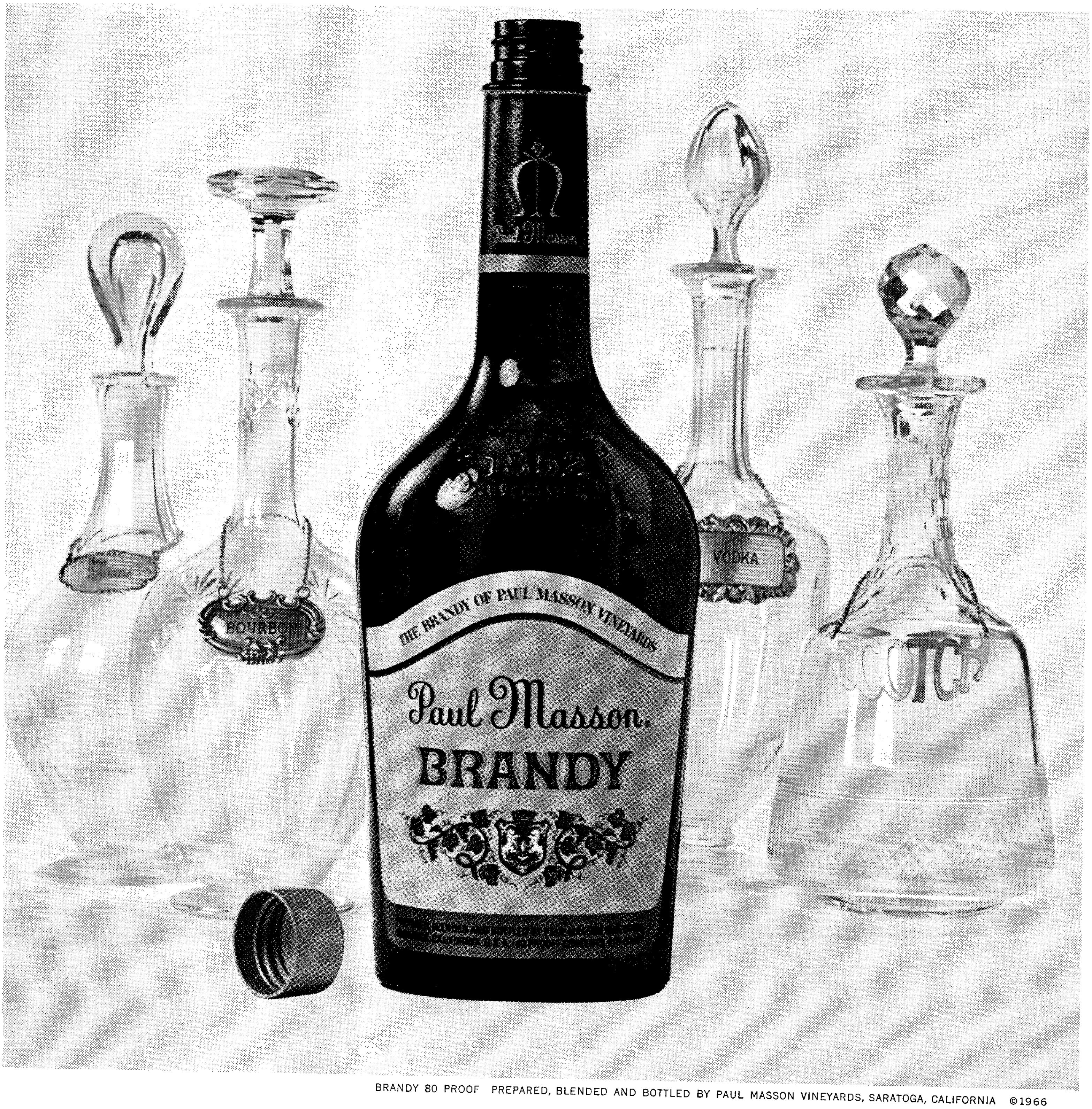
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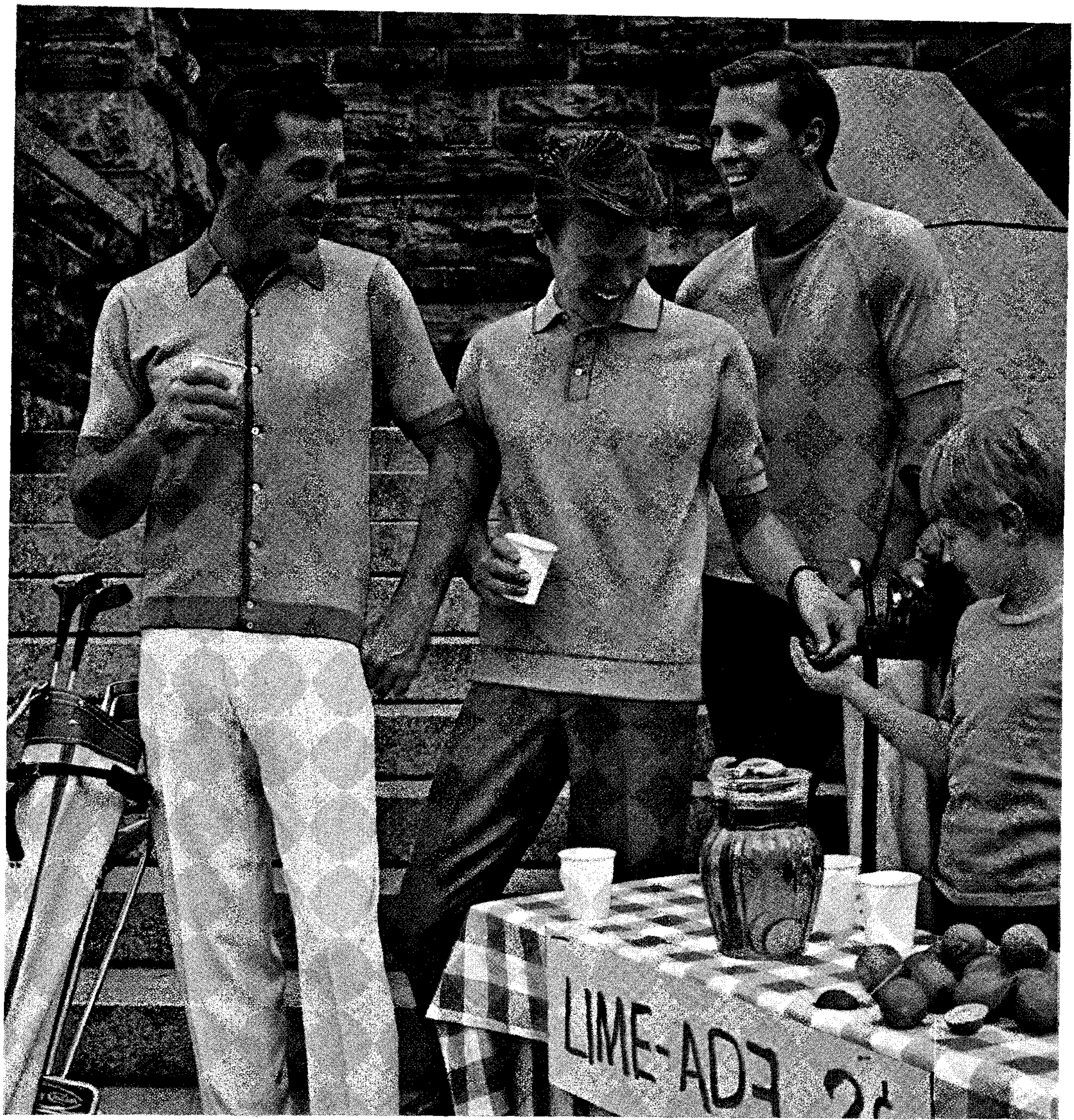

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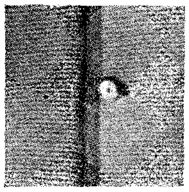
The Trend is to a pause that refreshes in stripings of Dacron® and Antron®



Fresh-up your country club wardrobe with crisp horizontal stripings of alternating Dacron* polyester and Antron*. Choose styleful cardigan, pullover or mock turtle models from a picnic of colors featuring a refreshing shade of lime. All full-fashioned knit to assure shape retaining fit. Trend wouldn't have it any other way. No wonder the trend is to Trend at these first-rate stores:

BLOOMINGDALE'S, NEW YORK CITY; BURDINE'S, MIAMI; FOLEY'S, HOUSTON; B. FORMAN, ROCHESTER; J. L. HUDSON CO., DETROIT; THALHIMER BROS. INC., RICHMOND

Trend®
fashions
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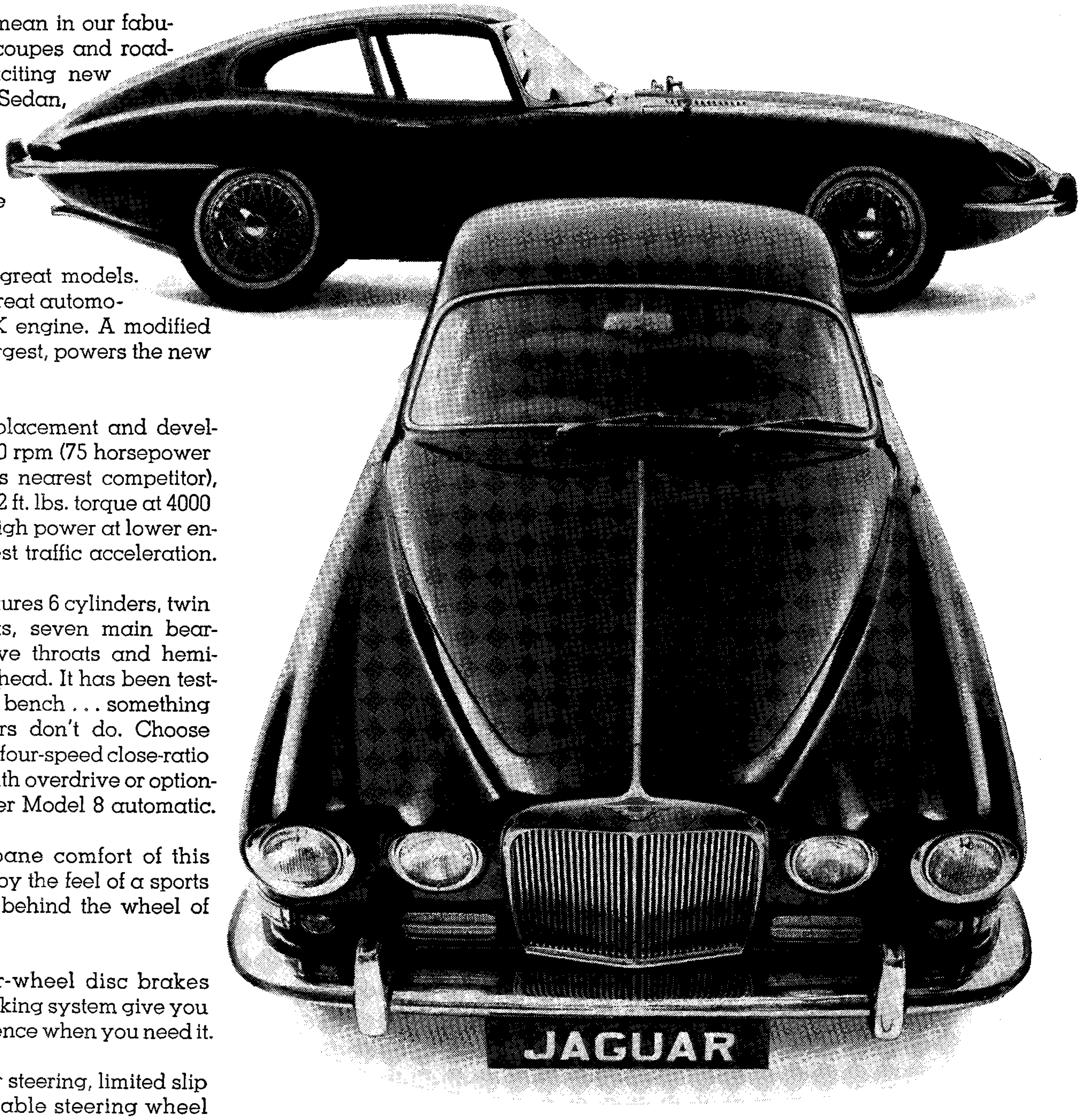
One thing about the magnificent Jaguar XK engine. You can have it both ways.



By both ways we mean in our fabulous Jaguar XK-E coupes and roadsters or in our exciting new Jaguar 420 Sports Sedan, just introduced.

The XK engine—too great for just the XK-E

Jaguar has many great models. But it makes one great automotive engine—the XK engine. A modified version of it, our largest, powers the new 420 Sports Sedan.

It has 4.2 litre displacement and develops 245 BHP at 5400 rpm (75 horsepower more than Jaguar's nearest competitor), giving a peak of 282 ft. lbs. torque at 4000 rpm. That means high power at lower engine speeds, for best traffic acceleration.

The 420 engine features 6 cylinders, twin overhead-camshafts, seven main bearings, polished valve throats and hemispherical cylinder head. It has been tested six hours on the bench . . . something other manufacturers don't do. Choose fully synchromesh, four-speed close-ratio manual gearbox with overdrive or optional new Borg Warner Model 8 automatic.

Even with the urbane comfort of this sedan, you still enjoy the feel of a sports car when you get behind the wheel of the 420.

Our fade-free four-wheel disc brakes and safety dual braking system give you split-second confidence when you need it.

Features like power steering, limited slip differential, adjustable steering wheel and alternator may be costly "extras" on other cars, but Jaguar regards them as basic to a great car.

Suggested prices at P.O.E. for the new 420 Sedan start at $5786 and for the XK-E at $5384. Prices for our other sports and luxury sedans range from $4490 to $6990.

As our Overseas Delivery Sales Department says, "Keep America Beautiful . . . Bring home a Jaguar."

Jaguar: a different breed of cat.

Après la chasse à courre ou la chasse
tout court, venez dîner à L'Etoile avec
votre "gibier."
L'ETOILE
Fifth Avenue at 59th Street
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After riding to hounds or just
chasing "Birds," finish the day
with dinner at L'Etoile. It's
the perfect way to unwind after
"la chasse."
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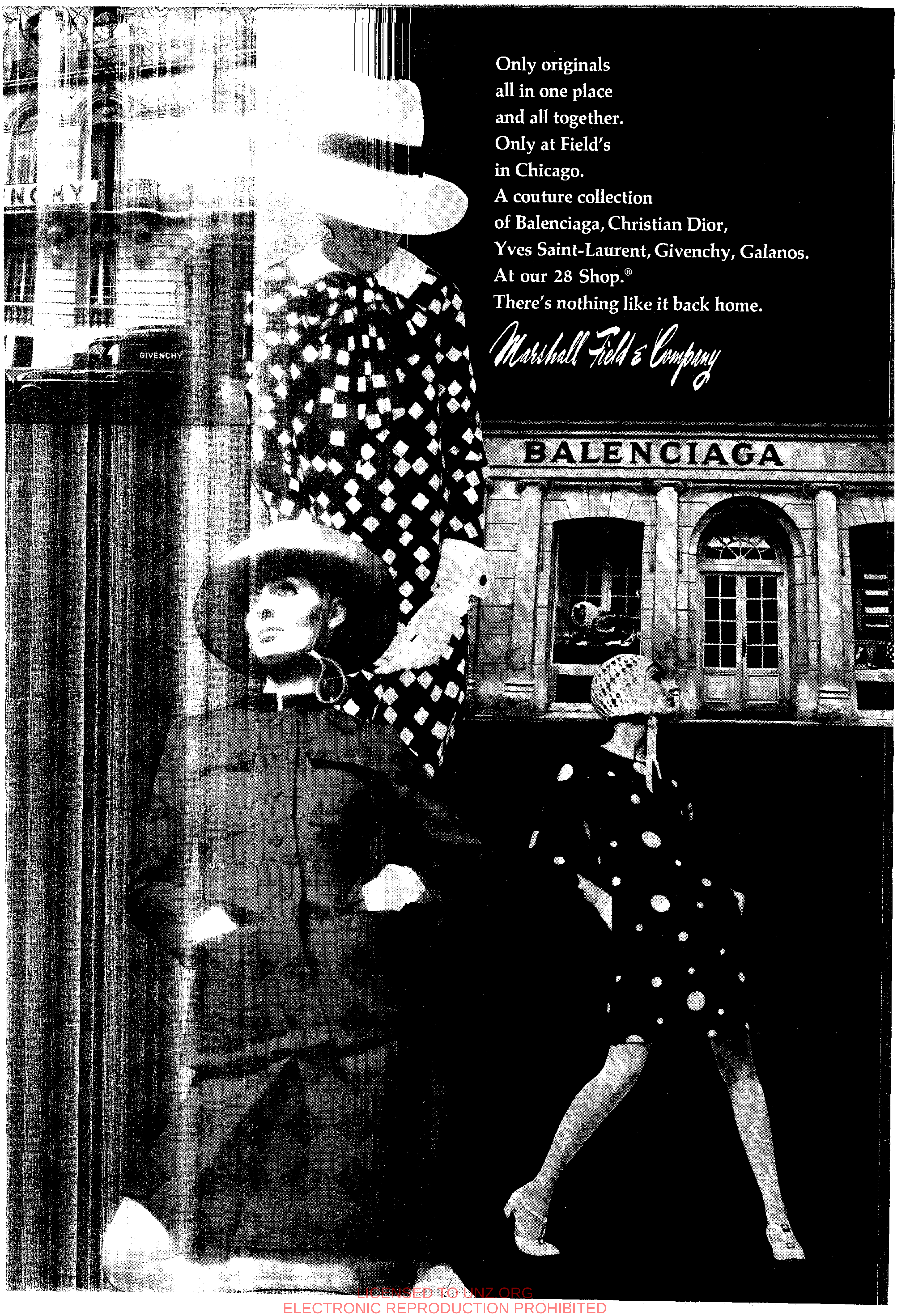
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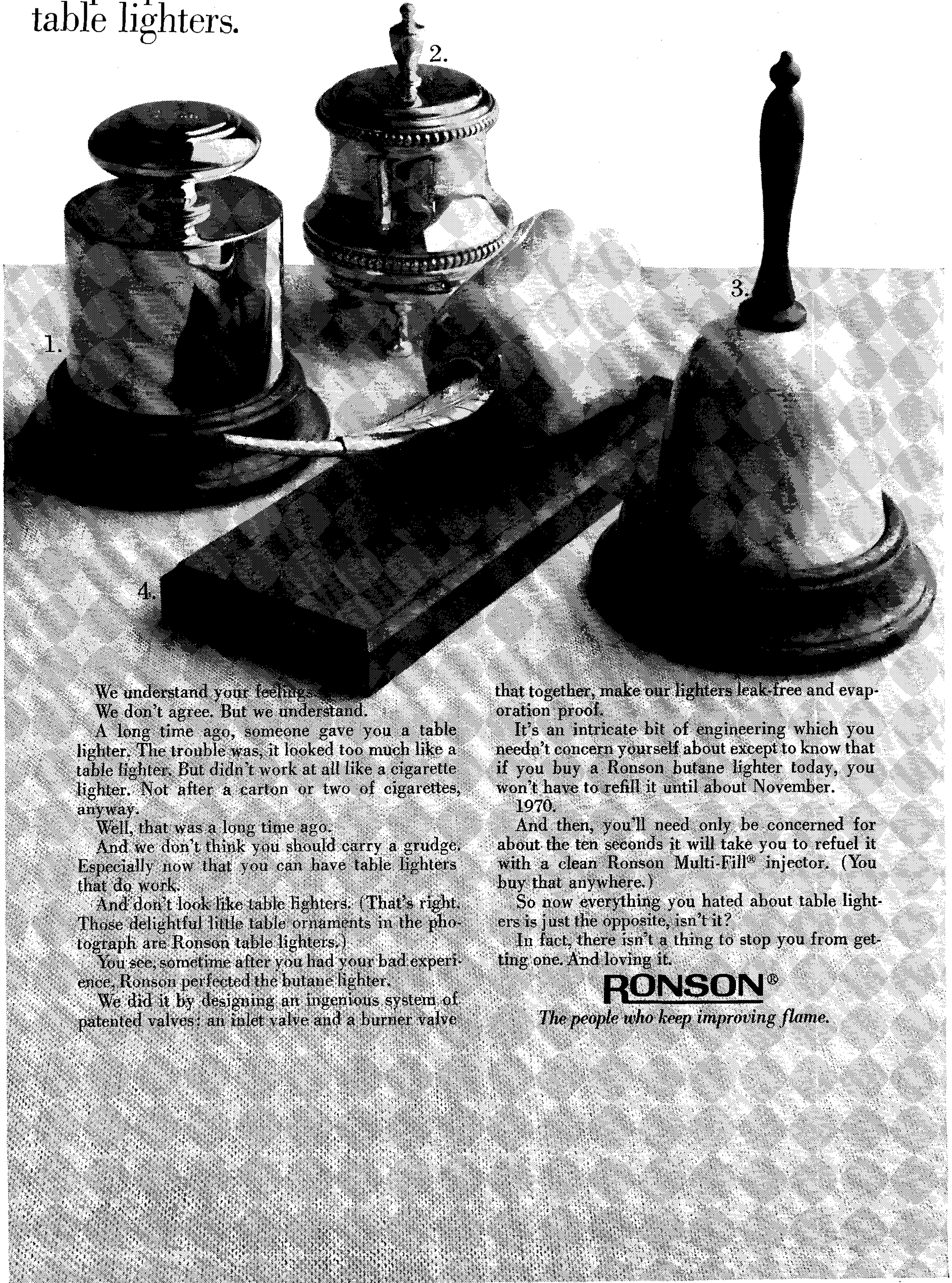
There's nothing like it back home.

Marshall Field & Company

The table lighters for people who hate table lighters.



We understand your feelings.

We don't agree. But we understand.

A long time ago, someone gave you a table lighter. The trouble was, it looked too much like a table lighter. But didn't work at all like a cigarette lighter. Not after a carton or two of cigarettes, anyway.

Well, that was a long time ago.

And we don't think you should carry a grudge. Especially now that you can have table lighters that do work.

And don't look like table lighters. (That's right. Those delightful little table ornaments in the photograph are Ronson table lighters.)

You see, sometime after you had your bad experience, Ronson perfected the butane lighter.

We did it by designing an ingenious system of patented valves: an inlet valve and a burner valve that together, make our lighters leak-free and evaporation proof.

It's an intricate bit of engineering which you needn't concern yourself about except to know that if you buy a Ronson butane lighter today, you won't have to refill it until about November.

1970.

And then, you'll need only be concerned for about the ten seconds it will take you to refuel it with a clean Ronson Multi-Fill® injector. (You buy that anywhere.)

So now everything you hated about table lighters is just the opposite, isn't it?

In fact, there isn't a thing to stop you from getting one. And loving it.

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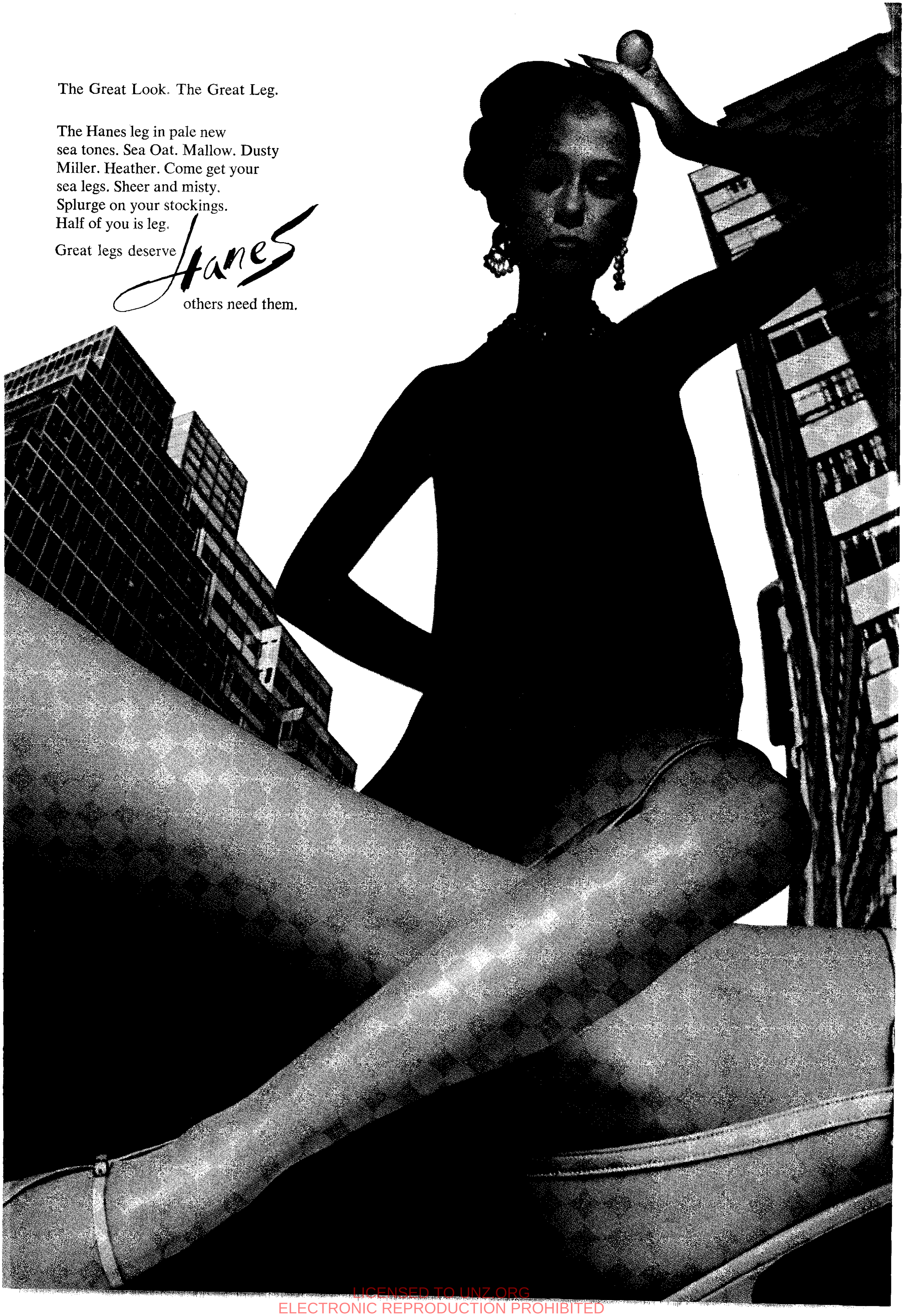
The people who keep improving flame.

SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICES: 1. ANTIQUE WEIGHT, $27.50 / 2. EMPIRE, $30.00 / 3. BELL, $30.00 / 4. TULIP, $25.00. ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA.



The Great Look. The Great Leg.

The Hanes leg in pale new sea tones. Sea Oat. Mallow. Dusty Miller. Heather. Come get your sea legs. Sheer and misty. Splurge on your stockings. Half of you is leg.

Great legs deserve Hanes others need them.

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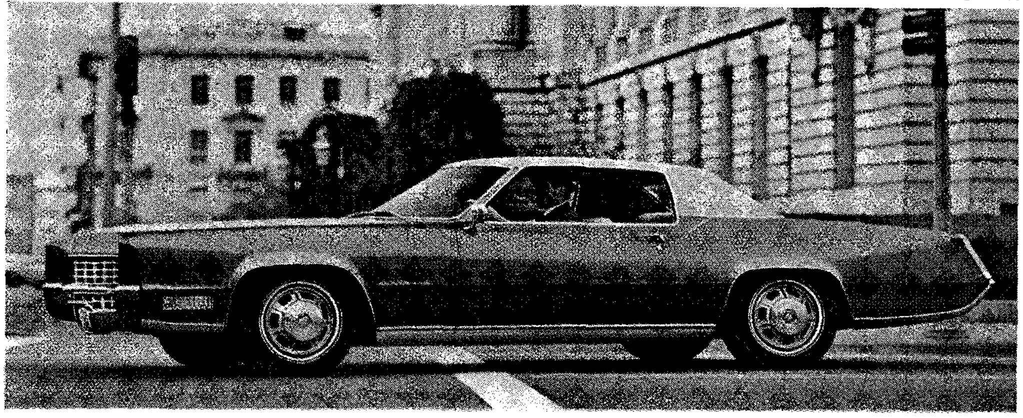


Fleetwood Eldorado

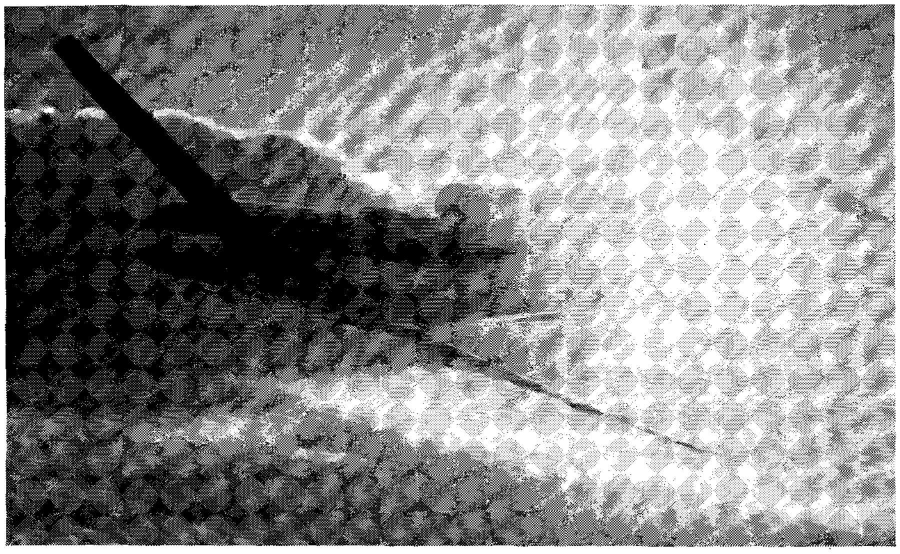
TWO EXCITING NEW REASONS FOR DRIVING.

History's best-selling Cadillac is giving its new owners exciting reasons to take to the highways. Whether it's the dramatic new Fleetwood Eldorado, the world's finest personal car, or one of the eleven other models you are more familiar with, the year's most exciting luxury look belongs to Cadillac. Cadillac is also making driving more pleasurable with the quietest, smoothest, most agile performance in luxury car history. And Cadillac helps make driving safer with such new features as lane-changing signals, folding seat back latches, padded steering wheel and hazard warning system. Visit your authorized dealer and you'll discover that motoring can be a truly exciting experience—if you're at the wheel of a new 1967 Cadillac.

Standard of the World Cadillac

Sedan DeVille

Some people go out of their way to buy their diamond at Shreve's



And we don't mean coming in from the suburbs either. We mean coming in from Texas. Alaska. Even the Far East.

As far as diamonds go, Boston might as well be the center of the universe. Because you can't do better than to buy your diamond at Shreve's.

What is Shreve's giving away, that makes it worth your while to travel all the way to Boston? What's in it for you?

That depends. It depends on how much you know about diamonds. If you know a lot, you can feel secure buying a diamond anywhere. From anyone. But if you don't know very much, Shreve's offers you the chance to correct that. Before it's too late. Before you go ahead and buy a diamond blindly.

At Shreve's we have experts who will take the time and trouble to explain diamonds to you. They'll show you the different shapes. Explain what faceting does. Tell you how size, shape, color and clarity affect the value of a diamond. Let you examine diamonds through specialized instruments. Explain where your best value lies, according to what you want to spend. And plead with you to put your money in quality, not quantity.

In all probability you're buying your first diamond. Buying it out of love. With the person you love sitting right beside you. It's easy, under such circumstances, to substitute emotion for reason. And this can lead to a costly mistake. At Shreve's we try to be your voice of reason. To make certain you get the maximum value for your dollar. You can trust us to act in your best interests, because we've been doing just that for our customers for 167 years.

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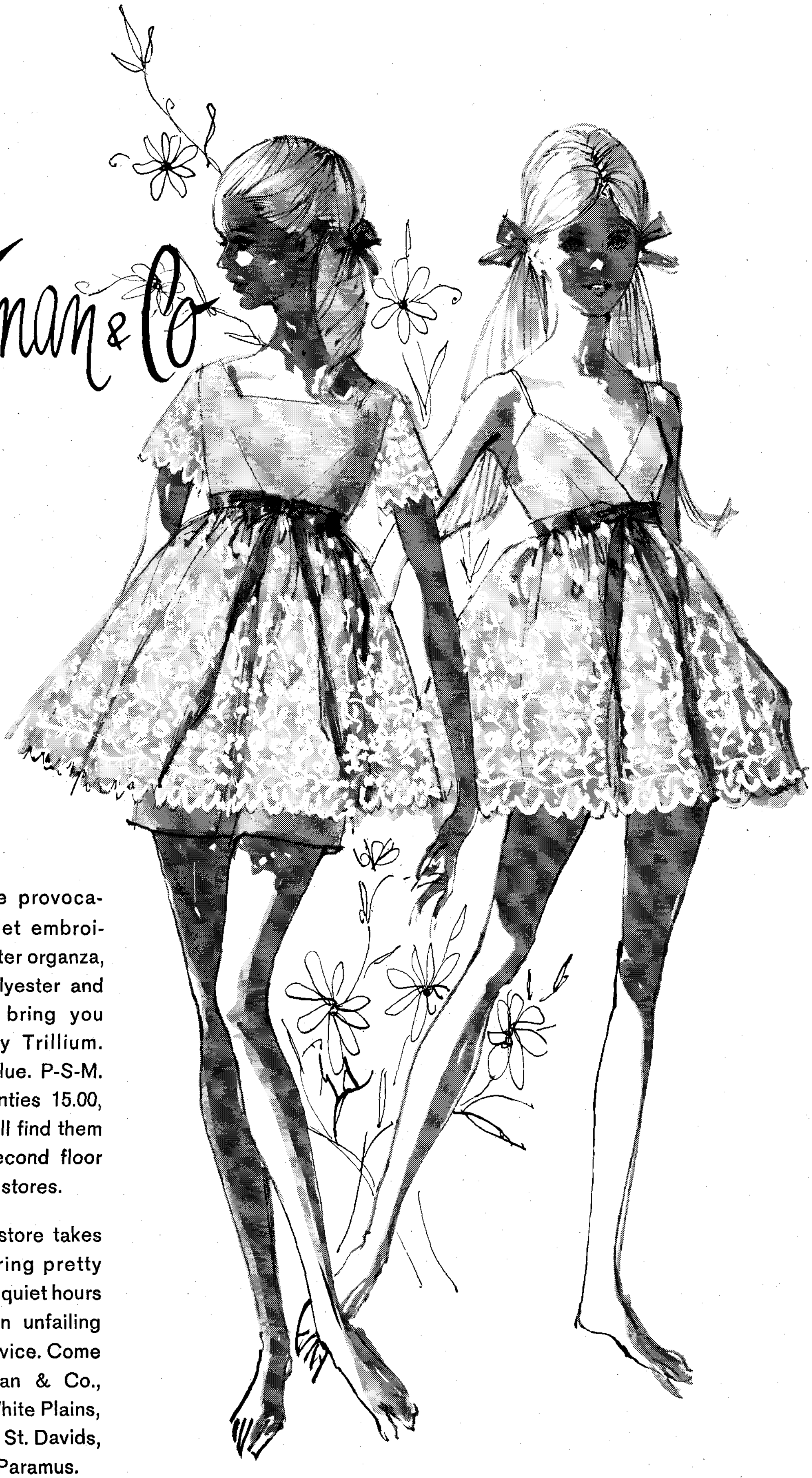


Sleep cool...These provocative delights of eyelet embroidered Dacron® polyester organza, lined with Dacron polyester and cotton batiste, will bring you pleasant dreams. By Trillium. White or white with blue. P-S-M. The cover-up with panties 15.00, the Plunge 13.00. You'll find them in Lingerie on our second floor and in all our branch stores.

Fifth Avenue's great store takes pleasure in discovering pretty enchantments for your quiet hours ...and always with an unfailing tradition of friendly service. Come and see us. B. Altman & Co., Fifth Avenue, and at White Plains, Manhasset, Short Hills, St. Davids, Pa., and Ridgewood/Paramus.

THE NEW YORKER

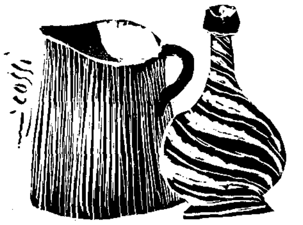
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

SPRINGTIME in this city—and elsewhere, we imagine—marks a resurgence of empathy among men, and we are always glad to note the telltale symptoms as they arise around us on these mild, sunny days, with their occasional showers. People seem more likely at this season of the year to recognize in others that heaven-sent condition called individuality, and to be charmed by it. And, seeing it in others, they are more likely to appreciate its presence in themselves. We are thinking at the moment of a bus driver on upper Madison Avenue who on a recent Monday drew his bus close to the curb in a place where buses are not supposed to stop, pulled up short, and opened the front door. He then reached down to the floor beside his left leg and picked up what was obviously his week's wash. He hopped out of the bus, entered a laundry across the sidewalk, left the bag, and hopped back. As he resumed his journey uptown, we said, "Good idea." The driver grinned and nodded. "I'm getting married next week, and then I won't have to do that anymore," he said, and added, "She's pretty, too."

Fire

A WEEK ago Tuesday, a sparkling, brisk day with the temperature in the fifties, we were walking along upper Fifth Avenue when we happened to notice a plume of smoke curling from the Guggenheim Museum. The smoke was coming from the roof of the administration wing, on the uptown side of the museum, and it was blowing east on a stiff breeze off the Reservoir. A hook-and-ladder truck was pulled up on the sidewalk, its nose near the greenhouse by the museum's entrance, and as we watched, a couple of firemen clambered up a ladder in the direction of the smoke. We were reminded of another bright spring day, almost exactly nine years ago, when—also by chance—we had been lunching in the garden of the Museum of Modern Art and had seen smoke pouring from the Modern Museum's second floor; before that fire was put out, two paintings (one of them a big Monet "Water Lilies") had been destroyed and seven others (including a Pollock and a smaller Monet "Water Lilies") had been severely damaged. After almost a decade, the memory of the fire at the Modern Museum was still fresh enough to bring us to a dead stop in front of the Guggenheim. Happily, this fire seemed to be a small one, but since no fire in a museum can really be considered small, we stayed around. Inside the Guggenheim there were almost two hundred works by Paul Klee, and we didn't want to leave until we could be sure that they were all right. Accordingly, we joined a small group of people who had been inside the museum when the fire broke out. A girl in a powder-blue wool dress said that she had smelled smoke and then had been told by a guard that the museum was closing. "There was no panic or anything," she said. "I got a little dizzy coming down three flights of the circular ramp—that's all." A number of the visitors, we learned later, had been reluctant to leave the Klee exhibition, and the museum's staff had had to plead with them to go. The fire had started at twelve-fifty in the afternoon, and, like the fire at the Modern Museum, it had been started by construction men. While they were working on the foundations for a new annex, a blowtorch had ignited some of their materials. Smoke had seeped up into the administration wing and then into the main gallery.



We talked with a fireman, who said, in a matter-of-fact voice, that the fire was a routine one. It was not only a one-alarm fire but a one-*hose* fire as well. He indicated the one hose, which emanated from a fireplug at the corner of Eighty-eighth Street and Fifth Avenue. It snaked up the sidewalk and disappeared into a side door of the museum. As we watched, a pair of firemen, wearing black-and-yellow rubber coats and carrying what looked like old-fashioned pikestaffs, trotted out through the door, hopped nimbly over the hose, and boarded the hook-and-ladder truck. At the top of the ladder we could see on a museum balcony the fire chief, in a braided cap, talking with a fireman in a black helmet. They seemed unconcerned, as though their presence had no connection with the smoke rising above them. As the two men chatted calmly, their arms folded on the parapet, the thin spiral of smoke behind them dwindled. Finally, it stopped altogether. The crowd cheered. The smoke had been coming from a skylight in the administration wing, we learned, because some time earlier firemen—presumably the two with the pikestaffs—had poked holes in the skylight to let the smoke out. A splinter of glass had ripped a small hole in the canvas of "The Football Players," by Henri Rousseau. This was the only painting injured by the fire.

The crowd had relaxed. There was even something of a festive air about it. A man with a bushy handlebar mustache turned from photographing the fire to focus his camera on a slender youth wearing a black turtleneck sweater and an old-fashioned motorist's hat, who moved shyly out of range. A young lady who was balancing her bicycle on top of the fire hose said "It's just like a Happening, don't you think?" and we agreed. A man near us evidently did not agree. He still looked somewhat shaken. We learned that he was Edward Fry, a young consultant at the museum, and that he was organizing a sculpture show for the autumn. "None of it will be combustible," he said, smiling uncomfortably. We asked if the director of the Guggenheim, Mr. Thomas M. Messer, was present, and were told that he was at Wesleyan University, in Connecticut. Mr. Fry added, "We're keeping him informed." The curator of the museum, Mrs. Louise Averill Svendsen, *was* present, and Mr. Fry introduced us to her. We asked Mrs. Svendsen if she remembered the Modern Museum fire, and she answered that she had been thinking of little else during the past hour. "That day, I was talking on the phone with one of the curators at the Modern," she recalled. "Over the phone, I heard the sound of fire engines, and I said to him, 'Are you burning up?' He laughed and said no—that it was just a fire truck passing by outside. I could hear the fire truck stop. Then he said, 'Wait a minute. I think we *are* burning up.' "

Mrs. Svendsen was going to look at the Klees, and we accompanied her to the main entrance of the museum, where a fireman permitted us to go a few feet inside. The gallery smelled of smoke, but there didn't appear to be any haze. We could see the Klees clearly—a swirl of muted yellows and browns, bright scarlets and deep purples that spiralled up the walls. It was as though someone had been trying to burn a pile of leaves, and the leaves had been whirled upward in the nick of time by a fortuitous flurry of wind.

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Hand-Lettered notice on a bulletin board at the University of California in Berkeley:

> Wardrobe for Sale, Size 9,
> Hardly Worn. Going Beat.

Animal Walk

WHEN we learned that for the First Time in Ninety-seven (Count 'Em—97!) Years the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus would come to town by way of an "animal walk" through Central Park—"unimpeded and easily viewable by schoolchildren and the public"—we made plans to rise early so as to secure ourself a choice viewing position. The parade was to assemble at ten in the morning at 110th Street and Lenox Avenue, so at nine we took a bus—two buses, in fact—to get to the spot. As we got off the second bus, we happened to look up and see, moving south at a rapid pace through the green and misty West Drive, a silent platoon of animals—seventeen elephants, seventeen horses, twelve ponies, six camels, and two zebras, one of which was chained to an elephant. We looked at our watch. It was nine-twenty. We looked around us. There were no people. We looked back into the Park. The platoon of animals had disappeared. We looked up at the street sign. We were indeed at 110th and Lenox. As far as we knew at that moment, no one else had seen what we had seen, and since we had barely seen it, we found ourself faced with the old epistemological question: If there had been a parade in the Park and no one had seen it, had there really been a parade? Soon we decided that it was too cold to just stand at 110th and Lenox waiting for an animal walk that seemed to be over. We spotted a police car parked on the other side of Lenox Avenue, so we headed that way and asked what, if anything, had happened to the parade that was scheduled to start at eleven o'clock.

"It's over," said the policeman in the driver's seat, and then he suggested that we might catch up with it if we took the subway to West Sixty-sixth Street.

"It's not even ten o'clock yet," we said.

"I know," he said. "But it's over."

"But there weren't any people to see it," we said.

"Well, there was a parade," he insisted gently, "and it's over."

We thanked him, and as we started back across the street to the subway there emerged from among the trees and from behind rocks and bushes several packs of boys, who were bearing down on the entrance to the Park. To our left was a small procession of boys and girls, all less than four feet tall and all highly charged with excitement. They were from Public School No. 92, and their teacher had brought them to see the parade. We looked to our right and saw a similar procession. We crossed the street and ran into the man from the *Times*.

"The animals have already walked," we said.

"They couldn't have," he said.

"Impossible," said the man from the Newark *Star-Ledger*. He said he had come on the Philadelphia train with the animals, and they couldn't have walked from the Mott Haven yards to Central Park and out of sight so quickly. It was now a few minutes after ten—nearly an hour since we had seen the parade.

"What did you see?" he asked, looking puzzled.

We told him that we had seen elephants and camels and ponies and zebras.

"How many elephants?" he asked.

"Seventeen," we replied.

"How many camels?" he asked.

"Six," we replied.

"How many ponies?" he asked.

"Twelve," we replied.

"And what about the zebras?" he asked, as if he knew he had us now.

"Two," we said confidently. "And one of them was chained to an elephant."

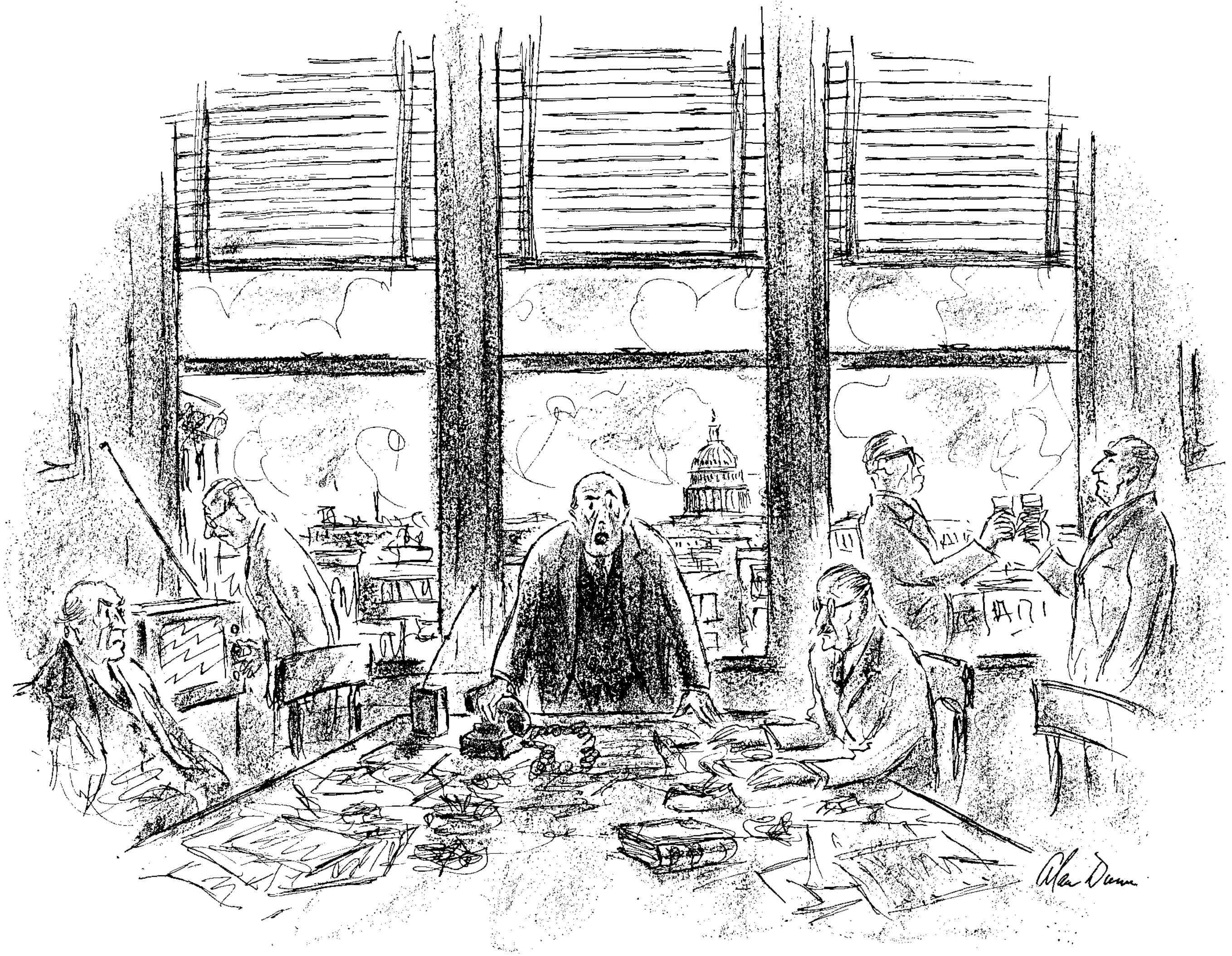
"That's them," he said, in disbelief.

Meanwhile, small groups of preschool children had entered the Park. Now the Port Chester High School band arrived. Then Frankie Saluto and Prince Paul, circus clowns no taller than the preschoolers, drove up in a car, got out, and moved among the ranks with greetings of "Hi, little ones!" and "Hi y'all!" After that, some sequinned girls arrived in convertibles and a couple of hansom cabs. Finally, Henry Ringling North, a vice-president of the circus, appeared, in still another convertible, and Charly Baumann, the famous tiger trainer, drove up wearing a black velvet suit whose jacket was decorated with lace, pearls, and rhinestones. As the excitement mounted, and the assemblage began looking more and more like a parade, we headed for the car carrying Mr. North and encountered a parade official—a young woman wearing a red armband. Just as we were about to inquire about the elephants we had seen earlier, a policeman approached and spoke to her.

"Lady," he said, in a slightly harried voice, "your elephants are down at Eightieth Street. Do you want them back?"

The young woman looked dumfounded and asked what they were doing at Eightieth Street.

The policeman told her that the animals had moved a lot faster than anyone had thought they could, and that when they arrived at the entrance to the Park, there had been no welcoming committee. The trainer in charge of them, believing that the animals were cold, had decided that probably he was not supposed to wait, and had taken



". . . the newspapers, the TV networks, the railroads, farmers, schoolteachers, truckers, firemen, policemen—in fact, gentlemen, the whole damn world is deadlocked on the wage issue. I never thought it would end this way."

• •

off for Madison Square Garden. Two policemen in a squad car had spotted the procession and told the trainer to march the elephants back to 110th Street and Lenox Avenue.

For the next few minutes, we watched the Park fill up with children, and then we followed one group to a rock ledge on a slope a few yards up from the Drive. It was not long before a hush of anticipation was broken by screams and shouts as around a bend of the East Drive there came a platoon of presumably weary animals—seventeen elephants, seventeen horses, twelve ponies, six camels, and two zebras, one of which was chained to an elephant.

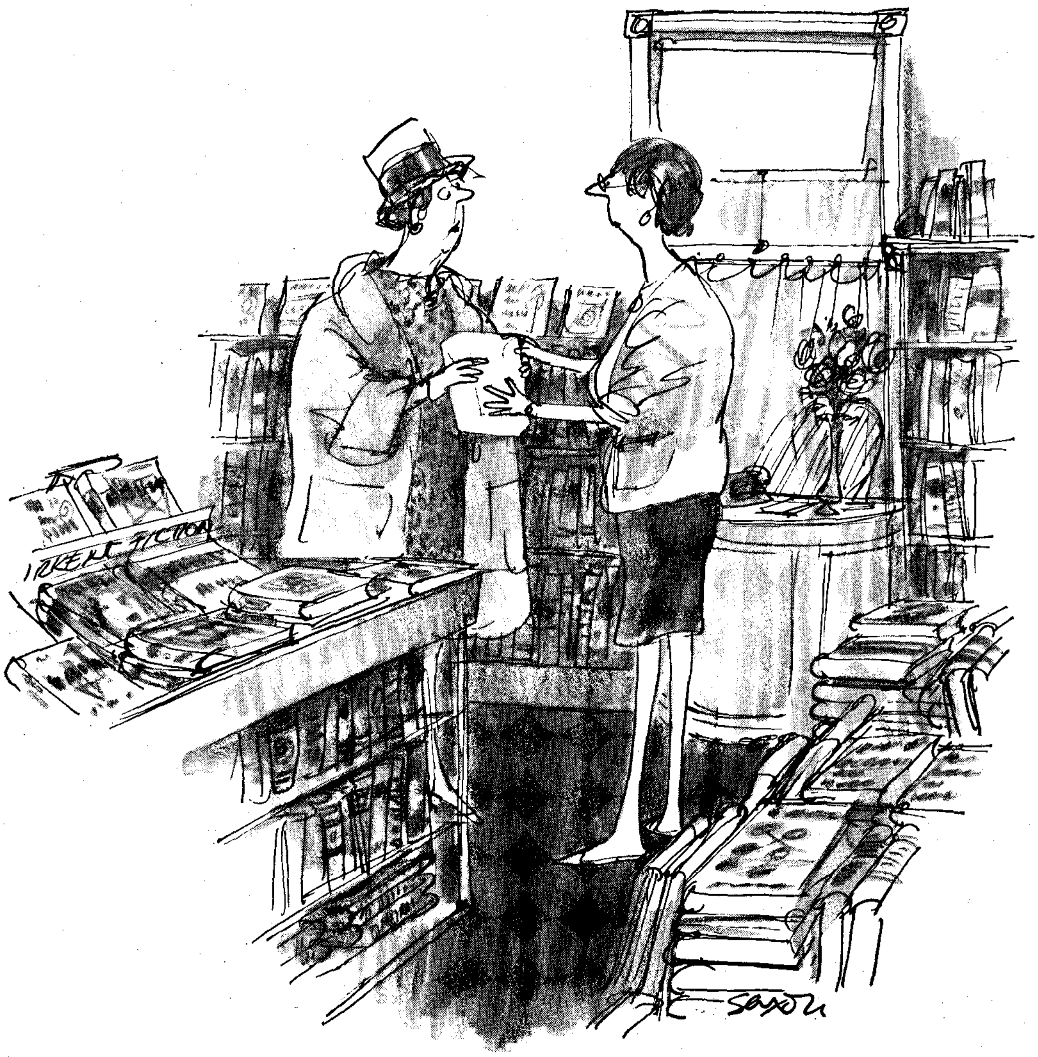
Expert

A MAN we know reports that after he had been sitting for six hours in the Jacksonville, Florida, airport waiting for a heavy fog to lift so that he could fly back to New York, and had been driven precariously close to insanity by the continuous din of the loudspeakers, announcing almost simultaneously the departure and the cancellation of his flight and others, he experienced an odd sense of relief when the voice on the squawker suddenly blared, "Will Mr. Wilbur Wright please report to the Operations Office *immediately!*"

Second Visit

ONE of the lenders of drawings to the Aubrey Beardsley exhibition at the Gallery of Modern Art was Vyvyan Holland, the younger son of Oscar Wilde—the first edition of whose "Salome" Beardsley illustrated, in a fashion that appears, oddly, to have shocked Wilde. Mr. Holland came over from his home in London for the exhibition, and we took advantage of this rare opportunity to meet him—rare because it is Mr. Holland's second visit to the United States, his first having taken place sixty years ago. Mr. Holland, who is eighty, assured us that he had enjoyed himself so much on the present visit that he would take care not to allow a similar interval to pass before his next one. A plump, spry, gentle, witty man, Mr. Holland looks much younger than his years; he has an ample thatch of brown hair and cheerful blue eyes, and, like his father, he is a natty dresser. He is said to resemble his father about the eyes and mouth, but he is much smaller in build. (Wilde was a tall, powerful, rather roughhewn man, and on a tour of the West in the eighteen-eighties he had no difficulty drinking the miners of Virginia City under the table. Despite his velvet jackets and shoulder-length curls, the miners wound up feeling a profound respect for him.)

Young Vyvyan was nine when his father was brought to trial. After Wilde went off to prison, neither Vyvyan nor his older brother, Cyril, was ever permitted to see him again. The



"Are you sure this is the edition without the things Mrs. Kennedy doesn't want me to read?"

• •

boys were furnished with a new surname, from their mother's side of the family, and were bundled off to the Continent, to grow up in troubled obscurity. As Mr. Holland has recorded in his autobiography, "Son of Oscar Wilde," he was left wholly in the dark as to the nature of the tragedy that had befallen the family. Shortly before his mother died, in 1898, she wrote him a letter in which, though she made nothing clear, she said, "Try not to feel harshly about your father; remember that he is your father and that he loves you. All his troubles arose from the hatred of a son for his father, and whatever he has done he has suffered bitterly for." When, in 1900, Vyvyan was told by the headmaster of his school that his father had just died, he was astonished—he had assumed that his father had died many years earlier. (By a curious chance, he later assumed his brother to be alive for some time after he had died, for word of Cyril's death was perversely slow in reaching him. Cyril was killed in 1915, fighting in the First World War; Vyvyan was in the line, scarcely three miles away, but it wasn't until weeks afterward that he learned of his loss, in a letter from the family solicitor.) Having returned to England, Vyvyan attended Stonyhurst and Trinity Hall, Cambridge, and then settled down in London. To celebrate his twenty-first birthday, in 1907, one of his father's old friends, Robert Ross, gave him a splendid dinner party; among the guests were William Rothenstein, Reginald Turner, Henry James, and Vyvyan's close friend from Cambridge, Ronald Firbank. Mr. Holland remembers the conversation as satisfactory.

Over the years, Mr. Holland has sampled a variety of occupations, from the law to belles-lettres; he is perhaps best known as the translator of many books from the French. He is a celebrated oenophile and has long been a member of the London Wine and Food Society; he has also been an ardent golfer, and has shot two holes-in-one. He and Mrs. Holland—a handsome, blond-haired Australian, whom he married during the Second World War—have a son, Merlin, who has just turned twenty-one and is a member of his grandfather's old college, Magdalen, at Oxford. "Generations tend to take their time in our family," Mr. Holland told us. "*My* grandfather, Sir William Wilde, was born a hundred and fifty-two years ago."

Mr. Holland has just had a new book published in England. It is called "Drink and Be Merry," and we cannot resist quoting a few sentences from it, as providing the most accurate measure of a turn of mind and phrase that is by no means unworthy of his father:

> My earliest recollection of wine is of a sparkling muscatel which I enjoyed at our house in Tite Street, to celebrate the success of one of my father's plays. I cannot have had very much, as I was not more than six or seven years old at the time, but I remember the taste of it so well, and I can still quaff a glass of sparkling muscatel with a certain sentimental pleasure.
>
> My own knowledge of [George] Saintsbury [Mr. Holland is a former honorary secretary of the Saintsbury Club, a distinguished circle of London gastronomes] was confined to a short correspondence referring to an introduction which he did for one of a series of eighteenth-century novels of which I was editor. It was only with the greatest difficulty that I could decipher his handwriting, and his typing was even worse; in some mysterious way the letter "e" had become broken and lost, and he made up for this by substituting an "x" for it, so that words like xlxmxntary puzzled me at first.
>
> We sometimes read in exotic novels of ladies, usually French ladies, taking baths in champagne. It is unlikely that any lady, however French she might be, has ever attempted to do this. In the first place, it would be very bad for her skin, as it would have an extremely astringent effect. And again, the fumes rising from the wine would so intoxicate her that she would become unfit for the occasion for which the bath was presumably intended to prepare her.

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AMONG the frozen foods carried by the A. & P. is a Hawaiian Delight Danish Coffee Cake.

A Farrago of Motors

WE found a note on our desk the other morning, scrawled on the back of an invitation to a 1965 subscription dance. It was from a young friend of ours, and it read:

IMPORTANT!
Meet Me (suitably dressed, please)
on
The Columbus Circle Traffic Island
SOONEST!

We quickly presented ourself at the appointed place, where our friend, in goggles and a remarkable red jacket with decals, was waiting impatiently. He was much annoyed by our unimaginative dress—a drab raincoat and shapeless felt hat. He talked pointedly about "catching the spirit of the thing" and about people who did not "catch the spirit of the thing," and then he talked for a while about the thing itself, which was the International Automobile Show, across the street in the Coliseum. "The Automobile Show is the only interesting thing that happens in New York from one April to the next," he said, steering us to the entrance. He ducked inside, and we followed. "Furthermore," he said (we were in the Coliseum now, facing a program seller and a formidable bunch of escalators), "it is the most democratic show on earth. At the Automobile Show, *anyone* can walk right up to a Cadillac, say, and sit down in it, even, just as though it were *nothing at all*, without someone shoving them out to go look at the O.K. Used Cars. Also, you see that everything is mixed up, so you have fancy cars *right next* to the cheaper sort of cars. That way, no one feels self-conscious about being on the wrong floor."

The first car we saw was a Buick Riviera, and it was fancy, but you couldn't walk right up and sit down in it, because it was on a moving platform and had a guardrail around it. It was watched over by a very pretty girl in a long dress. Every five minutes, the girl gave a speech, and then she rested while another girl, on another platform, gave a speech about a Buick Wildcat. Between speeches, a man with a cloth wiped off fingermarks left by people who had leaned over the guardrail to touch the car. The speech was interesting, and we listened to it twice. (Our friend said that he listened to it at least twice *every* day, and that it was the best speech at the show. "Has a lot of flair," he said.) The girl said in her speech that the Riviera was an "acknowledged styling leader," that this particular car had a special acrylic paint on it (unavailable to the general public) called "burnished pewter pearl," that the piece of wood between the bucket seats of the Riviera was of "polished poplar," that the Riviera was "the most beautiful production car in the world," that it was "elegantly simple in styling," and that it was "certainly in good taste." The Wildcat girl, who was clearly just a supporting player, talked for a while about her car's integrated parking lights and Vent-a-Ports. "Poor kid!" our friend said. "Those Vent-a-Ports are all right, but they just aren't crowd-pleasers, if you know what I mean."

We were then led upward on the mighty escalators while our friend talked about "Detroit Soul," and what that meant. "Now, take *this*," he continued as we left an escalator to pause before a young girl in a mermaid costume who was reclining on some fishnet and rocks. "This is Miss Barracuda, who symbolizes the whole Barracuda ethic." A Barracuda is a kind of Plymouth, and when we observed that the young lady did not look like either a Plymouth or a barracuda, the young lady herself said that she thought she might be a female barracuda, which seemed to explain it. Our friend told us that Miss Barracuda was another of his favorites at the show, that her name was Barbara Gainer, that she came from Amherstburg, Ontario (which is across from Detroit), that she reclined in costume for six hours every day, and that she liked her job.

We then saw an object called the Formula S-X, which was not a toothpaste but something indescribable from Plymouth Styling Research, and then a bored woman dressed in gold inside a Ford Thunderbird dressed in gold, and then an experimental station wagon designed to fit into "our busy, modern, Go-Go World." Some of these things, our friend explained, had Detroit Soul, and others, like the busy, modern station wagon, didn't have it. We also met Miss Teen-Age America, who is named Sandy Roberts and comes from Milpitas, California. Miss Teen-Age America, who was in the Lincoln-Mercury display, was not to be confused, our friend warned, with Miss American Teen-Ager, who had won a different contest, sponsored by Dodge in coöperation with Palisades Amusement Park. Our friend said that Miss American Teen-Ager was very pretty, too, but when we went to see, we were told that she had gone out to lunch.

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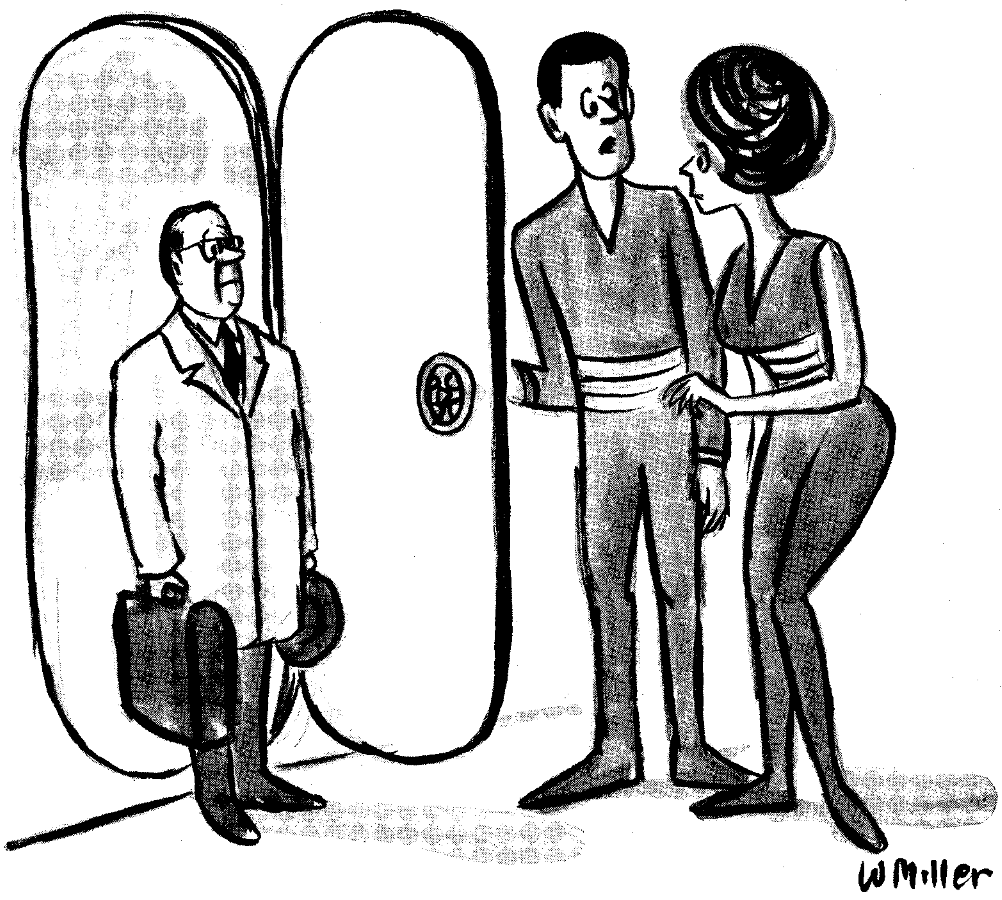
OVERHEARD after a performance of Harold Pinter's "The Homecoming," narrow-eyed woman to her thin-lipped husband: "If you say it's obvious, I'm going straight home on the train."



"This gentleman says that he had himself frozen back in the twentieth century, and that you're his great-great-great-great-granddaughter, and, please, can he stay with us?"

SWEETLY FLOWS THE DUN

Washington—The Internal Revenue Service hopes it has come up with a "tax-paying made easier" version of that old ogre—Form 1040. . . . Instead of old 1040's stern commands such as "check only one," 1040 Q has polite, almost friendly questions. Sample: "Do you wish this to be a joint return?". . .

Cohen called the Q form a "dramatic departure." It's certainly long enough for a drama—seven pages instead of the two pages of regular 1040.

"It is a bit longer," one IRS official conceded, "but it sort of flows—don't you think?"—*Los Angeles Times.*

1040LW U.S. Individual & Long-Winded Income Tax Return 1968

Mr. Robert Shrubsole
1214 Impedimenta Dr.
West Egg, Long Island

Dear Bob:

Do you mind if I call you "Bob"? "Taxpayer" sounds so terribly cold. Here's your 1968 form. Do hope you enjoy it. The *New York Review of Books* called it "compelling," and *Time* said, "You won't be able to put it down." Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., writing in *Partisan Review*, said, "The tax form has achieved an entirely new idiom . . . as important to revenue collection as 'Madame Bovary' was to the novel." There are a lot of *longueurs* in places, but over all I think you'll like the style—especially some of those glorious Johnsonian phrases (Samuel, of course) we have tried to revive. Next year, we plan to do the Tax Computation section in automatic writing, or what you perhaps know as "stream of consciousness." We here at IRS feel this latter *mode d'expression* may add a whole new dimension to tax forms.

Well, have a go and let us know how you like it.

Name and Address:

In the box above we'd very much appreciate it if you'd set down your first, or given, or Christian, name, and then your middle initial, and then to the right of it your last name, which, incidentally, I always find interesting because, you see, if you carry it back to its original meaning it often tells what your ancestors did. Baxters, for example, were bakers, Smiths were smithies, Crawfords crofters, etc. The Romans, by the bye, generally employed a trinomial nomenclature, consisting of a forename (*praenomen*), a clan or tribal name (*nomen*), and then the family name (*cognomen*). An additional name (*agnomen*) was sometimes tacked on as a nickname or to celebrate some exploit; for example, Publius Cornelius Scipio Africanus won his last handle for his invasion of Africa, and Coriolanus took his after conquering the Volscian city of Corioli. Well, perhaps we'd better get on with it. The old Social Security number and your job title or the business you work in go in the right-hand box.

Filing Status:

☐ Are you single? If so, put a little tick in the box. If you did have to put down a tick, you might think seriously about getting married. Aside from the fact that marriage raises the average man's income (as studies show), our society is pretty much based on the family unit. Loners are looked upon with suspicion, and, in some areas, with downright hostility. Oh, yes, I know that Shakespeare wrote of "single blessedness," but you will notice that he himself was married.

☐ If, as I hope, you are a happily, middle-classedly married "up-tight square" (as the kids call us) and you are filing a joint return, put a tick here. You can file a joint return even if only one of you had an income. If the latter is true, I hope that that one is you. Call me old-fashioned if you will, but I deplore the trend toward feminine egalitarianism, and even domination, in our society, and I wonder if you, too, have noticed how many comic strips and TV shows depict the *pater familias* in the role of a bumbling mouse? I may have more to say about this subject on next year's form.

☐ If you are married but filing separately, please check here. If your wife is working and filing separately, write her first name and Social Security number below. Don't be embarrassed if your wife has had to work in a pinch. What I said above referred to husbands whose wives work *all the time.* Actually, in 65% of American families the wife has had to take a job at some time or other.

Exemptions:

	Regular	65 or over	Blind
Yourself	☐	☐	☐
Wife	☐	☐	☐
Children/dependents			

Would you check an exemption here for yourself and your wife, if you are married? Please don't check "65 or over," because we happen to know you're a member of the Command Generation. That sort of thing—even done facetiously—can bring a couple of T-men down on you in a flash. Now, as far as the third line is concerned, we could go on for hours defining a dependent, but in your heart you know what a dependent is and I know what a dependent is. So, assuming you don't have any mad cousins locked in the East Wing, or any ne'er-do-well brothers down to visit you from South Braintree, just put down the first names of the darling little hostages to fortune you have accumulated over the years.

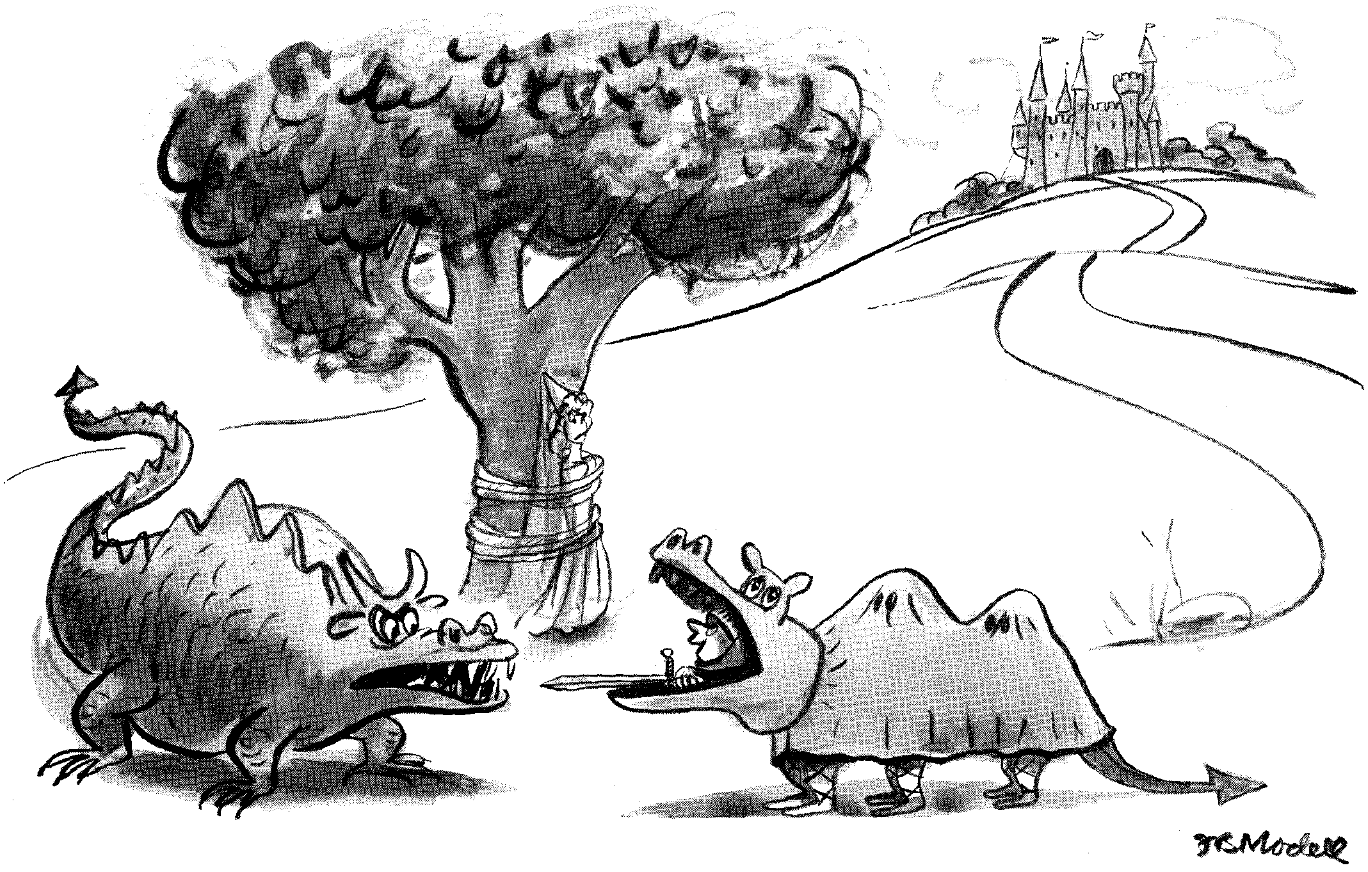
Income:

Well, this is where the crunch comes. Below, on line 5, put your wages, salaries, and tips, and below that, on line 6, your other income, and then total them on line 7. Now, I just don't know why there are so many problems in this section. We all know what income is. It's what you raked in during the year. And yet there seems to be hell's own lot of confusion here. Plaintive cries of "Oh, I didn't know that was income!" ring through our offices daily, and one must assume the speakers are simply naïve, because American taxpayers are the most honest in the world. Nor do they dispute our pressing need for money. After all, is 70 billion dollars too much to guard our way of life against a bunch of people who wear pajamas in public in the middle of the day and who claim that their last names are really their first? Well, sorry if I blew my cool, but it builds up and I have to let go sometimes.

Tax Computation:

Now, "Bob," if you don't itemize your deductions, and your income above (or the income you *claimed* you made) is less than $5,000, then you use the tax tables, which are in the instructions there somewhere—I'm sure you can find them. If either of the above is true, my condolences, because, in the first case, deductions are the name of the game, and, in the second, five thousand rutabagas isn't even a subsistence income these days. It seems a darn shame that the very people who make the least seem to have the least deductions and loopholes, but our job here is to collect the taxes, not cure the ills of an inequitable society.

If you itemized deductions, kindly enter your total on the line below. This, of course, is where all the gravy comes from (and most of the bread, for that matter). The best rule here is to



"It's all right, Gwyneth. It is we."

• •

exaggerate, but *within reason.* In other words, even if you're telling the truth, if it looks too strong, knock it down. Conversely, even if you're lying, if it looks believable, really wail here.

Now would you subtract line 11a from line 9? Line 9 is way to hell up there, so you'd better not do this right on the form. Why not put it on a piece of scratch paper? I hope you don't have the trouble I do with remembering to borrow when the subtrahend exceeds the minuend. Or is it the minuend exceeds the subtrahend? Oh, well. . . .

Now multiply the total number of exemptions above by $600. Actually, you might want to do it the other way and multiply $600 by the total number of exemptions; that way you get the big number on top. It always seems to me a little awkward when the longer number is on the bottom.

Now you could subtract line 11c from line 11b. The answer, of course, is what it's all about. This is your net income. This is all that matters. You could start with a million up above, but if you've got that old oil-depletion allowance, for example, you can end up with peanuts here. Well, I won't keep you. I know your hand is trembling and you're anxious to turn to the tax-rate schedule, which I think is somewhere toward the back of the instructions. (And, please, don't try that "personal-depletion" bit. It's been done. Only oil wells deplete. Your plan has some merit, but remember, I just work here.)

TAX:

It hurt, didn't it? It's always a little bit more than you remember. Well, think of it this way: it's for a worthy cause. When you pick up your paper each morning and read about the bombing tonnage being dumped on those Tonkinese bridges, you can allow yourself to swell with pride. By the way, I read somewhere that some of their bridges are so rickety that our bombs go right through them without exploding. If we could lick that problem, then we might come home with that old coonskin nailed to the wall, to use a Johnsonian (Lyndon) phrase, and then we could really start to get your taxes down. Of course, I would not want you to be overly optimistic about tax cuts, because if we intensify the bombing we're going to need that much more money to put North Vietnam back on its feet after the war. Anyway, put your tax amount in the space to the right. We realize, of course, that multiplying that percentage times your net and then adding that "everything-over" figure is a bit much for most people. Generally they make an error. In *their* favor. (Freud would have something to say about *that* in his discussion of numbers!) Not to worry, though—we'll find the mistake. In this area we're deadly.

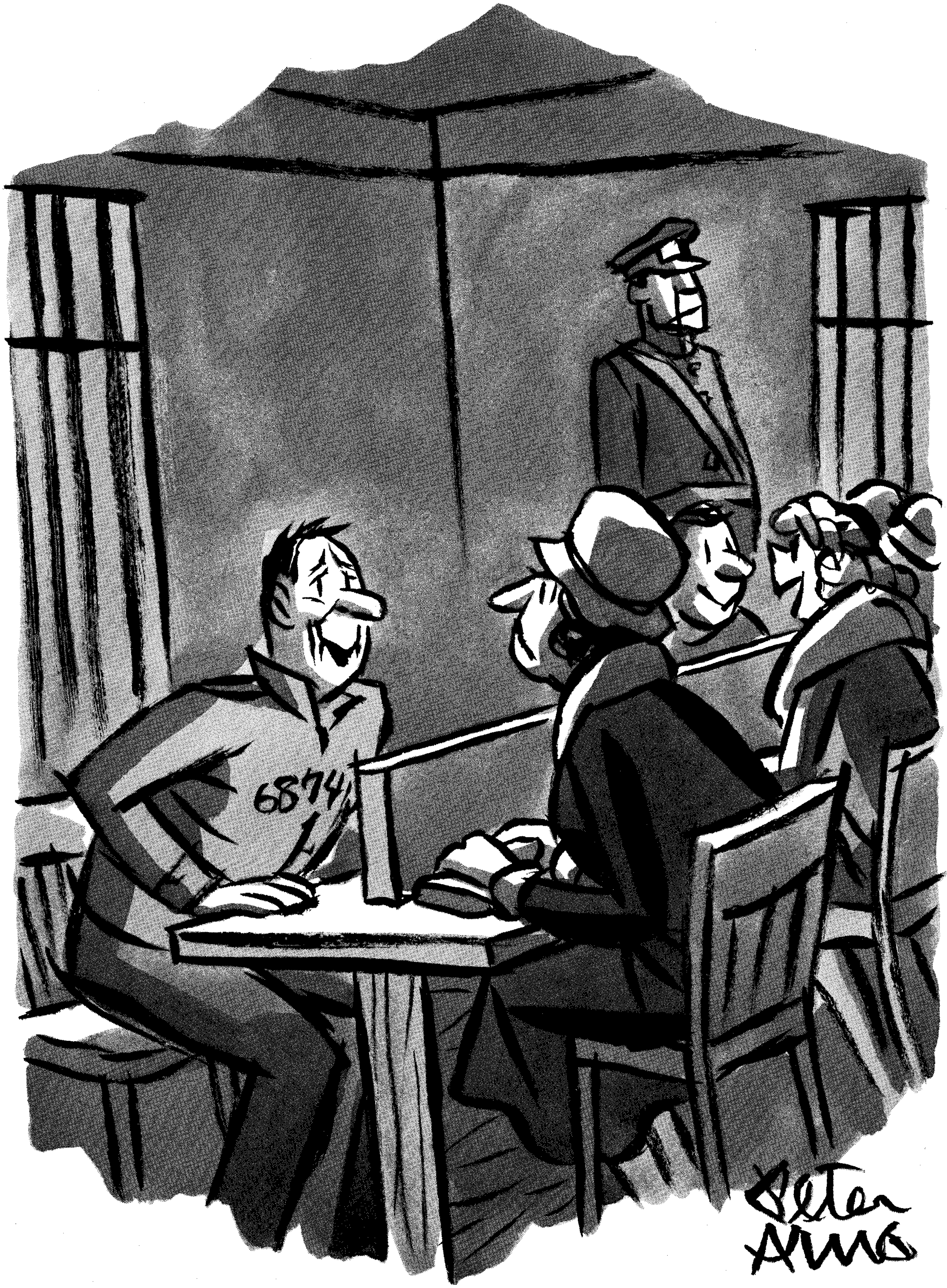
SIGNATURE:

Put your signature below, and I must tell you, "Bob," that you are committing an unlawful act if you didn't tell the truth anywhere above. I'm sure you "came clean," though. The American taxpayer is the most honest in the world. (I forget who the second most honest is.) I trust the instructions were clear and simple and—dare I hope?—that they touched some hidden harmonies here and there and reminded you again of the power and glory of our language. Of course, as Johnson put it (Lyndon, I think—not Samuel), there are always some people in this world who "couldn't pour shot out of a boot if the instructions were written on the heel."

Well, that wraps it up. And it only remains for me to say to you,

Thanks a million!
YOUR DISTRICT DIRECTOR

—F. P. TULLIUS


6874
Peter Arno

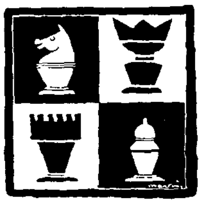
"I hate to interrupt, dear, but you're running over into our recreation hour."

PAWPAW PIE

WHEN, in 1931, I arrived for the first time in the Ituri Forest, in the Congo, I was afraid of lots of things. The sight of a crocodile's nostrils and eyes lying just clear of the river water set me trembling. Walking, I would make myself dizzy watching the ground for snakes and at the same time watching the trees for leopards. Then, there was that mouth-drying crossing of ravines and creeks on slippery single-log bridges. At night, I dreamed about falling off those bridges, and when I woke I would lie in the dark wondering endlessly what the strange noises that fill a Congo night might signify. I was deeply ashamed of myself for being so feminine, and did my best to conceal the true state of affairs from everybody—from Stewart Cass, my host, above all, for he had great contempt for any weakness. But I didn't want the Africans to know about it, either. Wasn't I the first woman to take a degree in engineering at the University of Wisconsin? And mining engineering, at that? Yes, I was, and on field trips I'd been able to walk as well as any of the men back in the Middle West, where bridges were bridges. Wasn't I here on the banks of the Ituri River simply because I'd made it my life's ambition to come to the Congo? I had saved up all my money to this end—specifically, to the end of seeing Lake Kivu, still a long way to the southeast, but I would get there yet. I had set out from London with seven hundred and fifty dollars, which had taken me as far as the Ituri. I was waiting for another seven hundred and fifty, which I had left behind, to take me on. In the meantime, I stayed with Stewart, an eccentric American anthropologist in charge of a Red Cross post. Stewart was in the Congo because, he said, he had fallen in love with an African girl he'd met nearby, when he was on an early field trip. Now he was reunited with and married to the girl, Abanzima, and had a couple of other wives as well. As I have said, he was eccentric. In fairness to Stewart, I should add that I myself wouldn't have made much sense, either, to any curious tourist who might have asked me to explain myself—not that any tourists came along. Certainly I wasn't doing any engineering. I wasn't doing anything much but helping out with patients now and then. I'd completely forgotten about being an engineer.

Fortunately, the anxieties I've mentioned—excepting the log-bridge nightmare—bothered me for only a few weeks. I am adaptable, and the other fears soon died out. It helped that the Africans I met were even more timid than I; there is nothing more reassuring than to be surrounded by cowards. They would start and tremble at the most harmless things—a rooster crowing before dawn, or a lizard of the wrong color. I was kept particularly well informed of these imaginary perils by a five-year-old orphan named Matope, who, in the eyes of Tange—the village in which we lived—belonged to me, or at least didn't belong to anybody else. He had come into the clinic to get treatment for an infected foot; after he was cured he just stayed on, sleeping on my porch and eating meals with me, though most of the time, like any small boy, he preferred hanging around the men of the village. Matope was a good watchdog, especially against dangers I knew nothing of. Once, coming into the room when I was cutting my toenails, he warned me sharply against letting the bits fly just anywhere. He picked up those he could find and handed them back, explaining that an enemy, if he got hold of such leavings, could do me a lot of harm.

My stay at Tange was extended by an unforeseen accident: my reserve money was held up and devalued en route when England went off the gold standard, and as a consequence I had been in the village a good year before I received funds enough to take me home. By that time, I was so well adjusted that I might not have gone if Stewart hadn't become, in my opinion, so overbearing as to be impossible. I couldn't stand the way he treated all his wives, and suddenly one day I decided to leave immediately. But I had come originally to see Lake Kivu, and I still wanted to. By this time, I didn't at all mind the idea of striking out by myself for Lake Kivu and the east coast of Africa, especially as I wouldn't really be by myself at all. I planned to be accompanied by bearers, as well as by Sabani—the man who cooked and washed for me—and Matope. Even a pet baby baboon, Angélique, was to come along. I hadn't yet made up my mind what to do about Matope when we reached the end of the trip and it came time to pay off the party. In that region of the Congo, every boy, when he reached the age of eighteen or so, had to put in two years' work in the government mines, and Stewart Cass had told me that the experience was bad for them and often ruined their health. I wanted to get Matope away from that and take him back with me to the States. I pictured him growing up in my house—wherever my house was going to be; my imagination wasn't yet ready to conjure it up in detail—as an adopted son, going to school every day, wearing shoes, being a credit to me generally and a comfort in my old age. It was a nice picture, but there were difficulties. Doubtless to discourage the wholesale export of native labor, the government demanded a bond of ten thousand francs—about two hundred and fifty dollars—for every Congolese leaving the region. Moreover, our own authorities, when I wrote to Washington for information, replied that they couldn't guarantee to let Matope in until he passed a physical examination at Ellis Island. I had already decided that with careful managing I could pay the bond money, and if we both went steerage I'd be able to buy our passage. But what if Matope should have some unexpected ailment and be turned back at the last border? I'd done a lot of thinking on this subject. Of course, if he didn't go with me he would be all right in Stewart's household, at any rate until he was eighteen and had to go into the mines. But just then I was not inclined to leave anyone I loved in Stewart's care.



Stewart and I had not quarrelled outright, because this would have made a scandal in Tange, and Stewart, a thorough Bostonian, had a healthy respect for appearances. If this statement seems to be contradicted by the fact of his plurality of wives, it must be remembered that this way of life was the accepted, proper thing. It was fortunate for me that he was so conventional, for otherwise, in his annoyance with me for having dared to criticize him and for walking out, he might well have blocked my request to the village chief for the loan of twelve porters, and I wouldn't have been able to get away.

As it was, my departure was seemly enough, but I must admit it wasn't well thought out. Details are awfully important in the Ituri, and in collecting supplies I neglected several important items. I took no sugar, no butter and no other cooking fat of any sort, because to get these rare commodities I would have had to ask Stewart to give me some. Except for these things, however, I had everything I needed; I was used to travelling light. To be sure, I wasn't very clear as to my immediate destination, but I knew that I wanted to go east and then south. I had come into the Congo from the west, and my over-all aim was to cross Africa by way of Lake Kivu, which was southeast, at the border of Ruanda-Urundi.

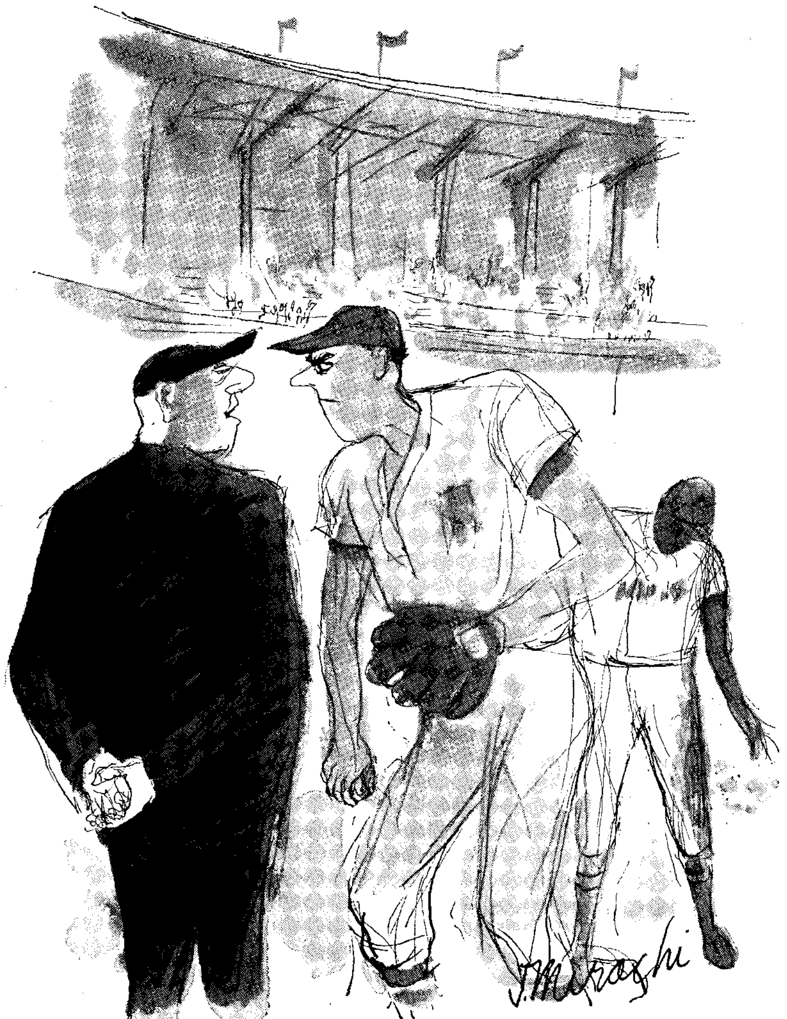
The chief, when I talked to him about the porters and about where I wanted to go, was surprised and then dubious. Nobody ever went east from Tange, he said. Nobody knew anything about the country there except that there was no road. By "road" he meant the single foot track, about six inches wide, that connected the villages in the forest; such a road was as important to the Congolese as the New Jersey Turnpike is to drivers in New Jersey. When the chief had protested for a while, Sabani, who was there also, interrupted to put in his own argument. To the east, the forest was unpleasantly wet and swampy, he declared, and for years no man had tried to go through it. The only roads to be found were elephant tracks, and they might lead anywhere. Warming up, he painted a dismal picture of what might happen even if we did get to the other side. The people over there weren't of the same tribe as our villagers, and they might refuse to sell us meat. Worse, there might not be any game at all, so there would be no meat to sell. Porters expected a meat ration every day, and sulked when they didn't get it. They might even run away and leave me helpless with all my boxes heaped up somewhere in the middle of the forest.

All this I ignored, because, in the Congo of those days, if you listened to local warnings you never got anything done. You had to possess a strong conceit. If you didn't believe down to the marrow of your bones that you always knew best, and that Nature was sure to smile on *your* undertakings, whatever she might do to those of others, you would have to give up. With my usual sublime self-confidence, therefore, I rode roughshod over the objections, just as the chief and Sabani had known I would; the whole conference was a kind of formality and nothing more. I did, however, accept Sabani's suggestion that we hire as guide a pygmy who happened to be staying near Tange for a season. I talked to him myself. He said he would lead us through the maze of elephant tracks, and that it should take about two days to get to the other side of that swampy part of the forest. Like all pygmies, he was incapable of getting lost.

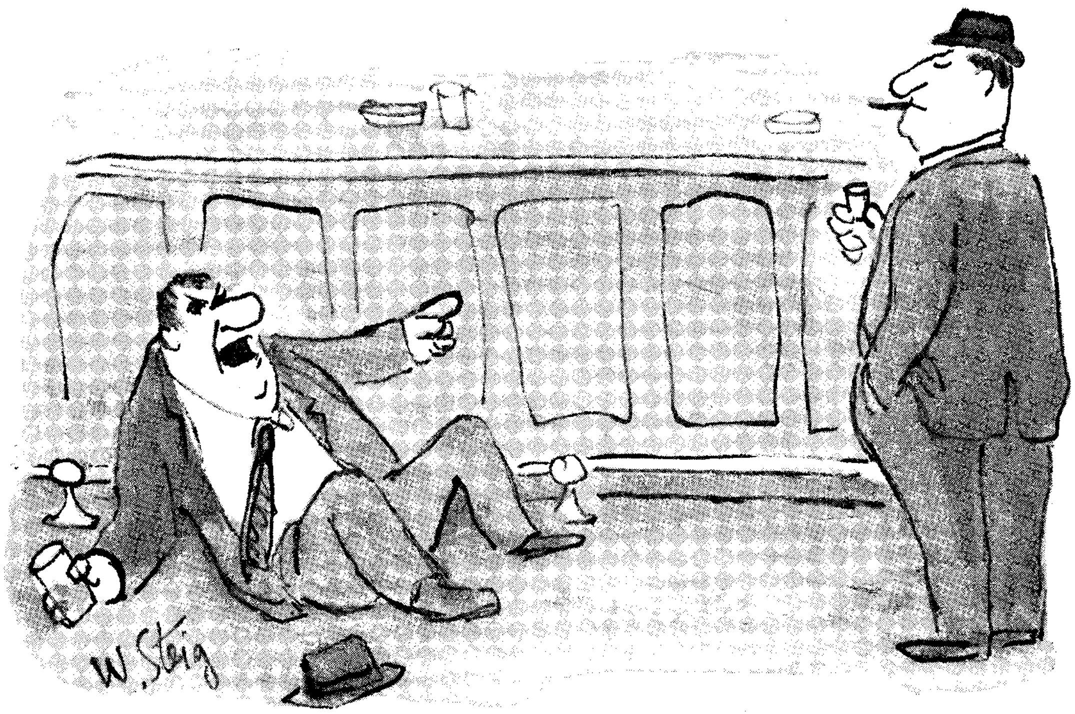
SINGLE file, then, we set out, a number of the porters balancing tin boxes on their heads. One, however, carried my bamboo bedstead and roll of mats, and another had a crate with cooking implements in it and two chickens slung head downward off his shoulder, according to custom, legs tied together in a bunch. The cook box held my supply of staple foods—a bag of rice, tea leaves, and a bottle of syrup. The syrup, I felt, would take the place of sugar. The men had their own kind of food; one of them carried a bunch of plantains—those enormous green bananas that are a substitute for bread when they are boiled or fried—and each man had his own dried meat or fish and a supply of evil-smelling oil. I find that now I tend to harp on the subject of food, but at the time I scarcely gave it a thought.

According to Stewart's Encyclopædia Britannica, we had about a hundred miles to traverse before we got near the Uganda border, in the plains. In that district, there would probably be motor roads and even a town, where I might arrange a lift south, toward Lake Kivu. But the motor-road business seemed so far in the future that I couldn't waste time pondering it. Sufficient unto the day—that was how I felt after a year sitting on the banks of the Ituri River. The flowing water seemed to have wiped out of my thoughts every vestige of time sense. What interested me was the log bridges I might be called upon to cross. Fortunately, the first day was free of these hazards. Instead of crossing rivers and ravines, we wallowed through miles of flat mud and rotting leaves, following our pygmy along a zigzag path. Elephants, it seemed, walk in the most erratic way imaginable, but we had to follow them because they had picked solid ground, of which there was not much. I slipped and slid and spattered myself, and couldn't wipe the sweat off my face for fear of rubbing mud on, but at least there were no bridges—as I reminded myself when the atmosphere grew oppressive.

It is never exactly bright and gay in the forest, but usually there are places where the sun breaks through in little medallions. And in the part of the country I had known, every so often on a walk I had come upon a clearing where Africans had planted a garden and



"Look, son, when you yell at me, slam your cap on the ground and jump on it. The crowd loves that bit."



"And just how in hell would you know how much is too much for me?"

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sun filled the whole place. In the haunts of the elephant, we were too deep down under the trees to see any real light at all. There were flies, too. To keep my spirits up, I had to depend on the men's singing. In the afternoon, we came to the deepest, darkest place of all; there had been a lot of stamping and general wallowing, and small trees lay trampled and rotting in a black pool. "This is where the elephants dance," said the pygmy, beaming. "On the other side we will soon come to higher ground."

We did, but we hadn't reached a village by nightfall, and that meant we would have to camp out. In a village, I would have borrowed a house to spend the night in. I had no tent, but the men made me a little lean-to out of branches, and built their fire nearby, where they cooked their food and talked and talked and talked. After my meal of chicken, grilled on a stick, and boiled rice, I lay on the bamboo bed and wondered how far we had managed to walk. I had planned on a minimum of ten miles every day, but I doubted if we'd done that much. Still, what difference did it make? I was beholden to no one. I fell asleep.

Next day, I knew we were getting out of the swamp even before we saw the sun, because we had to cross a long, slender log under which there was water that was not stagnant. The porters cheered at the sight of it. I had no desire to cheer, but clenched my teeth as I made my timid way across, moving sidewise. The only times I disliked Matope were when he would run along one of those bridges ahead of me, never sliding. On the other side of this one, the country was less thickly forested, and after another hour or so we heard people's voices. They must have heard us much sooner, because the porters sang nearly all the time, making up the words as they went. Usually, the burden of the song was something about me, or some rudimentary form of social comment, like this:

Oh, we are tired.
Oh, we are tired.
Oh, Madamu makes us work hard.
Oh, it will be nice to rest.

The men who soon met us proved, in spite of Sabani's warnings, to be much like our own people in Tange, ready to make friends and sell food to the porters. I was even able to buy some food myself: a pawpaw, or, as it is usually called in the States, a papaya melon—orange-fleshed, soft, and rather insipid, but very welcome in the otherwise fruitless forest. It wasn't always easy to get.

There was a pattern to be followed at such meetings. The village chief came first, wearing an Arab robe to show that he was a civilized man, and lesser dignitaries followed in his wake. We all shook hands, and I asked if I could have a house for the night. Then we marched together solemnly to the village clearing, where I, with my boxes and gear, was put into a house, while old ladies, bent double to sweep out the mud floor with tiny brooms, shouted an exchange of pleasantries with the porters. Somebody turned up with a chicken to sell. Sabani chaffered, bought the chicken, then opened my mats and spread them over the floor so that I wouldn't get chigoes. The bamboo bed was set on the mats and covered with fresh banana leaves—the springiest mattress imaginable. I didn't have a bathtub, but I washed in a bucket while Sabani cooked my chicken and rice and a concoction of plantains and syrup. After the first two nights, I had to do without this dessert, because Angélique got hold of the syrup bottle and emptied it on the ground, licking up all that didn't soak into the earth.

THE villagers went away while we ate, but afterward the chief came back. Now was the moment, if I'd been a government official on tour, to offer him a drink, but I didn't have any drink. I explained and apologized, telling him that I wasn't an official at all. Graciously, he waved away my words and asked if I was ready for the *baraza*. It was a question that mystified me. I knew, of course, what a *baraza* was. Literally, it meant "front porch," but after many years during which colonial officials had dispensed justice from their porches—presumably because a porch was a handy platform—the word had come to be applied to any court or hearing.

"What *baraza*?" I asked.

The chief bowed apologetically. He said he was sorry to trouble me, but it had been such a time since anyone had come along that the cases had piled up a bit. Sabani shoved my arm, whispering, "Go along, go along!," so in the end I went.

In front of the chief's house and porch, most of the adult population of the village stood waiting, leaving a little circle of bare ground in the middle. The chief led me up to the porch and gave me a chair. It was not until two men had set up a bare table in front of me that I realized what was going on. *I* was to be the judge. "Oh, now, look here!" I protested. "I can't—I'm not—"

They had made a natural mistake. All their lives, they had been taught not to take the law into their own hands but to wait until the great white boss came along. Lately, as the chief had said, nobody had come for quite a time. Now here I was, travelling the way white people always did, with a lot of people in my retinue, and, what was more, coming through that elephants' swamp where only Europeans would be silly enough to go. Of course I was fit to dispense justice. "I'm not the government," I said.

The chief just laughed. Words, words! He wanted to get on with the business at hand. He gave a signal, at which a man leaped to his feet and began to state his case. Willy-nilly, I listened, and, as the speech went on, was hypnotized. He was an excellent orator, and he took a long time. His grievance was that his wife had left him and gone to live with another man. He demanded her return or, failing that, payment either from the other man or from her parents. Now and then, as his passionate, smooth, full voice rolled on, the crowd made little grunting noises of assent or amusement. Finally, he finished the speech and stepped back, and the other man got out into the middle to state *his* case. He, too, was an accomplished speaker. Such periods! Such stirring appeals to reason! The woman, he said, had never been the other man's wife in the proper sense of the term; he hadn't paid her parents the full bride price. He himself, given a little time, was willing to pay her family the arrears. After much more of the same, he also stepped back into the crowd, and now everybody looked at me.

"What do you say, Bwana?" asked the chief.

I said, "Where is the woman? Let's hear what she has to say."

There was an approving, if surprised, murmur, and the girl stepped out. She talked pretty well herself, though not at such length, about how the first man was bad and beat her, and hadn't paid enough for her. I didn't know whether she was telling the truth or not. I suspected her of exaggeration, but she made her point—she wanted to stay with the second man.

Now it was my turn to speak. I knew better than to sum it up simply, so I put it this way: What was the use of hanging on to a woman who didn't want to stay? She would only run away again and again. There was no comfort or good to be had of such a woman. Therefore, I thought they had better negotiate a deal about the money, so that in the course of time the first man got back most of what he had already paid, after which the girl's parents would get some, at least, of the sum outstanding. "You can arrange it among yourselves, I'm sure," I said.

That was the main case of the evening. As time wore on, I gathered confidence, and by the end of the proceedings was laying down the law like a veteran. Nevertheless, it was a relief when everything was over and I could go to bed.

SURVIVAL THROUGH ADAPTATION

Scientists recently reported we Yankees possess the most powerful index fingers in the world. And to what do they attribute this digital superiority? You guessed it. The telephone dial!—*Stuffer with a bill from the New England Telephone Company.*

How did the fiddler crab (the male),
Uca pugnax, acquire his outsize claw,
Picking his preposterous fights in muddy Lilliput
Among the stilts of mangrove in the vast
Intertidal zone, hurling his challenges,
Waving the enormous tiny disproportionate
Claw (which slowly grew by being waved), flashing
His semaphore across the stinking flats?
How? A matter of survival. The necessities of life.

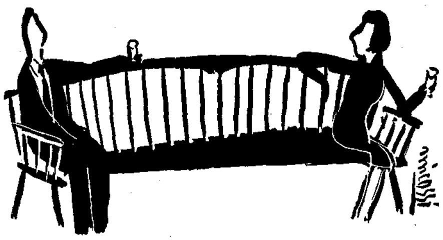
And the frog, *Rana* (the male), with his notorious
Phallic thumb. Whence came this strange appendage?
Where else but from sheer necessity, to hold
His slippery mate for the exact, the correct
Performance of his offices.

And now I, Man (the male), most splendid
Of the Mammalia, *Homo sapiens*, longtime
Darling of the New England Telephone Company
With my enormous index finger, perfectly adapted
To my environment, I, endlessly phoning,
Hurling my challenges, quarrelling, conducting
My courtships, picking my fights long distance
With this great incredible index finger, the
Most powerful in the world. Now I, a New Englander,
Join the company of the immortals: the frog,
The crab, who slowly changed in subtle ways
In order to survive. I, too. Hey!
Cock-a-doodle-doo! Watch me dial!

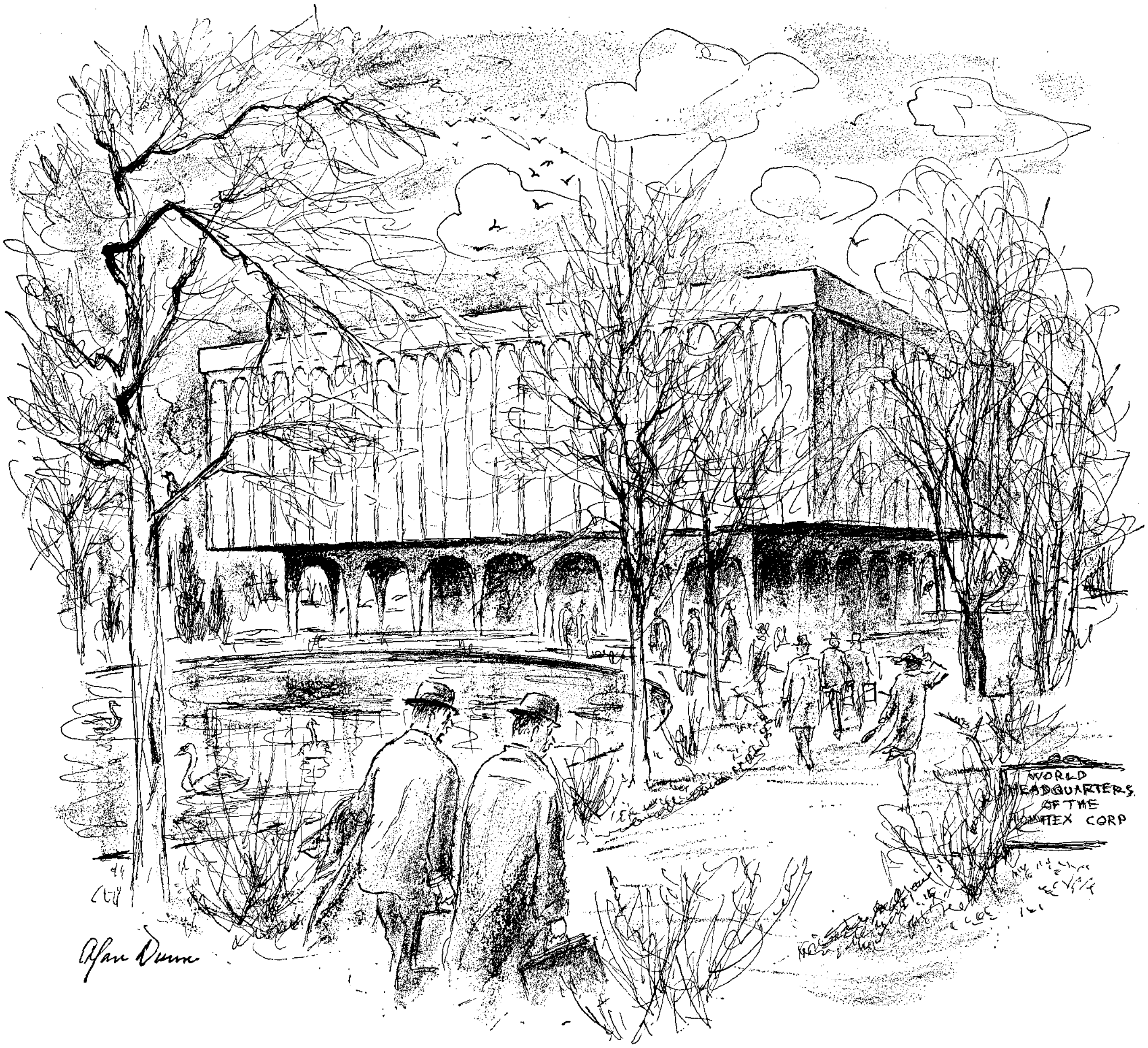
—E. B. White

• •

THE classic Belgian pattern of safari was based on the idea that toward midday the sun was far too cruel for walking under, so the travellers would start out before sunrise, at four or five in the morning, and walk until eleven, when everybody stopped and rested until midafternoon. Then, when presumably shadows began to lengthen, they walked again for a while. Actually, there was hardly enough sun in the forest to throw a shadow of any size, and we could have walked the whole day if we'd wanted to. We didn't, of course. Rather than aim at a quota of miles, we would set a certain village as a limit and carry on until we reached it, when we would stop no matter what time it happened to be. Often our choice was made for us, when there was no suitable village at just the right spot. Sometimes we had to cut short our walk, and at other times we made an extra-long day of it, on one occasion covering more than twenty miles. All in all, we had a good time, with plenty of meat to buy along the way. I couldn't eat it myself, half cured as it was and full of maggots—I stuck to chicken—but Matope loved it.



Matope was having a ball. He would walk all day without once complaining that he was tired, and at night he sat up like a man among men, listening to the porters swapping lies with the locals. Angélique was his particular charge. During the march, she ran about as she liked, because a baboon, once tamed, never runs away very far, but in the villages she had to be



". . . The leisurely train ride and the crossword puzzle. The throb of traffic. The dynamic, turbulent beat of the city. Restaurants, theatres, shops! Then the diminishing pulse. Neon lights flickering in the evening haze. Back on the train, homeward bound. . . . Ah, well!"

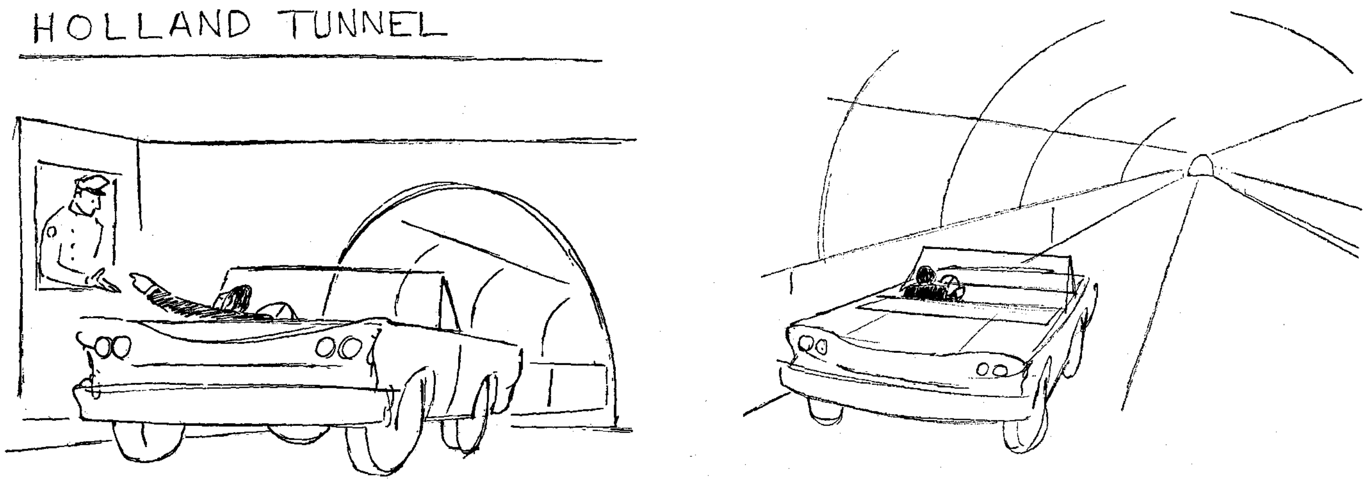
• •

kept on a tether, and it was Matope's job to see that she stayed out of mischief. I didn't want to annoy our hosts, and baboons are not exactly what everybody loves.

Yes, we were getting along fine. There were only one or two drawbacks—at mealtimes I found myself less and less able to choke down my dry chicken and rice, and there were still those damned log bridges, though Sabani had worked out a method of getting me over them that saved time, even though it shamed me. Whenever we came to a bridge, half the party went ahead and spaced themselves along it like a bucket squad, the last one holding out his hand for me. I would then inch cautiously across, clutching with my other hand that of the first member of the rear party, solemnly following. It worked every time but one. That was toward the end of a long day's march. The log was unusually fat, and perhaps I was overconfident that I could negotiate it. Across the creek was a welcoming committee from the next village, waiting for us. I was carrying Angélique on my shoulder. There had been a sharp rainfall a few minutes earlier, and I guess the log was slimier than I expected. Anyway, halfway over my foot slipped and it happened. Down I went into a stream bed that was more than half mud, Angélique throttling me and yelling in terror.

"Don't laugh! Don't laugh!" I heard Sabani shouting to the spectators as I stood up. Nobody did.

THE forest thinned out, and we passed through more and more clearings. The land rose, too. We hadn't yet reached the plains, but we were now in a country where people ate rice rather than plantains. Fortunately, this made no difficulty for the men, who were sophisticated enough to eat rice when they had to. For me, of course, it made no change; I'd been on rice all along. Indeed, I felt as if I'd been on rice and chicken my whole life. It didn't nauseate me—yet—and I seemed to be doing all right as far as strength went. I kept up with the others, and I wasn't hungry, exactly, but I



began to dream of desserts. Every night, I gobbled sundaes, angel cake, crisp pies that oozed sweetness and were all, without exception, absolutely enormous. They were a child's vision of pleasure; not once did I conjure up pheasant or filet mignon. When I woke in the morning, all I had was the memory and a slight uneasiness in the stomach, which went away with my cup of sugarless tea.

Then came a time when I could admit to myself that we were definitely out of the forest. Bare country could be seen ahead of us, full of sunlight; the bush had dwindled to scattered shrubs, and under our feet the ground was rocky. The porters had never seen land like this, and they didn't like it. They felt exposed, and as a result felt cold, though it was really warm. But they weren't used to noontime glare, so, for the first time, we halted in the middle of the day and rested. We started again, and soon came into sight of a range of stony hills that would have to be crossed, and again the men began to complain. That night, we slept in a village like none we had yet seen, high on a hill. Its houses were made of stone instead of the mud we were used to, and wind howled around them.

It had been a long time since I'd heard wind so close to my ears. In the forest, it was visible, moving the tops of the trees, but, except on the river, you never felt it. I, too, was cold, and lay shivering all night. We were thankful when we got off the hills and onto the plains, strange though the open land still seemed to our forest eyes, but now I was inclined to lag, because of something disturbing that the village chief had said—that we weren't far from a settlement of Europeans, who lived on a motor road. Cars meant that this phase of my journey was ended, that I'd have to give up the retinue and go on by myself, at vastly greater expense. I had no option, for the government had ruled that if any other method of transport was available nobody could travel on foot, with porters. I dreaded the change. I shrank from the thought of living in a white world again, where I would have to talk to people. For months I hadn't had to make conversation, and I felt that I'd lost the knack. It was all too much effort—problems to grapple with, uncomfortable clothes, and practical arrangements to make. What, for example, was I to do about Matope?

After a couple of hours, I plucked up heart. I could see no signs of white occupation. The scattered bush, the occasional planted clearing, the log bridges were still completely African. I grew cheerful—until suddenly we came to the crest of a bluff and looked down on what was undeniably civilization in the shallow valley ahead. Everywhere, trees had been cut down. Two large buildings of some kind of gray material dominated the scene, surrounded by a level pavement. A rusty-looking truck stood at the door of the larger building, and I could see, all too clearly, the road by which it had travelled, snaking around the hills across the valley. I knew this was not a missionary's establishment, even before I took in the narrow-gauge railway track and the group of native huts near it, and the ragged men carrying earth in baskets. Apparently, there was some sort of mining activity going on.

Singing, the porters wound down the hill behind me, toward the buildings, while the workers with their baskets halted to stare at us. A tall white man wearing a topee came out of a door and peered up the road at us. One could tell, even at a distance, that he was puzzled, and then, as he stood waiting with folded arms, he seemed belligerent. When I got closer, I saw that I was not mistaken. He looked angry, but his first question, oddly enough, was the same one I had always got from African village chiefs: "Where is your husband, Madame?"

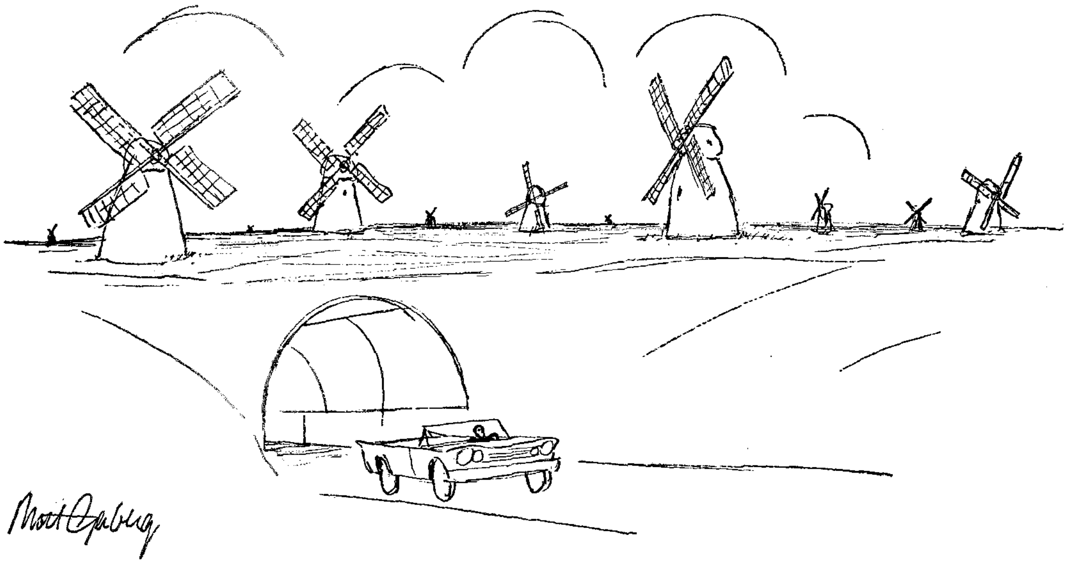
Mechanically, I gave the same reply I had used all along: "I have no husband. I'm alone."

I gave him my name and he gave me his—de Blank. Politeness required such an exchange, but it wasn't politely that he then asked, "What are you doing here?"

The chiefs had never asked that, but I told him, explaining that I was on my way to Lake Kivu and the east coast. I asked my own question: Could he please tell me where on the map we were? Scowling, he muttered a name. He was now looking over my porters, obviously in the hope of finding something incriminating. What could be the matter with him? Had a war been declared while I was out of touch with the civilized world?

"You have been hunting?" he asked after a pause, and then I thought I understood his attitude. He must suspect me of having sneaked into the territory to shoot big game without a license. Such poaching was not unknown, since licenses to shoot big game were expensive. But he could see for himself, I reflected, that we weren't carrying ivory or bulky skins. He did see this, and his manner didn't thaw perceptibly, though he stepped back and invited me into the building.

Indoors was a modern office, full of file cases, with geological maps on the walls and rock specimens on the desks. There I was introduced to another man, a Mr. Vandevell, a silent and spectacled Belgian, younger than de Blank. He bowed, and quickly looked at Mr. de Blank, who shouted to an African clerk, asking for tea. I sank into the chair offered me, took off my helmet, and wiped my forehead. It was odd, I thought, how different everything was all of a sudden. I had got up



in the morning in an Ituri state of mind, placid and self-contained, in a world I could manage. Yet now, only a few hours later, among white people, I was frantically trying to think of a dozen things at once. Moreover, I was nervous, imagining enmity where probably none existed. It was just that I'd forgotten how Europeans behave, I told myself. I'd forgotten how rude and abrupt they can seem.

De Blank, seated behind his desk, held out his hand and said, "Your passport, Mademoiselle."

Well, really! But perhaps he was some sort of policeman. I handed my passport to him, and he began to study it page by page, while a fly droned up near the ceiling, sweat dripped off my nose, and Mr. Vandevell sat staring straight ahead at nothing. Suddenly Mr. de Blank gave an exclamation and slammed the passport down in front of me, though he kept a grip on it. "I thought so! Here it is, in black and white," he said, running his finger back and forth on the page. "You can't deny it, Mademoiselle."

Strictly speaking, it was blue and white—what I had written in the space marked "Occupation." "Mining engineer," it said proudly.

"Yes," I said. "That's what I was at the time I got the passport." I looked at him wonderingly. "I was a mining engineer working for an oil company, but I stopped working at it. Why? What's the matter?"

"You came here as a mining engineer," said de Blank. "You are an American engineer, spying on us. You heard about our gold mines, and it is not unknown in Washington that uranium is sometimes associated with gold." He slapped the passport triumphantly and snatched it back. "*Now* what have you to say?"

I didn't have anything to say for a minute. I had met another Belgian, I recalled, with the same notion—that every American he met was trying to get hold of the Belgian Congo's uranium. "Well, it isn't true," I said at last.

The very weakness of my protest must have given him second thoughts. Why on earth, he probably mused, should a rich country like America send a female nitwit to do a delicate job of espionage? The severity of his glance abated, and he sat back. Then he jumped up. "For all that, you've been trespassing for days. You must have known it was forbidden to come on our concession without special permission," he said. Ignoring my protest that I hadn't the slightest idea what a concession was, he took out a map of that region of the Congo and motioned to me to come and look at it as it lay spread out on the desk. "Now, let's see where you came in, according to your statement," he said. "You started here and came like this."

I was glad to see that the line of our route was admirably straight. Considering our obstacles—rivers and hills—it was a job to be proud of. "Did I really walk all that way?" I asked, enraptured.

"So you say, Mademoiselle. And regard. All of it, except perhaps your first two marches, was on our land—our concession. We have the right to explore all this tract, Mademoiselle, and you've been trespassing." He folded the map and shoved it into a drawer as if he couldn't trust me in its vicinity. He brandished my passport. "I'm sorry, but I shall have to keep this until we've investigated you. I'm sending a messenger off immediately to town, where one of our representatives can telephone the nearest American consul."

"That'll be all right," I said. "How long is it going to take?"

"A couple of days. I'll put you up, of course. But where?" Perplexed, he looked over toward the other building, evidently living quarters for both men.

"Tent?" suggested Mr. Vandevell. It was the first time he had spoken.

Yes, Mr. de Blank said, a tent would be admirable. He gave orders to the clerk. Catching sight through the window of the little throng of squatting porters, he went on, "My men can take care of yours."

"Can I buy food for them for a couple of days?" I asked. "After that, when they've had a rest, I'm sending them back home. I suppose I can go on in a truck from here?"

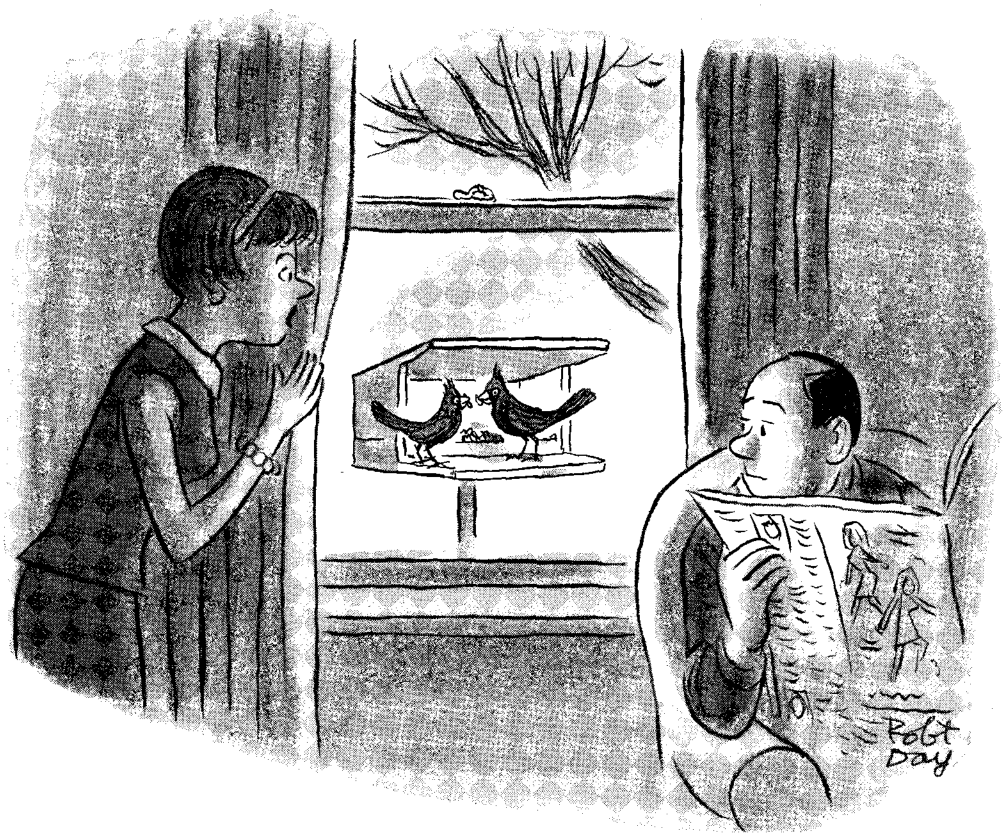
Yes, he said, the supply truck would be able to take me as soon as he had my *bona fides*. By this time, his tone was, for him, positively pleasant, and we drank our cooling tea in an atmosphere of relief.

THE tent, when I took possession of it, was already furnished in a splendor to which I was no longer accustomed, with a rug on the ground, a dressing table, a cot, and a chair. Sabani was there, unpacking the one dress I still possessed and scattering my other things around. He admired the tent's furnishings. "Nice," he kept saying, touching them. "Nice."

Matope came in with Angélique, properly tethered, and listened while I told Sabani of the plans I had made. Sabani went out to report all this to the head porter, but Matope remained. It struck me that he was looking very downcast. "What's the matter, Matope?" I asked.

"What about me?" he asked in return.

Yes, indeed, what about him? I was no nearer a solution to his problem than I'd been when we started out, and I paused to think it over. I was sitting in the chair, a halfway-reclining model, and, in response to a gesture, he climbed into my lap and cuddled down, and we sat comfortably, as we had often done before, back in Tange, when it was time for him to go to bed. I said, "I'm feeling sad, Matope, about going away," and he grunted. For the first time since I'd started out for Africa,



"That's Mr. Cardinal from last year, but that isn't Mrs. Cardinal from last year!"

• •

all those months before, I felt adrift. It didn't make sense; after all, I was on my way home, wasn't I? Still, I felt it.

"Well, *what* about you?" I asked in cheerful tones. Having come to grips with the question, I felt a flow of determination. I was ready to settle problems—Matope's and my own as well. I said, "You can come along with me, Matope. We'll manage. My family will be very glad if you come, and I'll always look after you."

His skinny little body, which had been so warm and reassuring, did not exactly stiffen, but I felt it jump, and then, astonishingly, he burst into tears. "I don't want to come!" he wailed. "I'm afraid!"

In a jumble of words, he told me why. He hadn't the slightest desire to leave home to go to a strange country on the other side of the world. Yet he didn't want to part from me, either. His heart was heavy because I was going, but he was terrified of coming along. I tried to reason with him, but he didn't listen.

"What will happen to me over there in Bulaya?" he demanded—"Bulaya" being a Kingwana word the Congolese used for Europe and any other white man's country. "Look at Angélique. At home, she runs around wherever she wants, but now that you're with the white men, you keep her on a rope. In Bulaya, you'd have to keep *me* on a rope, like Angélique." He thought of an even worse peril. "In Bulaya, they'll cut me up into pieces and put them into cans and sell me for meat."

I began to talk, to correct these misapprehensions, to explain. Then I stopped. He'd heard all this nonsense from the porters, during those long sessions at night. Who was I, an alien and a woman, to convince him against such a tremendous weight of authority? I surrendered. "All right, you silly boy, you don't have to go if you don't want to," I said. "You can take Angélique back to Tange instead."

"Oh, Madamu!" he said, still mournful. He hugged me, then scrambled out of my lap and ran to tell the news to the others.

I heard them all on the far side of the yard, in the mine workers' quarters, settling in. They felt fine. The job was over, and they could rest and eat before starting back. They called and joked and laughed. I heard the preliminary thump of a drum, like a throat clearing; as soon as it was dark, they would be dancing. Taking a deep breath, I got out of the chair and picked up my crumpled, moldy dress.

MOST Belgians in the Congo lived in as elaborate and ceremonious a way as possible. The Englishman in the jungle, with his dinner jacket—that proverbial figure—had nothing on them. The mining men weren't in dinner jackets, but they had put on white coats and neckties, and the meal moved solemnly on and on. Mr. de Blank led the conversation along stilted lines—the weather, the Depression, European royalty. Mr. Vandevell listened, assenting where assent was needed. The talk was so slow that between sentences one could hear noises from outside, the singing and laughing in the African quarter. But I listened to none of it—neither to Mr. de Blank nor to the merriment out-of-doors. I was concentrating on the food. Each time the servant appeared with a fresh course, I held my breath for fear he might drop the dish before it was served. Except in my dreams, I had forgotten food was like this, juicy and savory; I had forgotten that white people really ate anything besides dry chicken and drier rice. My whole being was obsessed with the delightful sensation of eating.

"And what are Mademoiselle's plans, back in America?" asked my host with rusty geniality.

I was at a loss to reply. Plans? I had none beyond those for the day after tomorrow, when I could leave. Nevertheless, I had started to say something when the servant appeared bearing the dessert. My eyes fell on it as it hovered in the air and descended in all its beauty to the table, and I stopped even pretending to join in the talk. The dessert was a pie, covered to towering height with meringue. I had never in my life seen anything more lovely. Mr. de Blank cut into it in slow motion and served the slices. The filling was of pawpaw—orange, and sweet. One slice was not nearly enough—I knew *that* before I started—and I gobbled it. And then I was taken by a fit of the shakes. I sat there, humiliated but shaking with pure lust, waiting for the offer of another piece, clutching the chair seat to keep my hands from snatching.

Mr. de Blank looked at me, grinned, picked up the pie plate, and put the whole thing down in front of me. "At your service, Mademoiselle," he said.

—EMILY HAHN

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As any editor is painfully aware, misuse of English is a common failing among supposedly educated people, including editors. Confirmation of our worst fears has come from Dr. A. C. Jordan, a Duke University professor whom is recognized as "a leading grammarian."—*Editorial in the Dover (N. J.) Daily Advance.*

Oh, surely not *editors!*

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE THURSDAY GROUP

THERE seems to be no more persistent and serious preoccupation in the art and thought of our time than the idea of madness—perhaps because, in our century, definitions of sanity have been so carefully posed, and so drastically called, by events, into question. In purely psychoanalytic terms (sanity as freedom from crippling disorders of reason), or even in the tolerant, anthropological view (sanity as an adjustment to the consensus of one's own community), too many twentieth-century personalities—Eichmann and Gandhi, for example—may turn up on opposite sides of the border from where we should care to place them. In times when moral and social values are under stress, it is nearly impossible to tell in what an unsound mind can possibly consist. Hallucinatory states, ethically monstrous acts, radically eccentric or suicidally impractical behavior—each of these formerly clear symptoms of madness is now, for some part of the community, a social norm. The words "mad" and "insane" themselves have passed out of pathology and into the world of fashion; without a broad consensus, or word from a higher spiritual authority on what is right, it is impossible to be certain who is sane. There is less ambiguity in cases of physical disorder, where it is relatively easy to determine who is sick and who is well, but even in physical medicine there are borderline cases: the allergic, for example, whose "disease" is, after all, only a symptom of excessive health—a heightened physical perception. In the case of those who are not sick or insane by any standard but only disaffected or troubled in their minds, the problem of whether and how they are to be treated—and, above all, whose responsibility it is to decide, and diagnose, and treat them—becomes of vital importance; for nothing defines the quality of life in a community more clearly than people who regard themselves, or whom the consensus chooses to regard, as mentally unwell.

The kind of treatment that the troubled in search of professional help have been getting has, by all indications, not been good. Although the nature of the problem makes it difficult to compile statistics (human misery in a free, affluent, and secular society is hard to quantify), two recent studies on the subject—"The Effects of Psychotherapy," by H. J. Eysenck, which appeared in the *International Journal of Psychiatry*, and a survey by Harry Weinstock, which was prepared for the American Psychoanalytic Association and never published anywhere—reveal no appreciable difference between people who have undergone psychotherapy and people who have not, and no statistical evidence that psychotherapy does patients any good at all. It is true that increasing numbers of patients *feel* relieved by therapy, for they continue to seek it, and there are many case histories of patients who apparently have been cured, since symptoms that existed when they began treatment had disappeared when they terminated it. The same claims, however, are probably made with more validity for other, non-scientific, approaches to emotional disorder—notably friendship, prayer, ritual, the laying on of hands, and the passage of time. The religious comparison, in particular, has been reinforced by the intolerance or indifference with which members of the various schools of psychotherapy often regard one another's work; professionals who deal constantly with the troubled seem to find it difficult to communicate on an equal basis with observers from other disciplines or colleagues within their own. Psychiatrists quite commonly treat (and charge) observers as though they were patients, and intradisciplinary conferences in psychotherapy more closely resemble ecumenical councils than free exchanges of scientific information among peers. In addition, there is the peculiar problem of appraising a "cure," or successful outcome, for mental disorder in the first place. With what are generally termed psychotics—schizo-

NO RIGHT TURN
DON'T WALK
N'S
Whitney Darrow Jr.

TWO ENCOUNTERS

AT THE INN, 1947

Your mink scarf smells as if it smoked cigars,
And soot clings in the corners of your eyes,
And cold has cancelled your pale cheeks in red,
And you stand faintly in a veil of Joy,
And your kid gauntlet grips a round red bag,
And your lips taste of roses and Nestlé's
Milk-chocolate bars, and your long arms entail
My foreign body in the turning world.
One washroom later, in the oaken Inn
Where things transcend the bogus and return
To old simplicities aimed at and missed,
At least this day, at least with you beside
Myself with love on the ridiculous
Oak settle picked as earnest of the past,
I see your color come back in the murk,
Drawn by a dark and blood-suborning drink.
I can't describe your long-shanked leverage
To move the world at that tart, flowery age:
The brief and just trial balance of your power.
However, I recall that at that hour—
After one drink, before the Dartmouth game—
You looked at me forever with an eye
Of tourmaline, without a fleck or flaw,
Set in a mount of bone as plain as steel
And flesh as scanty and as beautiful
As a March pasture following rock ledge
Into a scythe of shadow, where the snow
Melts late, if ever. In that fixing glance
Framed by your hair as brown as beaver, I
Saw one faint faltering, one evidence
That even empires nod, that sceptres sway.

AT THE FAIR, 1967

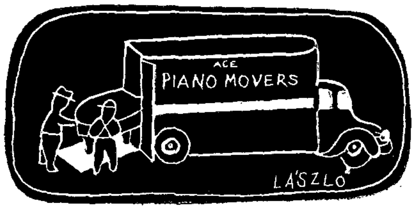
Dark lady of a dozen sonnets I
Indited in a winter and a spring,
We meet now in an altered circumstance
Across the floor far later in the dance—
Midnight approaches with its pumpkin car
To carry us away—and gravely tread
One tune together before partners change.
How you are changed and you are still the same:
Girl thirty-nine and woman twenty-one
Inseparably telescoped in one
Tall matron whose each mannerism rings
A dim bell in the back room of my mind.
With my wife and your daughter we attend
A spring fair. Gangs of randy neon light
Seize your town common for one gaudy night
And set the Tilt-a-Whirl and Ferris wheel
Rotating to calliopes and screams
Above fluorescent grass. In the bookstall,
We find your former husband's fifteenth class
Report with "Veritas" stamped on its spine,
Price .25. His name does not appear.
Time shifts, but '47 was his year,
I think. Back in the pitch-black air
Inlaid with emerald and ruby tubes,
You ask me if I'll take a ride with you.
The Tilt-a-Whirl. Of course I will. The red
Sea of kid faces parts to let us through
And we sit in a narrow gondola,
Confined by a crossbar. The whirl begins:
First horizontally, then up and down.
Rim-tilted, lit in green and gold, the wheel
Drops out from under us. Kids yell.
I wince and grip the bar. I'm falling off.
What idiots! You laugh. I laugh and swear.
I'm really losing it. You grab my arm.
We laugh together, turning in the air,
Really alarmed, far too old to be here,
Glad when it ends and we can leave the park
After one night, like the fair, to the dark
We are accustomed to. Shaken, I'm glad
We did it, though. To hold your airborne arm
Twenty years later is to ride the calm
World's rim, against the gravity of time.

—L. E. Sissman

• •

phrenics, paranoids, depressives—the most valid approach seems to lie not in psychotherapy at all but in somatic medicine. Drugs, tranquillizers, and amphetamines are providing the only results—the control of radically undesirable symptoms—that can be appraised in scientific terms, and some psychiatrists now favor discarding the old psychoanalytic definitions of mental illness altogether and defining each psychosis solely in terms of the drug to which it responds. (There are also psychiatrists who have declared themselves ready to testify for the surviving family in malpractice suits that involve the treatment of potential suicides by psychotherapy alone.) With neurotics, however—patients who are simply troubled and who have difficulty in adapting their behavior to their own standards or to those of society—the problem of appraising outcomes is practically insoluble. A "cure" can consist only in adjusting the patient's world view and behavior to some arbitrary system of values (not the patient's own, for he is presumably sick, and not society's, for its values are vague and variable, and occasionally sick as well)—usually those of the therapist and the particular tradition in which he has been schooled. In other words, a cure may be no more than a sectarian conversion.

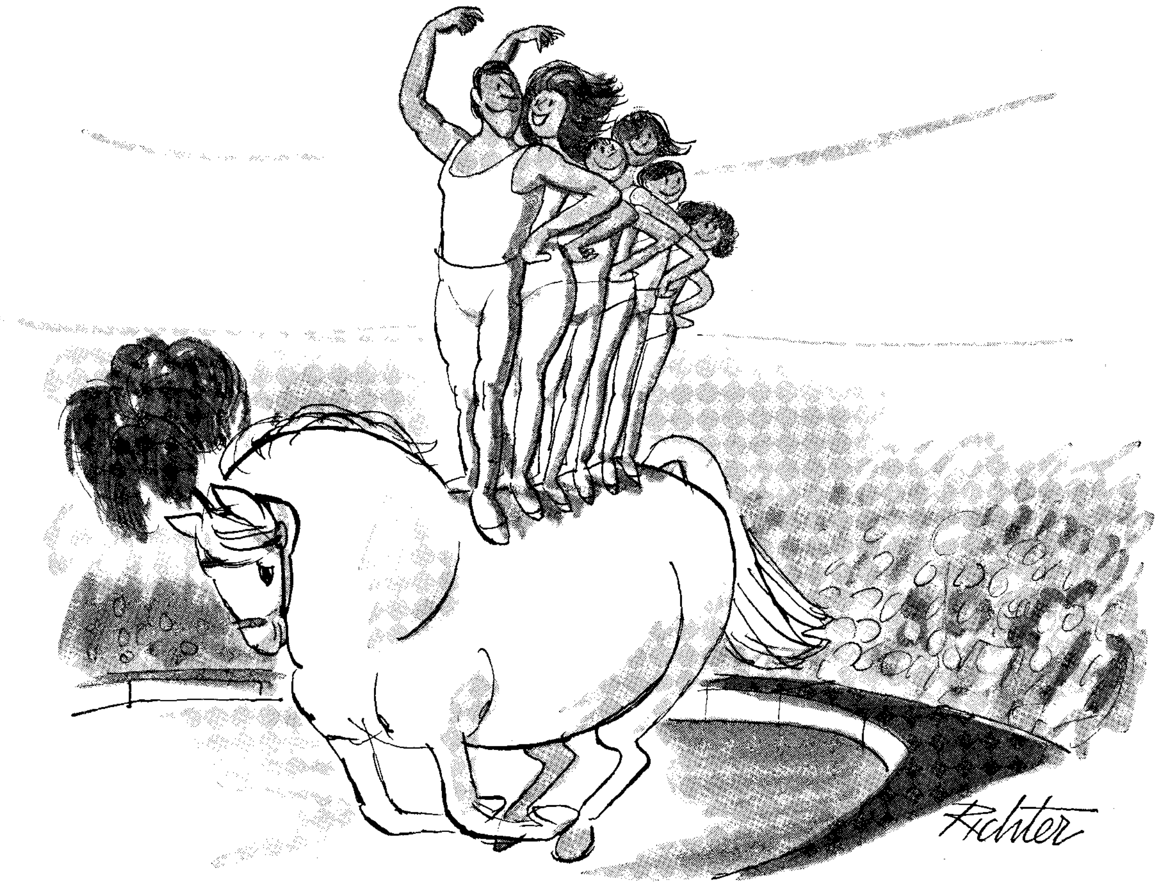
Among people in search of treatment, there are signs of disillusion with the old orthodoxies. Most prospective patients have, in any event, assimilated the principles of psychoanalysis so thoroughly that the tenets themselves are no longer insights but may represent an entirely new order of symptoms; it is possible that the Oedipus complex, for example, is now less a common mental disorder than a debilitating obsession with the doctrines of Freud. The doctrines themselves have been cast into doubt, not only by somatic medicine but also by anthropology, which by comparing different societies reveals that the principles of traditional psychoanalysis do not hold universally but only in a particular cultural context; by sociology, which by observing emergent generations suggests that the principles of sexual repression and sublimation in work may have held only at a particular time; by zoology, which suggests that—in monkeys, at least—complexes are induced



less readily by traumas associated with parents, or the lack of them, than by the absence of a peer group in childhood; by sociometry, which reveals that in all but the rarest individuals perception, and even reason, can be distorted or corrected by group pressure or group support; and even by historical criticism, which tends to place Freudian analysis within the limited context of a literary movement: Symbolism. In addition, post-Freudian orthodoxies have tended toward the increasingly simplistic and banal, culminating in what appears to be a policy of flat attempts to reverse behaviors; that is, the practical analyst assumes that whatever behavior his patient exhibits is the one he must be seeking to reverse. The results, observable in many analysands: the aggressive attempt to make themselves amenable; the timid become inconsiderate. The mental hypochondriac attends what is, in effect, a private psychiatric charm school. For whatever reason, the troubled are turning in increasing numbers to an unorthodox form of treatment—group psychotherapy.

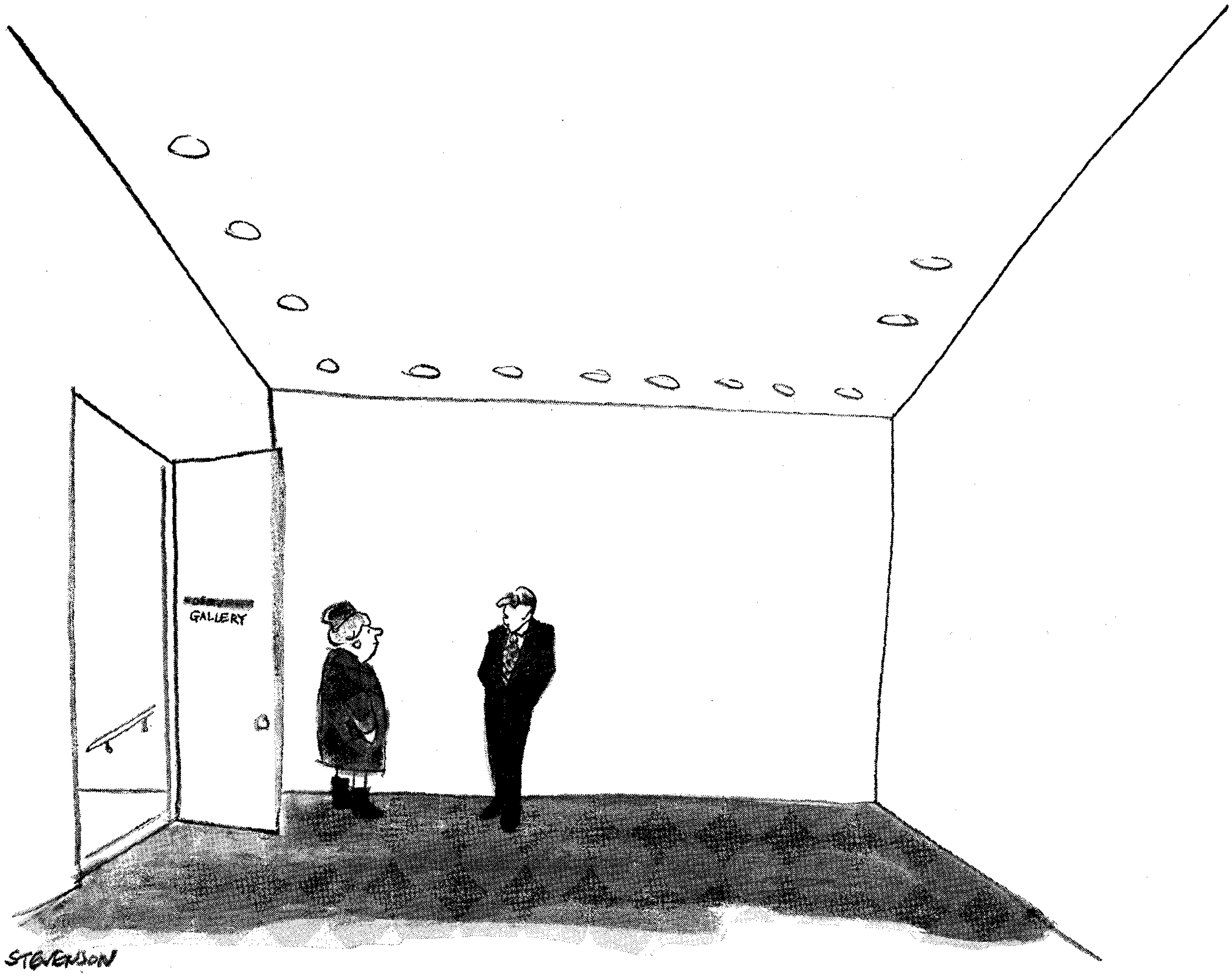
In 1905, Dr. Joseph H. Pratt, of Boston, found that the best way to persuade his tuberculosis patients to follow the regime of absolute rest over a period of months or years prescribed for them was to treat them in groups, which he called "classes," at which star patients were frequently called upon to testify. The classes proved well worth the exertion that the patients made each week to attend them. Members cheered up, followed their regimes, and got better. On the basis of this early, modest experiment, and as a compromise among psychotherapists with conflicting claims to having been the pioneers, Dr. Pratt is widely considered to be the founder of group psychotherapy in the United States. In the years since Dr. Pratt, the practice of group psychotherapy has proliferated enormously. There are group programs affiliated with all the major analytic schools—Freudian, Adlerian, Jungian, Sullivanian, Horney. There are groups in hospitals and prisons, in urban centers and small communities, in universities, schools, offices, barracks, and factories. There are special groups for veterans, teachers, adolescents, married couples, families, homosexuals, stutterers, and alcoholics, and there are heterogeneous groups that combine the troubled of all sorts. Some of the best results in group psychotherapy have been achieved with aged patients thought to be senile on physiological grounds; babbling, memory lapses, incontinence, psychosis—many supposedly arteriosclerotic symptoms—have been reduced among senile patients in groups all over the country. At the Long Island College Hospital in Brooklyn, there are groups for children afflicted with cerebral palsy, and groups for their parents. The private practice of a psychiatrist in Beverly Hills includes in one group a convicted dope pusher and in another the detective who arrested him. In Utah, there are therapy groups for Mormon foster parents of Indian orphans, and for Mormon youths doing their two-year term of religious service. At the Postgraduate Center for Mental Health on East Twenty-eighth Street, there are several special kinds of groups for members of the New York Police Department, and in Bethel, Maine, each summer the National Training Laboratories (a division of the National Education Association) run what they call Sensitivity Training Laboratories—two-week-long group-therapy sessions for, among others, practicing group therapists.

One of the reasons it is almost impossible to find any meaningful data on the extent to which group therapy (or, for that matter, individual psychotherapy) is practiced in this country is that, as far as the law is concerned, almost *anyone* may practice. The federal government has set no standards for the accreditation of psychotherapists. A continuing feud between the American Psychiatric Association (which considers psychotherapy a branch of medicine, and would require a medical degree for all practitioners) and the American Psychological Association (which considers psychotherapy a branch of psychology, and would require only a degree in psychology) has effectively blocked legislation in most states; the result is that untrained, unaccredited, unregistered, and unsupervised "therapists" may set up practice, for individuals or groups, almost anywhere. An organization called the American Group Psychotherapy Association has existed since 1942, but al-



"Darling, I have something to tell you. We're going to need a bigger horse."

• •



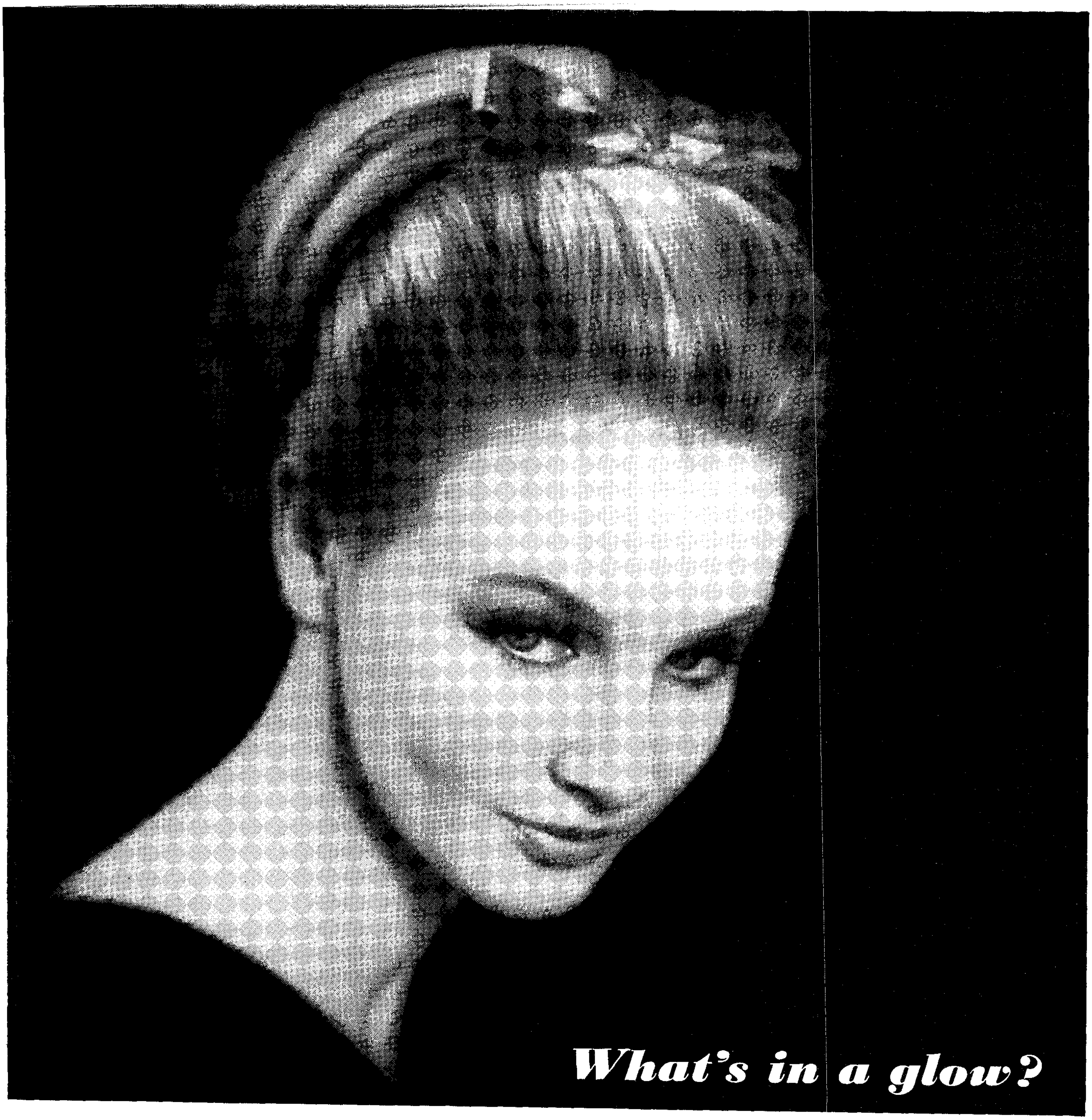
"This is the show, Madam."

• •

though its educational requirements for membership are minimal (a Master's degree in social work), and although it now claims more than seventeen hundred members (who alone can account for at least six thousand therapy groups), it seems to include only a small fraction of the group therapists, trained or self-styled, now at work. In this situation of professional anarchy, or in this professional morass, the techniques, the vocabularies, and even the sources of American group psychotherapy, far from being traceable to the experiments of Dr. Pratt, have become as disparate and eclectic as the situations in which groups naturally occur. The open confessionals of the early Church, the Quaker meeting, the secret society, the progressive-school classroom, the popularity contest, the family, the theatre, the symposium, the television panel, and, not least, the tradition of evangelism have all made their contributions to the therapy group.

Freud himself never treated patients in groups, although in "Group Psychology and the Analysis of the Ego" he set forth some of the principles upon which psychoanalytic group therapy is based. The theory is, briefly, that the group re-creates the family unit—that the therapist becomes a parental figure, and that members form transference relationships with the group parent and group siblings which will reactivate old neurotic patterns, subject them to analysis, and ultimately eradicate them. Some more immediate and pragmatic reasons given for the spread of group therapy (or Group, as it has come to be called) are the scarcity of therapists qualified by any professional standard (there are only eighteen thousand psychiatrists and eight thousand clinical psychologists in this country, while the number of troubled people in search of professional help is impossible to estimate); the possibility that patients find the private session—a one-sided confession to a person who reveals nothing in return—demeaning, and prefer the reciprocal emotional responses of a group of acknowledged fellow-patients; and the fact that as psychotherapy ceases to be the prerogative of the rich, the group has the happy characteristic of costing the patient less (from five to twenty-five dollars a session instead of from twenty-five to a hundred dollars for a private session), while earning more for the therapist (there being, normally, about eight to ten patients in a therapy group).

The major respect in which a therapy group differs from any other social gathering is in its high regard for frankness and spontaneity. If the participants were not, in some sense, more honest than they would be at a cocktail party, the group would lose its point and fall apart. A therapy group, however, is normally among the most enduring of social units. One therapist tells of a group of seven that met twice each week for seven years. Eight years ago, all members having been pronounced "cured," the group disbanded as far as therapy was concerned. Yet one patient has called every other patient in the group every day since the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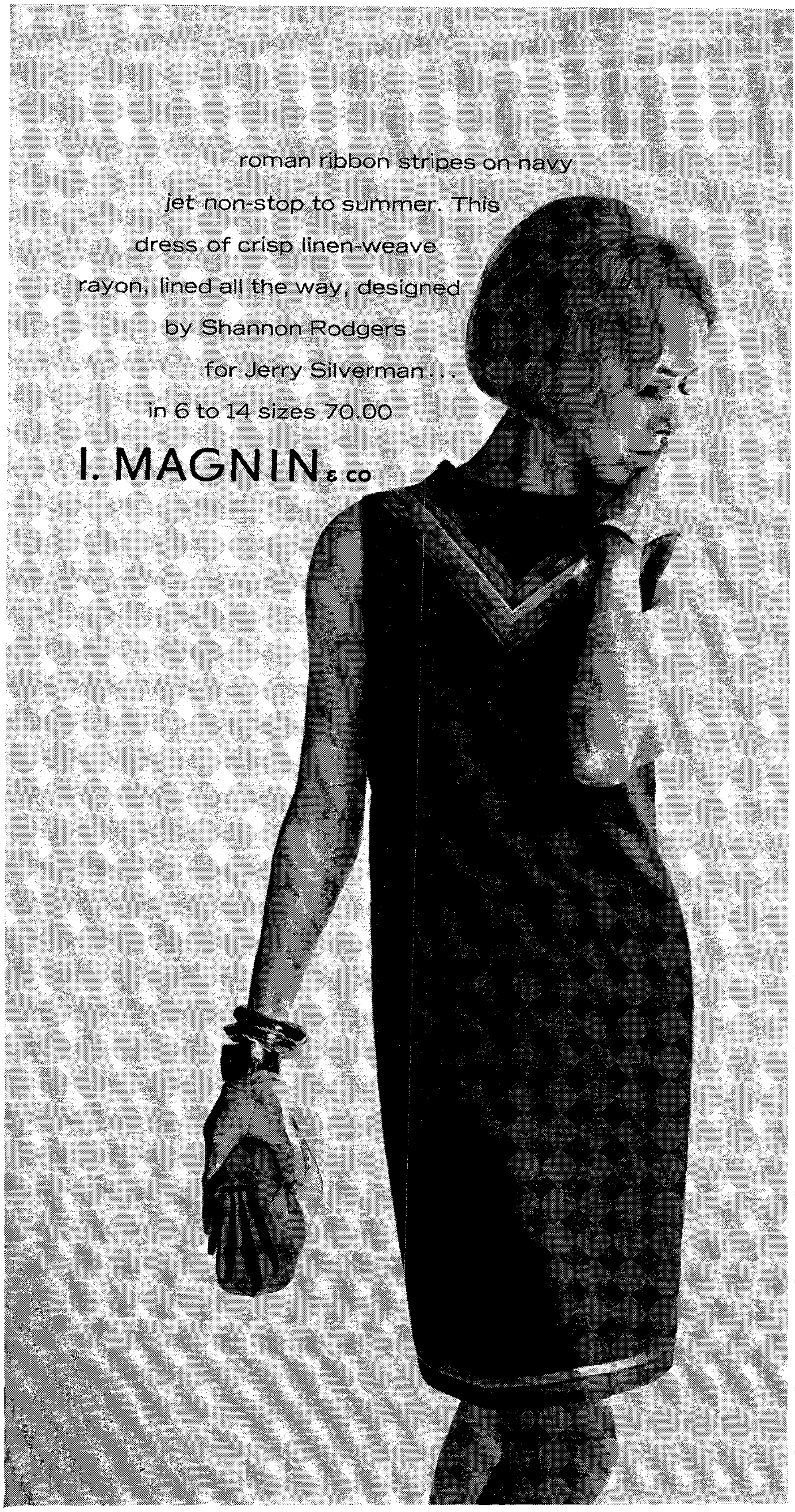
group was first convened. Through cohesion and a demand for honesty, group therapy has evolved a special order of freedom: a group member is free to say or do anything, short of committing acts of physical violence, that he likes, without consequences for his life outside the group. He cannot lose his wife or his job or his friends or his social position as a result of anything that occurs within a session. In many groups, discretion is assured by the fact that members know one another only by first names, but, in any case, the basic condition of trust—or perhaps the fact that all members, having been equally candid, are equally compromised—guards against breaches of confidence. The group thus presents the paradox of being both less and more real than everyday life: it is artificial, an irrelevance, perfect theatre in the sense of being divorced from the practical consequences of normal social behavior, and it is genuine in the sense that freedom from practical consequences permits an honesty that everyday life does not encourage. A therapy group is self-absorbed, a meta-group occupied primarily with its own immediate feelings, and its most remarkable characteristic appears to be the willingness with which adults from every walk of life and level of sophistication are drawn into its peculiar conventions. The fact that normally reserved adults do confide in one another and respect the confidences of what are, in real life, strangers may indicate that the therapy group satisfies, at the very least, a recreational need. It may serve as a substitute for the old units of tribe and family—a cross-section of strangers having more in common in these times than the old groups of cousins, aunts, and grandparents who used to share their lives and hold their secrets from the world. Or it may provide a kind of emotional park or playground for the troubled, whom modern society (with its emphasis on lack of candor as a means to personal and social ends) may have confined too rigidly, and whom private psychotherapy (with its theory and professional detachment) has been almost powerless to liberate.

A therapy group may have all sorts of routines and embellishments. It can be combined with individual therapy for some or all of its members, and with alternate sessions at the homes of members without the therapist. Some fairly unorthodox practitioners encourage what is called "acting out": impulsive behavior like running about the room or lying on the floor, exchanges of clothes between male and female



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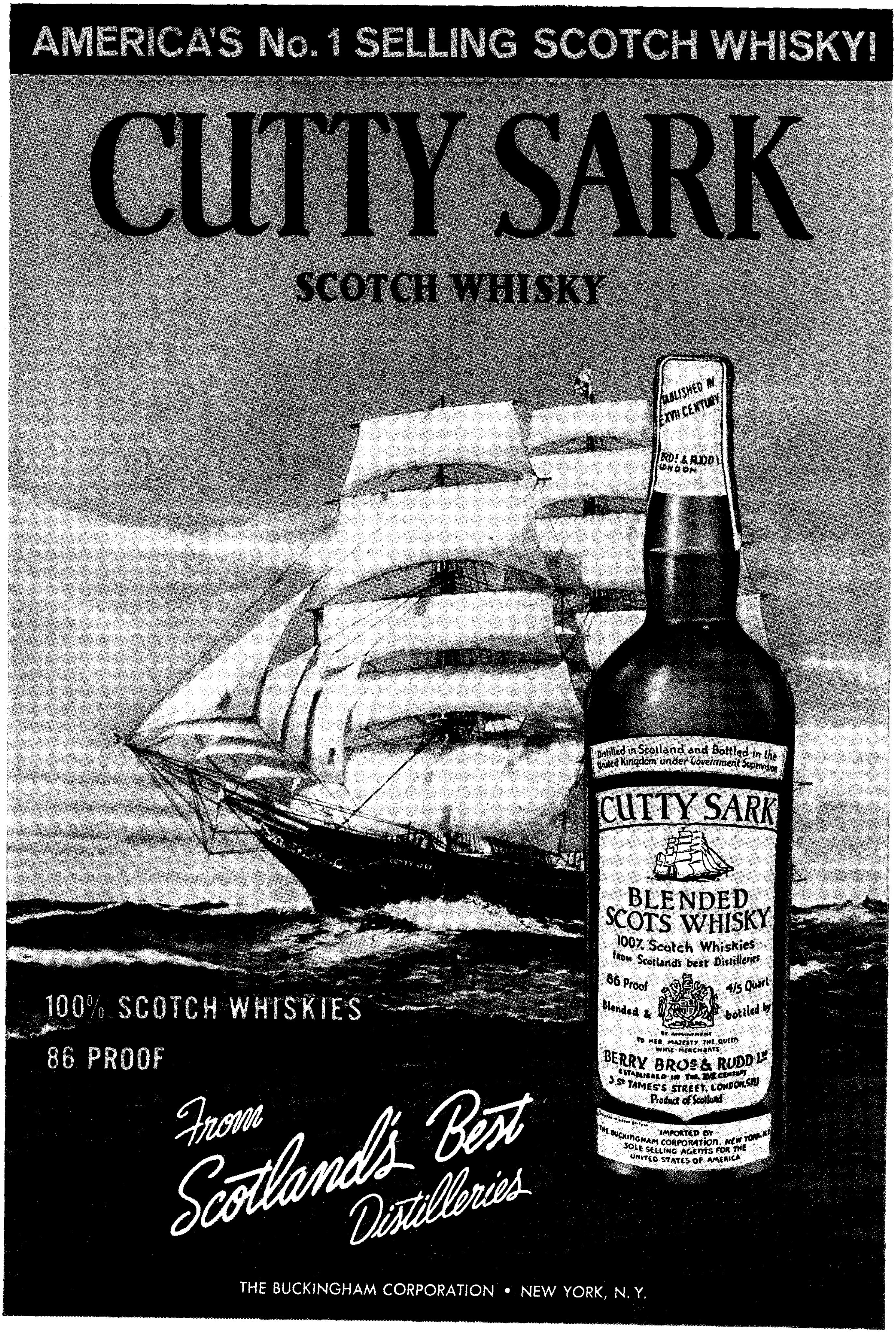
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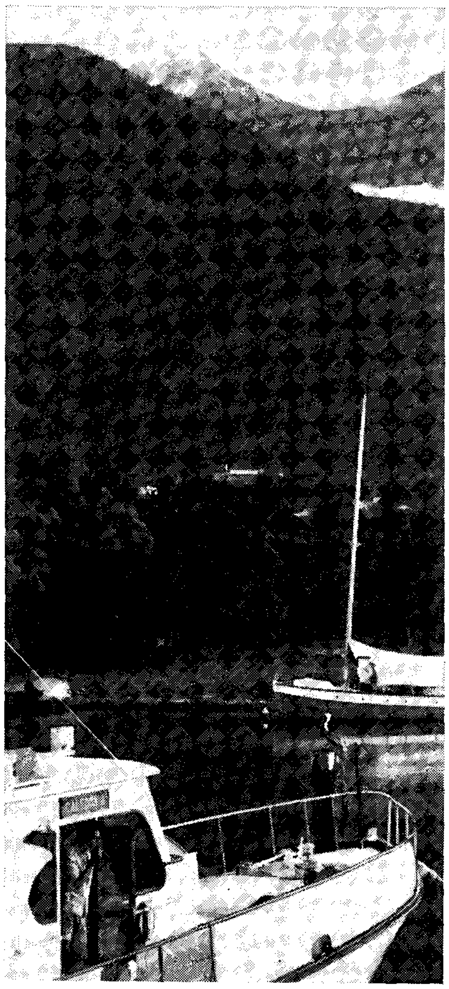

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of his groups had dwindled to four patients, and that he and his female co-therapist, of whom he claimed to be extremely fond, were somehow unable to find new patients suitable for the group. The diagnosis on all sides was quick: Unconscious family planning.) Aside from peripheral innovations, however, the basic methodological categories for group therapy appear to be five: the Slavsonian, originated by Samuel R. Slavson, in which the therapist himself deals with each person in turn, and which is, essentially, individual therapy in the presence of commenting bystanders; the exhortative-inspirational, in which the therapist, with the backing of the group, attempts what amounts to the reëducation of every member; the Whitaker-Lieberman, in which the therapist regards the whole group as an independent organism, encourages acting out, and treats the feelings and actions of individual members merely as symptoms of ambivalence within a single group personality (a characteristic remark on the part of the therapist would be "I feel the group is hurt and angry today"); the Bionite, in which all group behavior is analyzed in terms of the three phylogenetic motives that the English psychiatrist Wilfred Ruprecht Bion postulated for man's gathering in groups in the first place—pairing, flight or escape, and work—and in which the therapy group serves as a model for the social world outside; and the self-determining, self-analyzing group, with mixed technique, in which the therapist is simply a trained (and, preferably, himself a previously analyzed) occasional participant as well as guide.

THERE exist groups in special situations, which cut across methodological categories, and for whom therapy has become a way of life—with no therapist at all. One such group has been in operation since September, 1963, at Daytop Lodge, a converted mansion on the south coast of Staten Island. Daytop is a haven for about a hundred drug addicts, of both sexes and mixed races, who have been free of drugs for periods ranging from a single day to six years. Group therapy begins the moment the addict arrives at the Lodge to seek admission. In the front hall, he may recognize inhabitants who were formerly his companions on the street. They ignore him. The bond with the non-therapeutic world, the camaraderie that exists among addicts in their addiction, is broken at once. After a long and lonely wait, the candidate is admitted to an interview in a small of-

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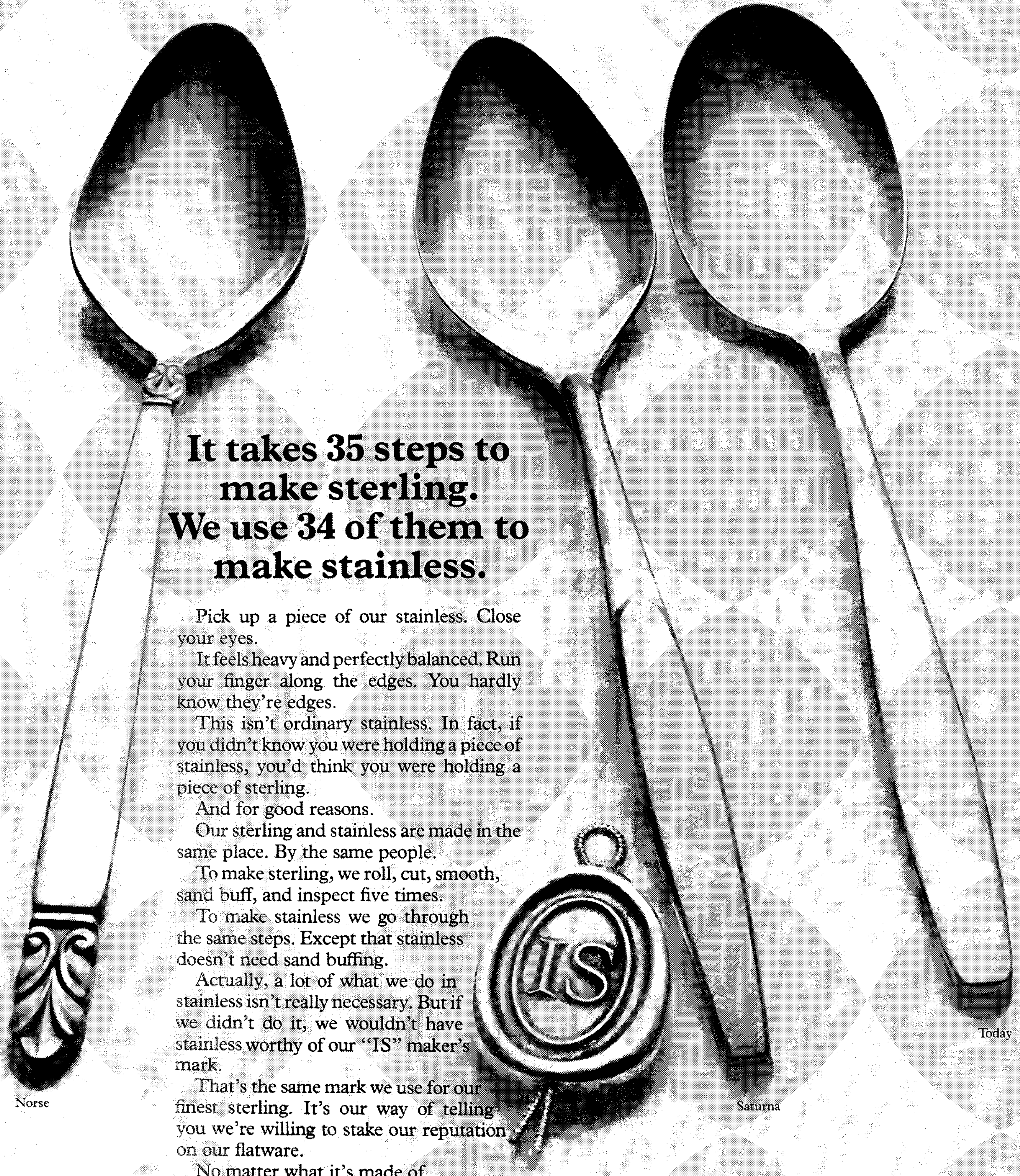

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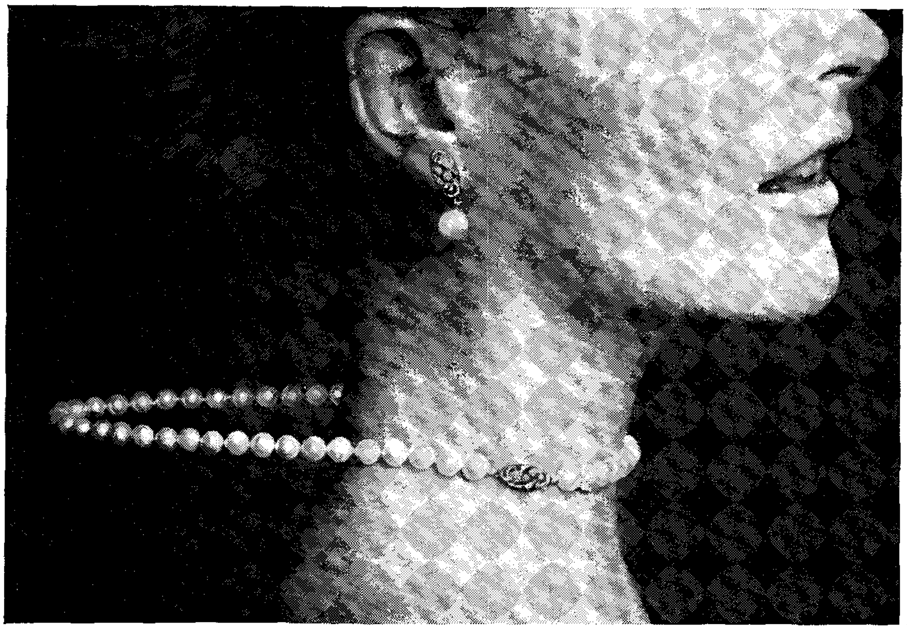

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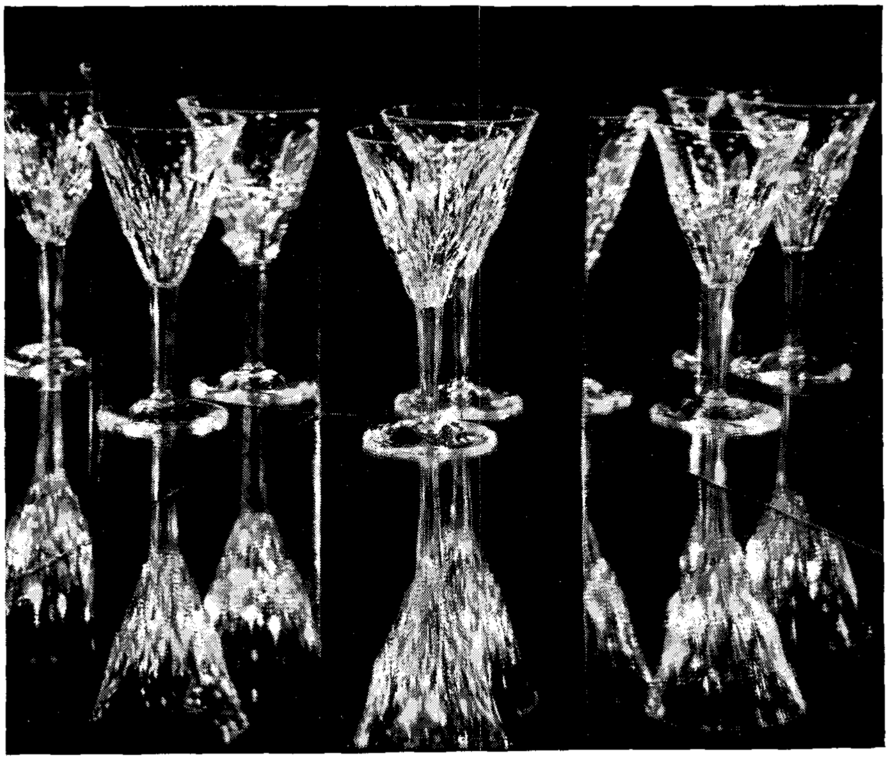

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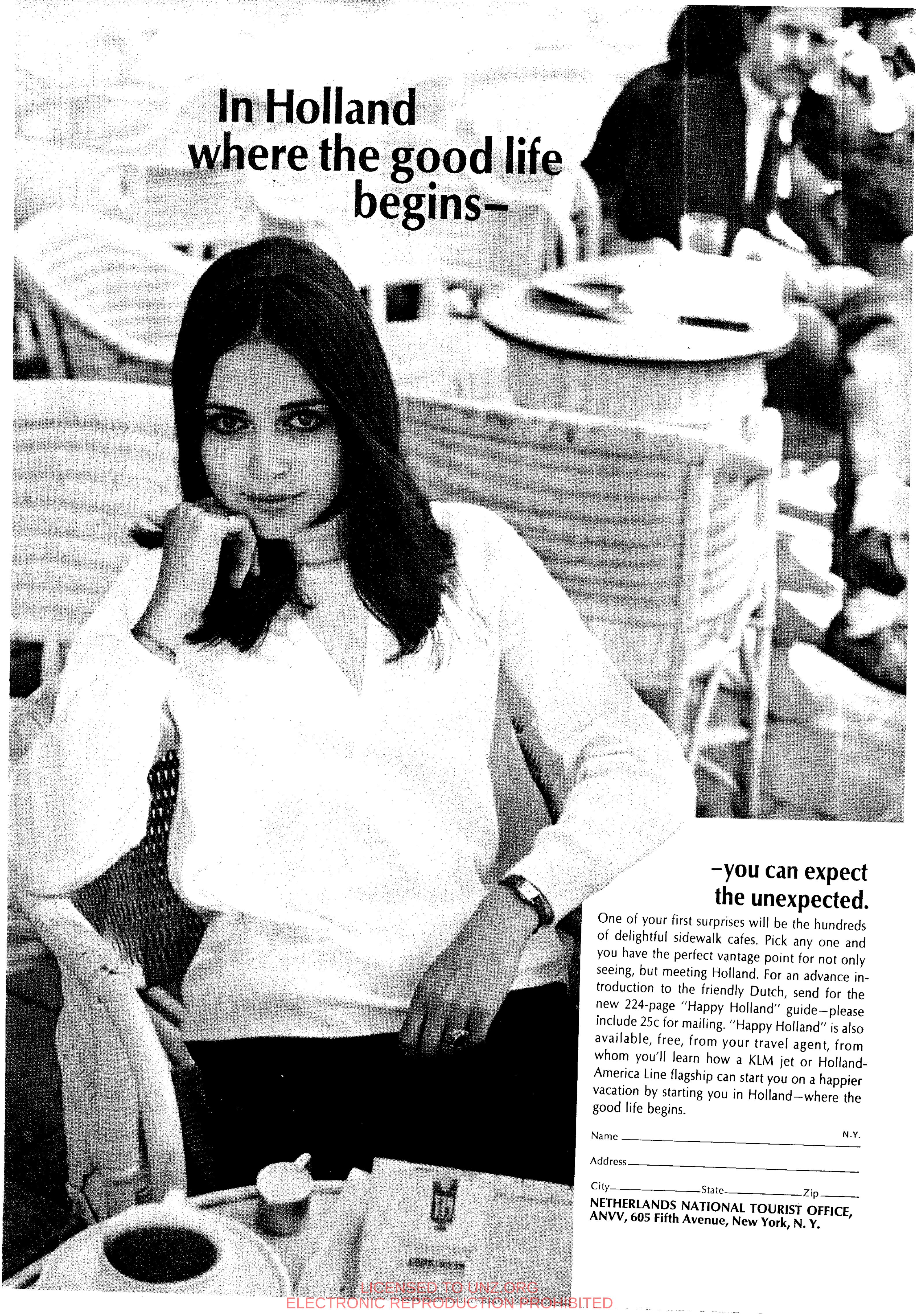
fice, and an initiation group, seated in wooden chairs around a desk, asks him why he has come to Daytop. The candidate invariably replies that he has come to kick his habit for good. Immediately, the group, composed entirely of ex-addicts, breaks into derisive comment. Remembering their own reasons for coming to Daytop, the members inform the candidate that they are aware he is lying, and that the precondition for existence at Daytop is truthfulness. They tell him that he has come, as all of them came, under pressure from the law, with the intention of getting some rest and breaking the habit only temporarily, so that he can return to taking smaller doses on the street. The remainder of the interview is frank and brutal. When it is over, the candidate is taken to another room and searched for any drugs he may have smuggled in to tide him over. Thereafter, he is warmly welcomed to Daytop and brought to the living room, where he spends the remainder of the day and night in conversation with "older" members. (He is discouraged from talking very long with other recent arrivals, for fear they will dwell on the subject that is likely to be still uppermost in their minds.) Interestingly enough, although he is likely to be uncomfortable and to long for drugs, the new member exhibits none of the withdrawal symptoms—cramps, chills, and other forms of physical agony—that have been so widely publicized as invariable reactions to kicking the habit cold. Since the group consists of former addicts, who would consider such behavior theatrical and make no concessions to it, it simply does not occur. The new member is treated without pity, but with interest and concern.

The following day (or, if his addiction has been particularly heavy, the day after that), the new member is put to work in a group to perform some menial chore. He is assigned a room with three other members, whose Daytop tenures have been of various lengths, and he is expected to act "on the floor" (that is, in the normal course of the day) "as if"—as if all were going well, as if he felt no hostility, as if he were a member of an unusually polite society in the outside world. If he fails badly in his work or in his manner, he is either "dumped on" (that is, scolded by another member) or given a "haircut," verbal or literal, by a whole group of older members. He is not expected to reply. If he commits a mere oversight, he is given a mild reprimand, to which he responds, quite cheerfully, "I accept the pull-up." When the



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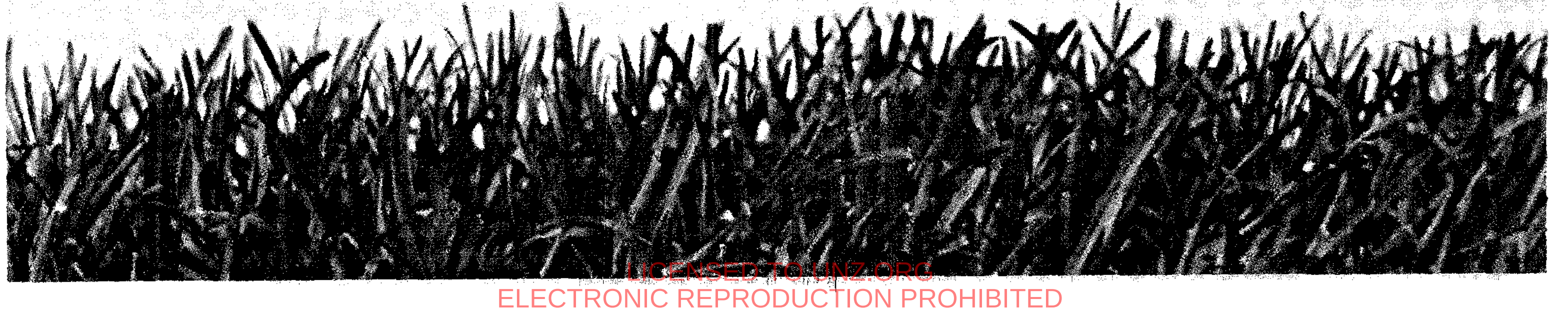
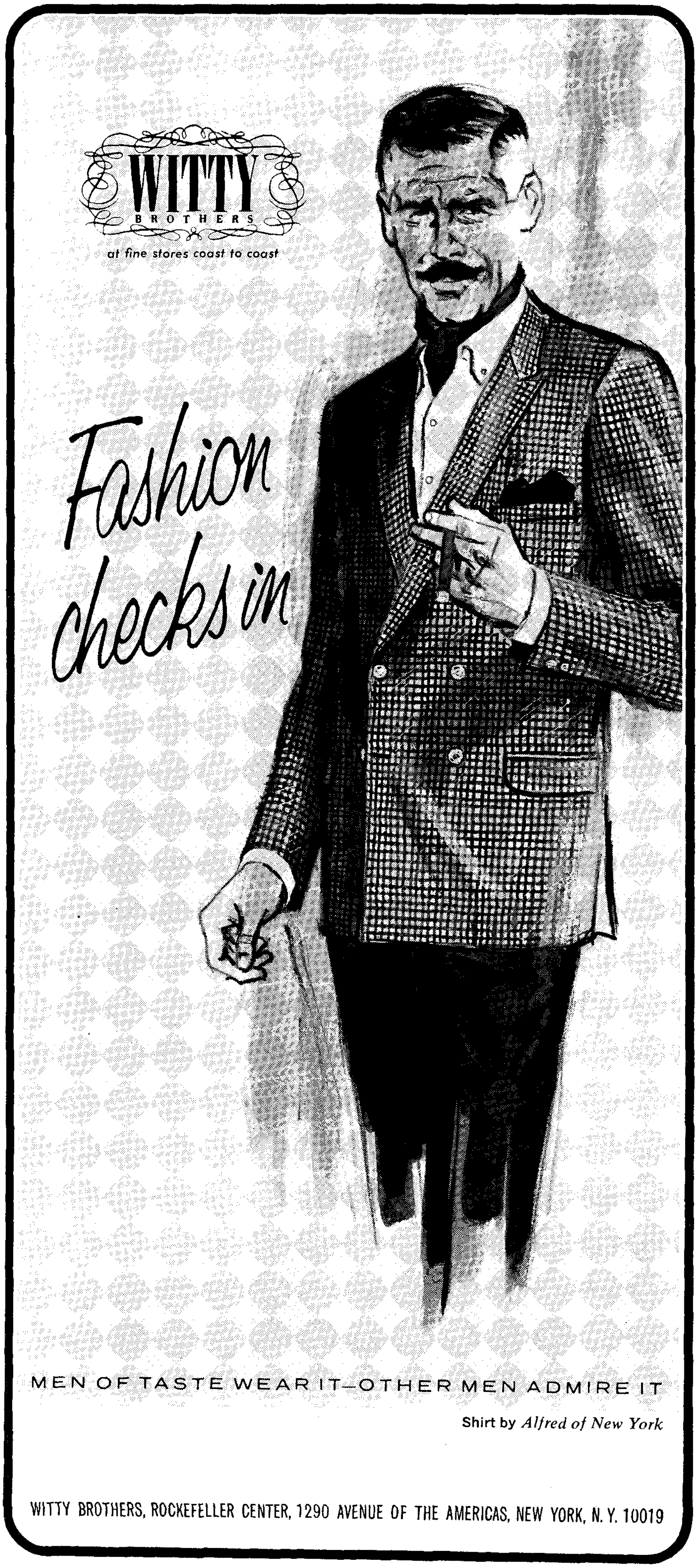


morning chores are over, group members attend a seminar, in which quotations from Dostoevski, Nietzsche, Proust, or some other writer are discussed. If a member claims he is not educated enough to participate, the substance of the discussion is explained to him, and he is required, after a time, to make a comment or express an opinion. The result of the seminars—and of various courses, plays, and concerts that are continually being given at Daytop—is that addicts who have always felt excluded from the "square" world of arts and letters develop a rare confidence and poise. In later phases of treatment, many inhabitants go off to attend universities, to work with troubled children in schools, or to become most persuasive and sought-after speakers on behalf of welfare groups and at prisons.

There are other activities at Daytop that correspond closely to non-therapeutic group activity in the outside world, but at least three evenings a week life "on the floor," the "acting as if," comes to a temporary halt and a special, acute form of group therapy takes place. Any member who in the course of the day has felt a grievance against any other member, old or new, simply writes his own name and that of the offender on a slip of paper and drops the paper into a designated box. On the evenings of "encounters," all the inhabitants of Daytop are divided into therapy groups of eight or ten, and any two members whose names appear on a slip of paper together are assigned to the same group. The encounter is likely to release all the hostility that has been suppressed during the "as if" day; it consists largely of shouting, at a pitch and volume seldom heard in the outside world. Insults, threats, accusations, and screams of apparently directionless rage are uttered in the peculiarly obscene vocabulary that has always been characteristic of the underworld and the world of the oppressed. The atmosphere of pure, unanalyzed fury may be sustained for hours. Fists are clenched under chins, chairs are jerked violently back and forth, and the shouts of the encounter in the basement are clearly audible among the shouts of the encounters elsewhere in the mansion. Then, when the shouting has subsided a bit, one of the older members is likely to take over—although each member has in effect already chosen his personal therapist for the evening.

"Scumbag," one of the participants said to another, in a milder moment of a recent encounter in Daytop's dining room. "How come you gave me a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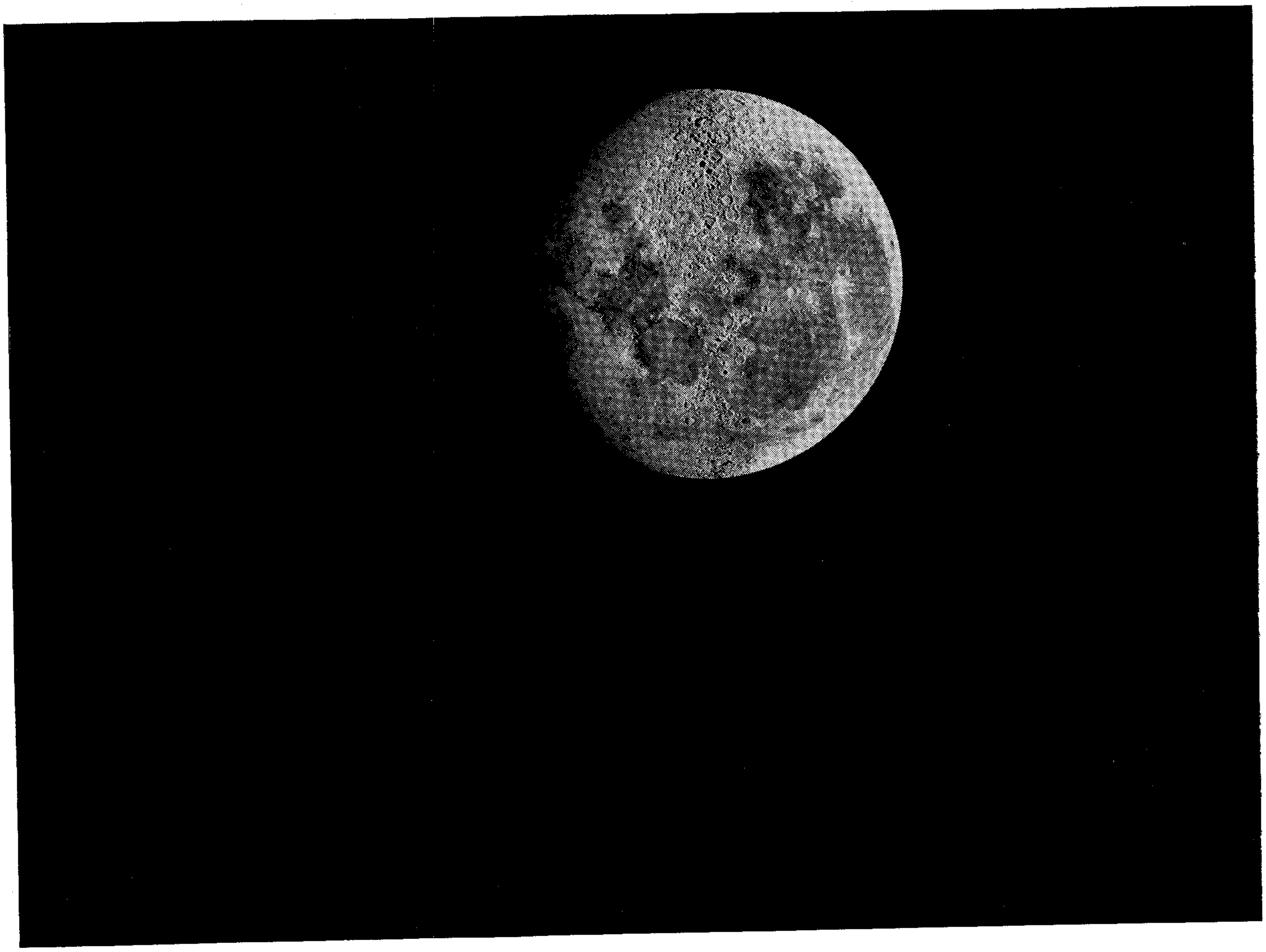

Even now, as the U.S. presses on toward a lunar landing, scientists and engineers are conceiving practical new uses for lunar flight technologies. Martin Marietta is working with NASA to create plans for an orbiting manned space station. It would use components of the Saturn/Apollo system developed to carry man to the moon, but it would have some very down-to-earth functions.

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But the benefits derived from these technologies will hardly be limited to the moon project itself.

Scientists and engineers at Martin Marietta are deeply engaged in the study of future space exploration, including the use of Saturn/Apollo components to assemble a manned space station. It would be built by adapting present Apollo components and launched by a Saturn rocket.

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From this vantage point far above the globe, geographers and meteorologists could take a long and detailed view of some of the unsolved mysteries of the earth's weather, oceans, and physical character.

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MARTIN MARIETTA

order at lunch today? What makes you think you got the right to order me? You think I’m your *trick* or something?”

The boy replied, between clenched teeth, that he hoped he would soon find an opportunity to slit the questioner’s throat.

“Luis,” an older member named Micky said quietly to the first speaker, “how long would you say you’ve had your trick complex?”

Luis just stared. Then he frowned and leaned back in his chair. “I don’t know,” he said.

“Well, you better think about it, and quit taking us through all these changes. And you, Paul,” Micky said to the second boy, “how come you always wearing your shades on visitors’ day? Think you’re a *movie* star?”

“Naw, man. They’re prescription,” Paul said.

Micky said nothing.

“Look, Micky,” Paul said, “my old man *and* my mother both wore—”

“Spare us your mother, will you, man?” another older member said. “Micky don’t want to hear Freud. He asked you a question.”

“O.K.,” Paul said, cracking his knuckles and staring down at a tattoo on his arm. “I guess I’m ashamed on visiting day. Being a junkie. Being here.”

“Got it all figured out,” Micky said coldly. “Thought about it. Think you’re cool in those shades. Where’d you get your stuff out there? Ever been in jail? Ever get beaten up?”

Paul replied that since his father was a doctor, he never ran the risks of making a connection.

“A doctor,” Micky repeated very quietly. “No cops. No connection. Who you putting on? You taking us on a trip, or what? I bet you been beaten a hundred *times*.”

“Yeah,” said Paul, grinning. “I guess I did get beaten a couple of times.”

“How come you’re smiling? You think it’s funny?”

“No,” Paul said. He stopped smiling.

“Cool, ashamed, *shades*. How about blowin’ that image,” Micky said. “Might as well do it while you’re here.”

“I’m trying, Mother.”

“Well, don’t just try.”

Micky then spoke to the other members in turn, drawing them out, replying to them, letting them talk to one another. (“I’m hung up, Micky,” one of the older members said. “I feel as though sometimes my ‘as if’ was burning out.”) The encounter lasted four

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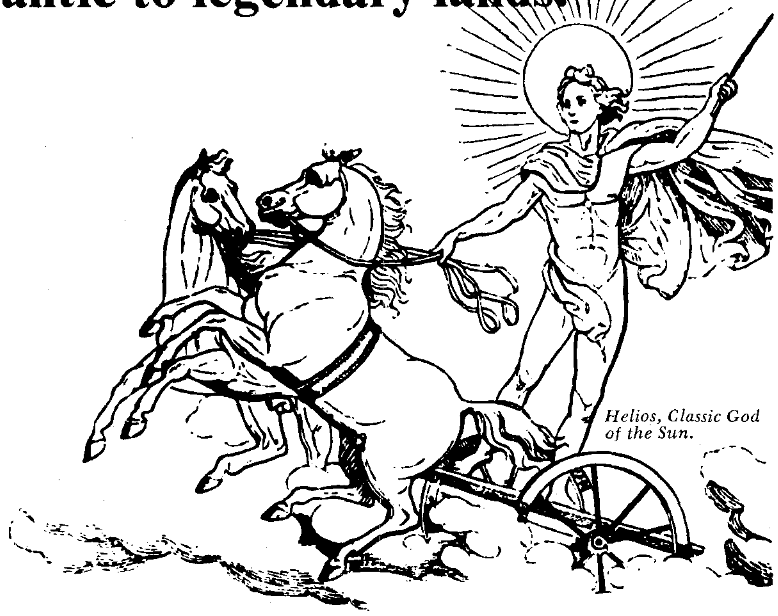
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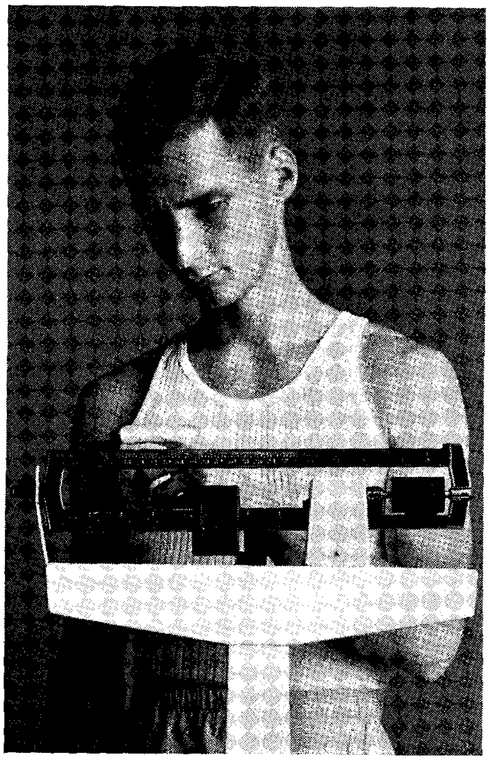
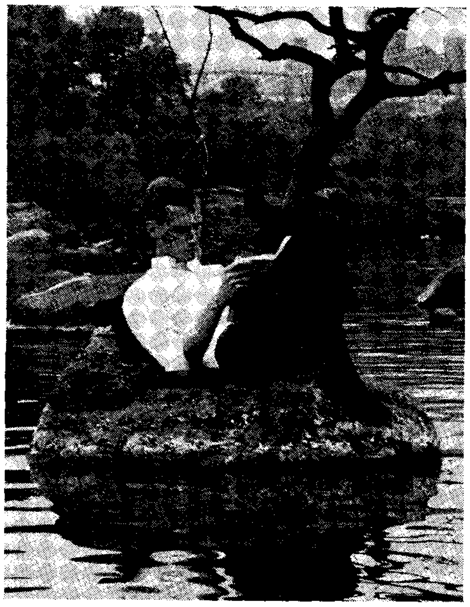
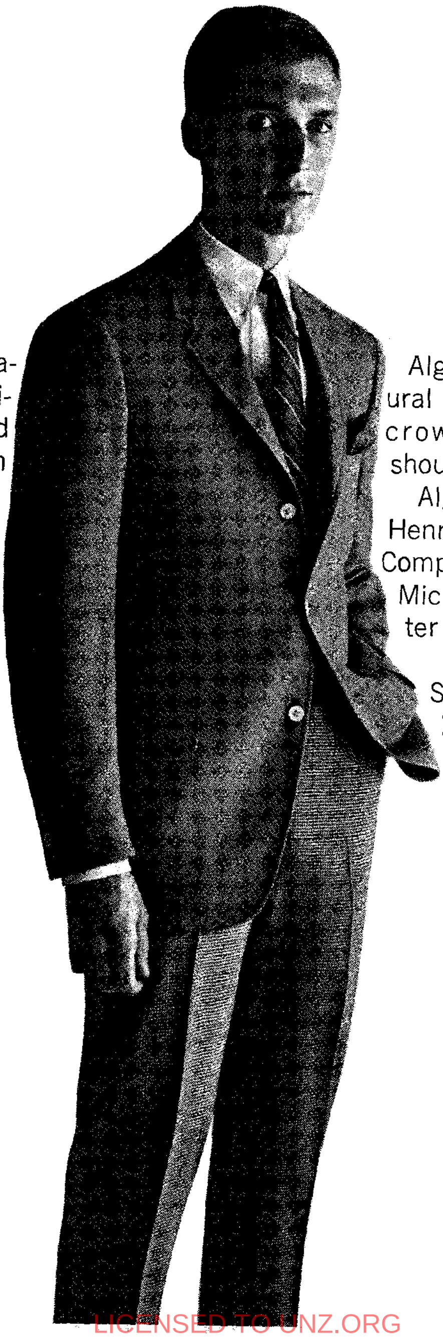


Algernon Oliphant Carew was about 40 lbs. too light to make a football quarterback.



A fact which rarely worried him. Algy always preferred to be alone with his thoughts.

(And a succession of fascinating girls who found him fascinating. *Despite* the way his clothes hung on his thin frame.)



Then, one day, Algy read an ad in this magazine. Found out the name for lean, sensitive chaps like himself—ectomorphs. Found out about this century-old company up in Rochester, N. Y., who made Checkmate sport coats and slacks especially for ectomorphs. (Other morphs catered for, too—price range $80-$125.)

Algy learned that Checkmate clothes were *color-coordinated.* You could get a solid sport jacket to go with checked or plaid slacks; or vice versa. Big thing was that Michaels/Stern saw the colors were always right.

Algy discovered, too, that the jacket was natural shoulder. It avoided that angular "scarecrow" look thin people get with padded shoulders.

Algy read the ad right through, then wrote to Henry Rankin, up there at Michaels/Stern & Company, for names of stores near him that sold Michaels/Stern Checkmates. Got prompt letter back, went and tried some on. Very pleased.

There's Algy on the left, in his Michaels/Stern Checkmate. Should make quite a hit in the library.

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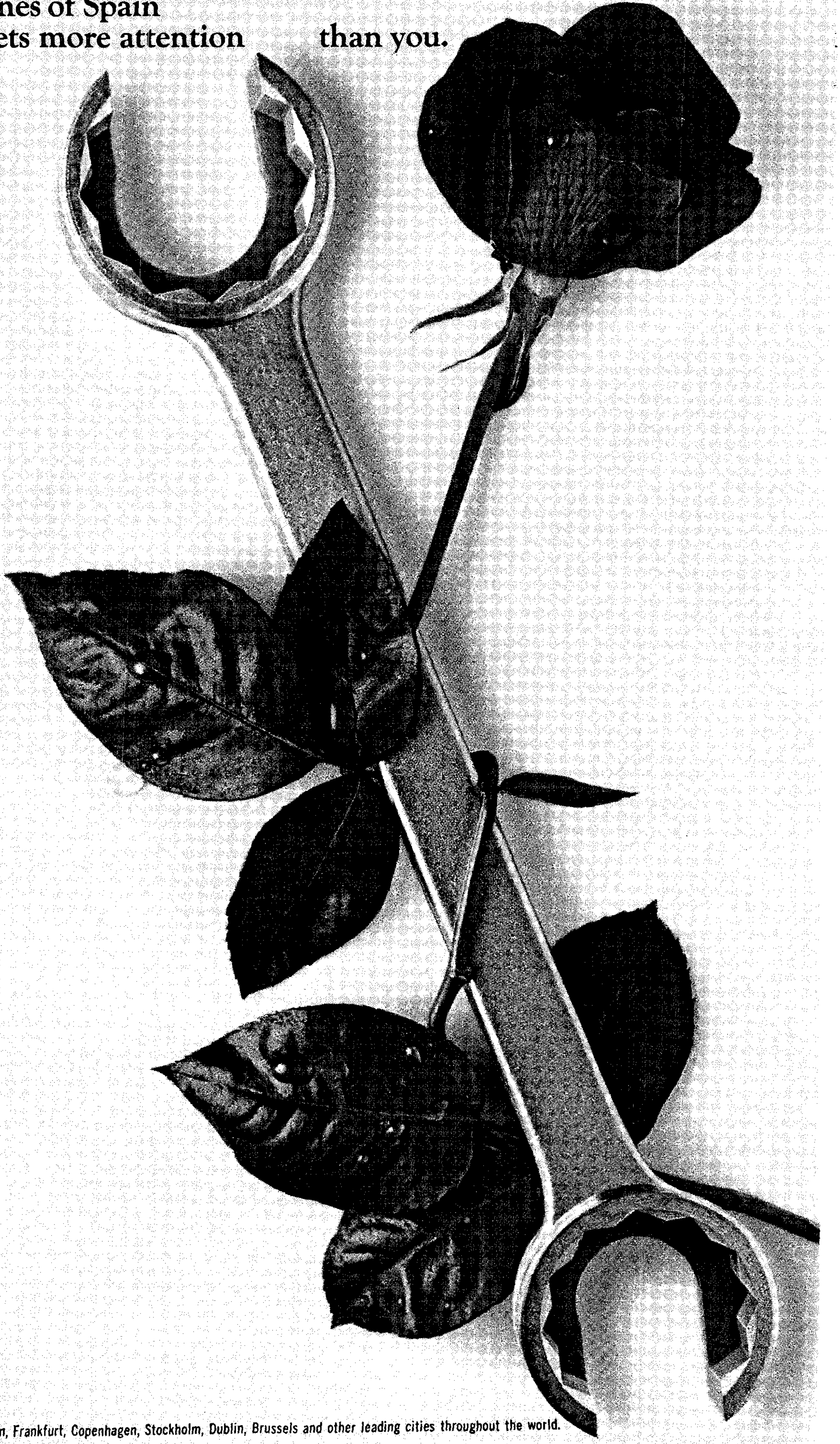

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hours, and by the time it broke up, at around midnight, the members were either engrossed in their private thoughts or united in a bond of released energy and concern. From encounter to encounter, the newer members apparently find that their bouts of rage diminish and their introspection and their intuitive response to one another increase. The no-holds-barred encounter after the pent-up "as if" day is, after all, the principle upon which all group therapy in the outside world is based.

Since Daytop has been in existence for little more than three years, it is impossible to predict its long-term results, but at least the immediate outcome of this form of therapy is fairly easy to appraise. Charles Dederich, the founder of Syanon (which originated some of the Daytop methods, though in a simultaneously more mystical and more paramilitary setting, in California), has suggested that the cure rate among drug addicts can be measured only in "clean man-days." By that standard, absolute cures—that is, up to the present time—have been achieved with seventy-five per cent of the addicts who have come to Daytop's doors. (Measured in similar terms, the Public Health Service Hospital for drug addicts, in Lexington, Kentucky, has, according to a recent statement, a cure rate of under ten per cent.) A peripheral outcome has been that the Staten Island community in which Daytop is situated, after reacting to its founding with petitions, epithets, and even rocks, has now accepted it to the extent that neighboring stores contribute merchandise, neighboring residents attend the open houses that are held each Saturday (and even, when they are troubled, participate in occasional encounters), and neighboring schools seek out Daytop inhabitants for their extraordinary facility in dealing with troubled children. It is true that some hard-line conservatives, still unreconciled to Daytop's presence, complained some time ago that addicts in search of the Lodge had stumbled, looking unkempt and criminal, onto the doorsteps of several houses in the neighborhood. Daytop's management, having always seen to it that candidates had explicit directions for reaching the Lodge, became suspicious, and eventually traced the rumor to the fact that a visiting congressman had lost his way in the night.

OTHER special needs or special problems have generated other groups that, like Daytop, have no particular therapist and have become more

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or less a way of life. There are, of course, Alcoholics Anonymous, Gamblers Anonymous, and a new, rather frivolous group called Neurotics Anonymous. There is also a highly serious and successful group called Recovery, Inc., of which the only member who might reasonably be considered the therapist has been dead for several years. Recovery, Inc., is a group of former mental patients, who meet with the aim of preventing one another from relapsing into psychotic states, and of easing the transition from the psychiatric ward into what passes for normal life. The therapist is present only in the form of a book, "Mental Health Through Will Training," by the late Abraham Low, from which members draw a vocabulary and a philosophy ("When you have done something good, *endorse* yourself") to help them with the problems they present and discuss at evening meetings. (The vocabularies of groups without therapists, idiosyncratic though they may be, are likely to be more tolerable than the jargon therapists use, which ranges from polysyllabic, hyphened constructions of vaguely Latinate origin, through jarring usage like "to obsess upon" and "conflicted," to a kind of professional baby talk. "I always advise young parents to stay together until their children have grown up," a marriage counsellor said in a recent lecture at the Postgraduate Center for Mental Health, "because every child needs two legs to stand on—the mama leg and the papa leg.")

One type of group therapy that is diametrically opposed in principle to Daytop, Alcoholics Anonymous, and Recovery, Inc., is a crash program consisting of a single session under the complete domination of a therapist. The session, which is known as a group-therapy marathon, lasts thirty uninterrupted hours, after which it permanently disbands. The theory behind marathons is, briefly, that sleep deprivation induces a feeling of portentousness—not unlike a mild reaction to a psychedelic drug—and that inhibitions and resistances are lowered much more rapidly than in regular groups. Marathons conducted by a therapist called in from outside (who may never see the members of the group again when the session is over) have become quite fashionable as an approach to solving problems of industrial management, and they are also popular with patients who are familiar with more conventional therapy groups. For what one practitioner has termed "therapy vir-

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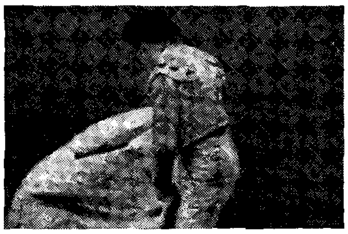

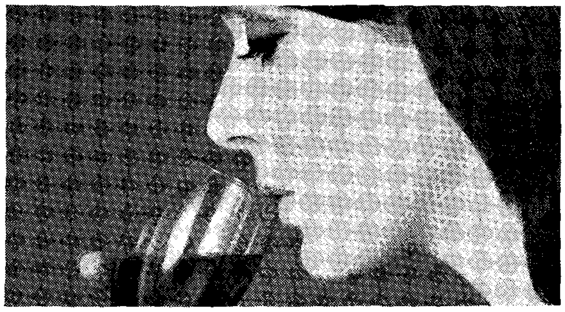

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gins," however—members with no previous experience of group therapy—the marathon is not without its dangers. Ordinary neurotics well within the borders of any definition of sanity often undergo in their daily lives states that verge on the psychotic; a marathon may push these persons over the line into an actual psychosis.

A marathon was recently conducted in New York by a well-known psychologist from the West who had run more than twenty marathons in cities from coast to coast. The session had been convened (the cost was a hundred and twenty-five dollars per person) by a hospital administrator from New Jersey, who brought along three members of his staff. The other participants were two young New York psychiatrists, one of whom had brought a troublesome patient, a middle-aged landscape painter, along; a television actress from California, who had been a patient of the therapist, and who brought her distraught dachshund; a receptionist from a brokerage firm, the group's only therapy novice, who arrived alone; a silent observer invited by the therapist; and the administrator of a home for unwed mothers, who also arrived alone.

The session began at ten o'clock on a Saturday morning, in a single room of a suite on Central Park West. The members were introduced by first names to one another, and a list of rules was passed around and read. No one was to leave the room except to go to the bathroom; conversation was to be continued throughout meals, which would be served in the room; no one was to go out of his way to protect any other member from verbal assault; no physical violence would be allowed; and the identities of the participants were to be held in strictest confidence. (The names of the members, like all names in this article, have been changed to disguise their identities.) The rule about leaving the room was waived for the actress, so that she might walk her dog from time to time. The first three hours of the session were spent in denunciations of the hospital administrator by his staff members. He was accused of megalomania, of eavesdropping on his assistants electronically in the name of "scientific research," of overworking his staff for the sake of expanding his clinic to become the largest of its kind in the country. After a long recital of grievances by one of the assistants (a man in his early thirties, dressed in white T-shirt, khaki pants, and sneakers), the administrator (also in his thirties, but wearing a dark cashmere suit) sighed and loosened his tie. He said, "What I'm hearing is this—proletarian envy and an infantile feeling of rejection." The assistant leaned back, groaned, and bit his fingernails.

Throughout this exchange, the therapist from the West, a chubby man in his early fifties, wearing a maroon sweater, a brown wool scarf, baggy pants, and loafers, had been sitting curled up on the floor, stroking the leg of one of the shy members of the staff under the trouser cuff. "When are *you* going to say something, Harry?" he asked, in a heavy Middle European accent. "When are you going to *share* something with us?"

"Oh, he'll talk," the administrator said. "Harry never says anything until the twenty-third hour."

The therapist resumed stroking Harry's leg.

There was more talk. Lunch arrived, and the therapist homed in on the receptionist. "We know nothing about *you*, Elizabeth," he said. "Come. *Share* something with us."

The receptionist, wearing black net stockings, loafers, and a skirt belted at the hips and looking rather ill at ease, gave a brief outline of her early life and education, and, after a moment's hesitation, a description of a young man with whom she was going out at present.

"You bore me," said one of the New York psychiatrists.

The receptionist looked nervously about the room. "I don't know what you want me to say," she said. "I'm so afraid something *awful* is going to happen."

"Well, Lizzie," the therapist said, "you must share *more* with us than that. I warn you, if you allow nothing to *happen*, after the session you are going to feel depressed. Very depressed."

"Gosh," the receptionist said, smiling awkwardly and casting an alarmed glance about the room. No one smiled back.

"What are you *smiling* for, Lizzie?" the therapist asked. "Are you really very happy at this moment?"

"And you might cut out that 'Gosh' number, too," said the actress, suddenly springing to life. "You're a big girl now. What did you come here for? Aren't you interested in becoming a real person?" The receptionist choked and said nothing.

One of the New York psychiatrists

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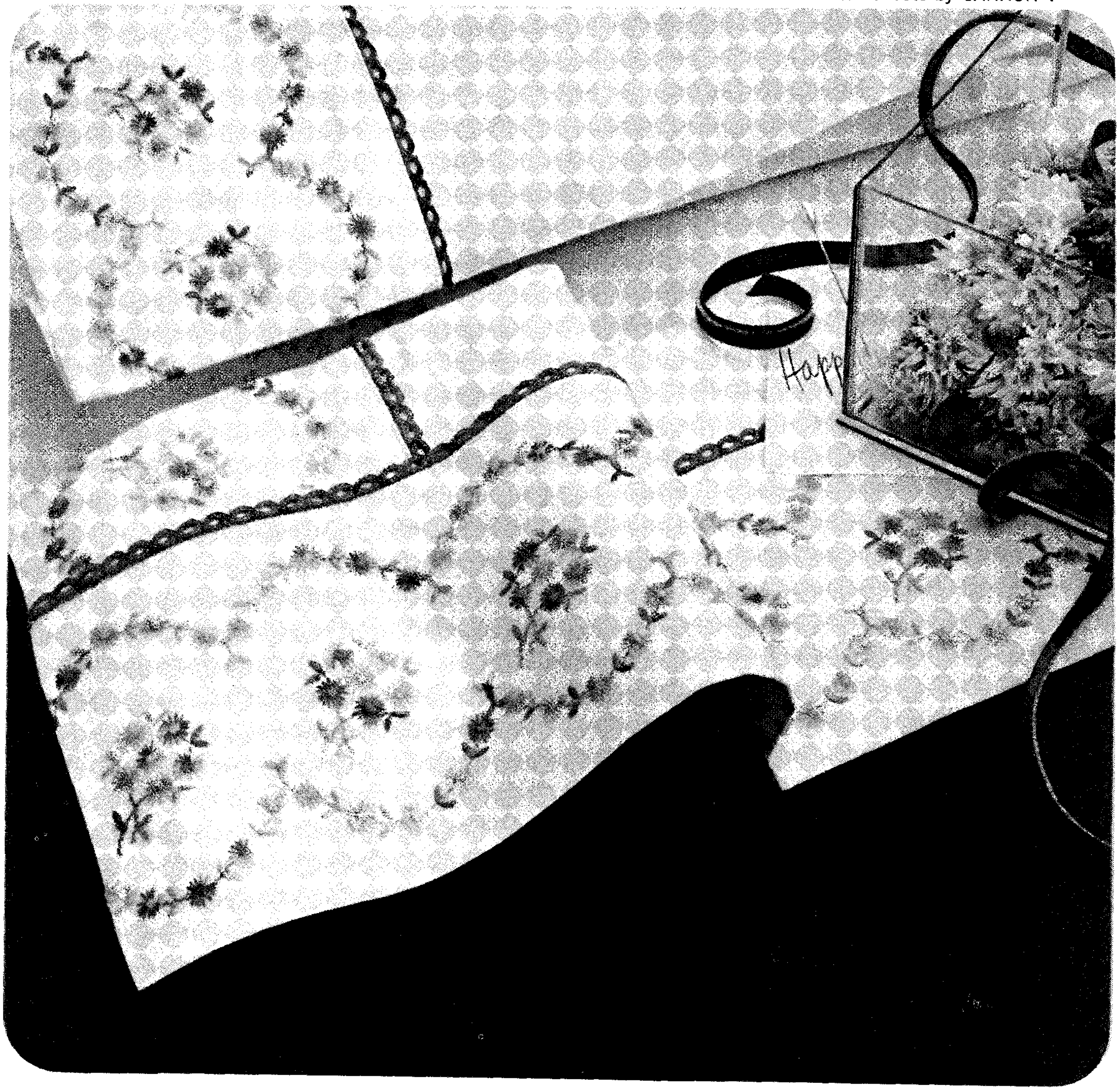

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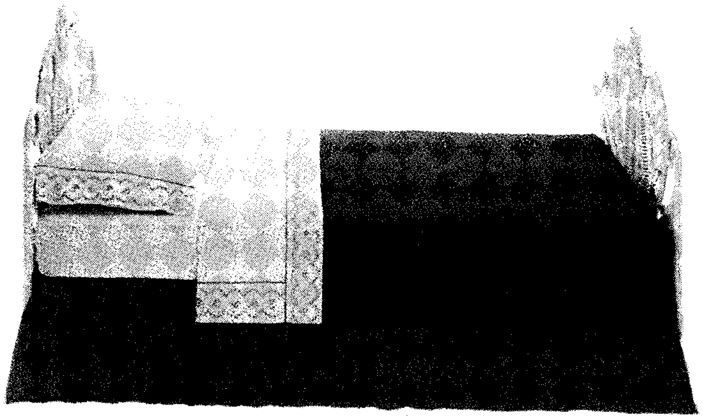

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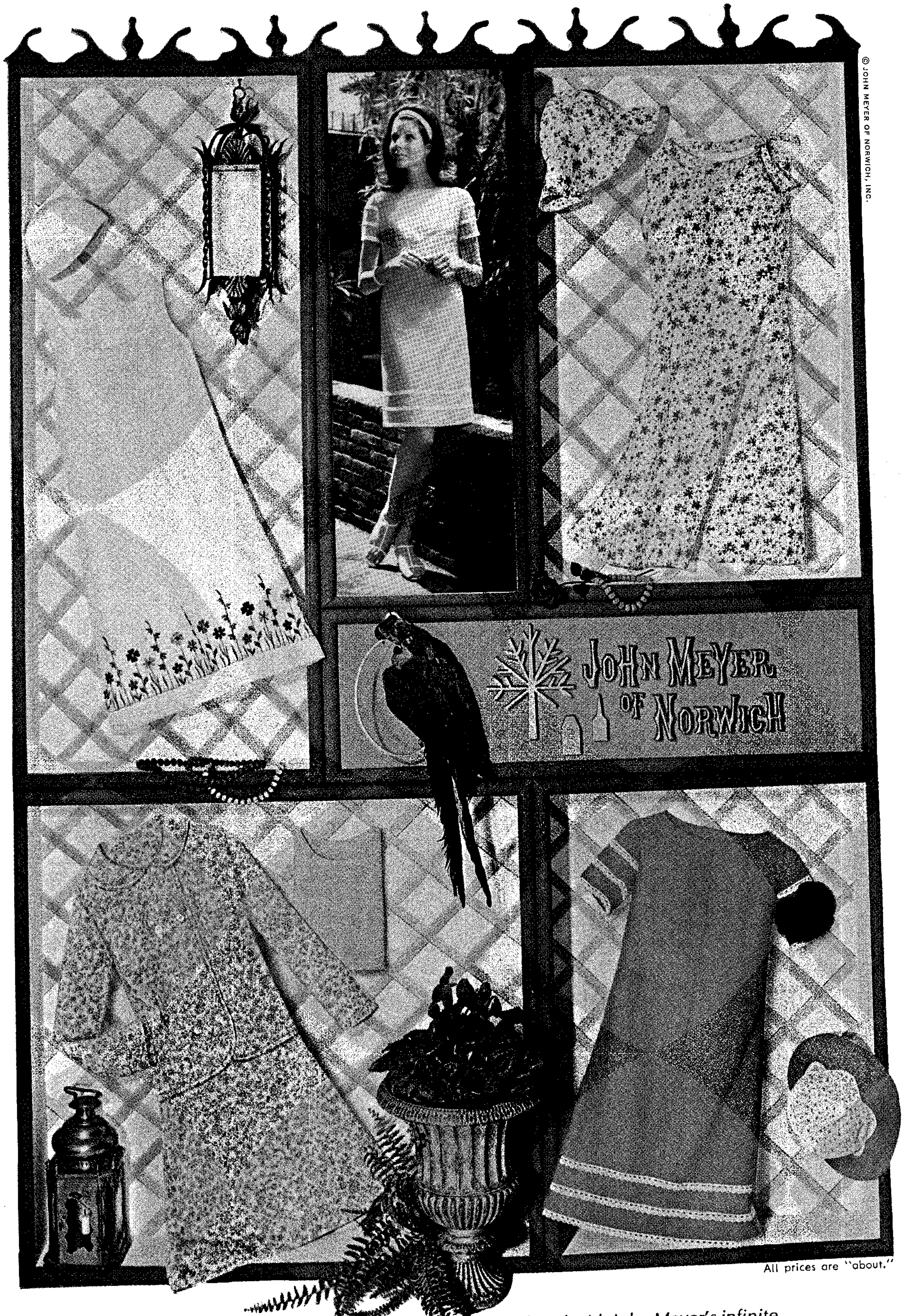
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lunged across the room and took off one of her loafers. "Maybe that will loosen you up," he said, looking at the therapist.

The girl sat frozen, with one loafer on, and abruptly recrossed her legs.

"Perhaps you ought to take your skirt off, too," the therapist said, rolling his eyes. "Perhaps then you could share with us."

"I don't know what you want me to say," she said, now close to tears.

"Why don't you leave her alone?" said the landscape painter. "She looks like a sensitive person, and she's never been through this before. Why do we all have to jump on her at once? Why is it always breaking people down?"

"Remember the ten commandments of the marathon," the therapist said, with obvious annoyance. "No protection . . ."

"O.K.," said one of the psychiatrists, turning to the landscape painter. "Let's talk about you. What's your hangup?"

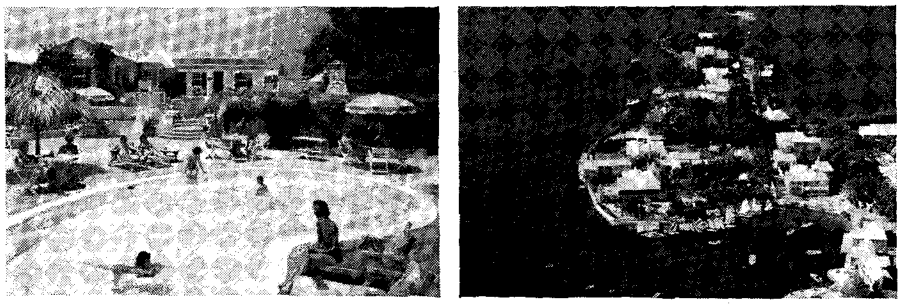
The painter said he had been in therapy with the other psychiatrist in the room for seven years, and that they both felt they had come to a point where they were making no further progress. This was discussed for a while, and several members implied that although it took considerable courage to come to a marathon together, there must be a homosexual undercurrent between them. It had grown dark, and supper was brought in.

"Why are you sitting there like that?" the actress suddenly said bitterly to the landscape painter. "With your head drawn in and your arms hanging down like some kind of ape or something? And what would you call those boots you're wearing? Why don't you sit there like a human being?"

"I guess I don't have a very high opinion of myself," the painter said, glancing over toward his psychiatrist. "These are special therapeutic shoes. I have trouble with my feet."

"Diana is a very *special* patient," the therapist said, turning to the actress. "And I want to *share* this with you. I once made advances to her, and she turned me away. When she left our group in the West, she was given a trophy for being the most giving and sharing member of the group. Tell them about yourself, Diana. Diana is a very serious artist."

Diana began to weep, and remained in tears for the rest of the session. It turned out that she was a kind of therapy nomad, travelling from group to group, and that she had not yet lit in a group in New York. (One of the New York psychiatrists immediately



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handed her his card.) Diana's current problem, as she saw it, was that after two unsuccessful marriages she was having an affair with a textile merchant from her former group who had gangster affiliations and was pressing her to marry him.

"Tell them the *truth*," said the therapist. "Tell them that Sol is *impotent*. Tell them that he is *imprinted* on his former wife."

Diana allowed that this was true. "But he loves me," she said, pushing her dachshund aside and crying into a fresh handkerchief.

The group discussed for an hour or two what this might mean. Then other members began to talk about their own, extramarital affairs.

One of the New York psychiatrists, a bachelor, said, when the conversation turned suddenly to him, "I don't have any real hangups at the moment. I just came to watch what you all were doing and feeling. My life is satisfactory. I go out with Swedish air hostesses. I learned the secret in Paris. You just talk to their navel and they come around."

"Have you ever been in analysis?" said the actress, narrowing her eyes.

"No," the psychiatrist said. "But I'm a pretty smart guy. I can fix my patients up all right. I just don't have any real hangups at the moment."

"Would you like to sleep with either of the girls here?" the therapist asked.

"I would," said the shy member of the hospital staff.

"Well, you can do it when we make subgroups after the marathon. Tell us, Lizzie, do you think you are good in bed?"

"I *don't* know," the receptionist said. "I guess so." Then, apparently startled by the turn the conversation had taken, she looked suddenly agonized.

The remainder of the night was spent in discussion of sexual adventures. The therapist, prefacing each remark with "I want to *share* this with you," shared several of his own and gave the young men advice in the conduct of theirs.

After breakfast Sunday morning, the hours were spent in "going around." The bachelor psychiatrist with no hangups suggested that unless the receptionist went into therapy immediately she might soon slash her wrists.

The painter suggested to the actress that she stop attending groups for a while. "Do you know what I mean when I say that?" he asked kindly.

"I know what *you* mean," she said, glancing slowly from his head to his

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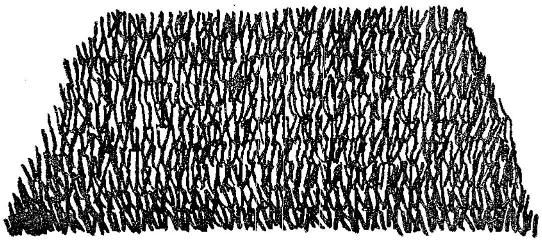

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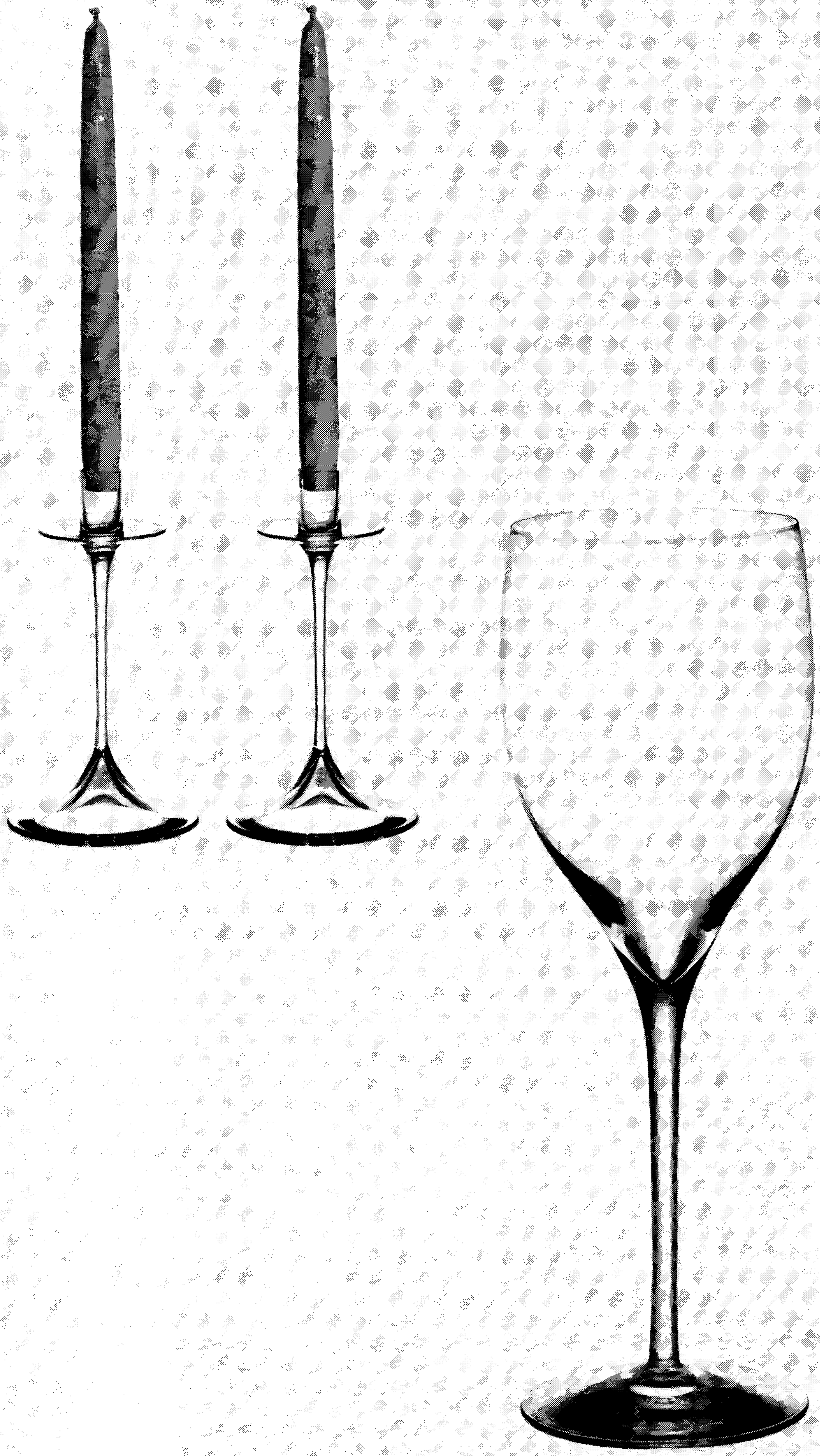

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feet, "but I'm afraid I won't take your advice."

The hospital administrator said to the therapist (in a perfect imitation of the therapist's voice and accent), "You know, Emil, I'm *puzzled* about you. I *respond* to phonies, and if somebody *out*side asked me about you, I'd say you were phony clear through. You hear what I'm *shar*ing?"

"Do you think you're *amusing*?" asked the therapist, with real rage. "Are you *enjoying* yourself? If you ever say anything like that outside, I'll ram it down your *throat*. I'll make your name a *dirty word* in every hospital in the country."

The administrator backed down and apologized.

At four o'clock Sunday afternoon, tea with rum was served. The therapist insisted that members join hands and sing, to the tune of "O Tannenbaum," "Oh, marathon, my marathon, without you it could not go on." Then several members exchanged addresses, and the therapist and the actress embraced. She was still in tears, and the dachshund scrabbled and whined at their feet.

"I wanted to ask you something," the landscape painter said earnestly to the therapist. "So many Americans go to foreign analysts, when you might think understanding the language was so important. Do you think a foreigner means the Dark Father to them—something demonic?"

The therapist giggled.

"And what's the control?" the painter continued. "I mean, you ask everybody to form 'subgroups' after the marathon and everything. How do you know it's not going to get out of hand?"

"*I* am the control," the therapist said. "I have a very therapeutic person*al*ity."

The receptionist asked the therapist for a cigarette.

"How many are left?" he asked.

The receptionist examined the pack on the table. "Two," she said.

"Then you may not have one," the therapist said. "I like to have a b.m. in the evening and one in the morning, and I need a cigarette for each of them."

The receptionist waited until the therapist looked away, and then, with her first cheerful smile of the occasion, calmly smoked both of his cigarettes and left for home.

The therapist, giving one last, detailed account of an adventure he anticipated for that night, picked up the empty package of cigarettes and returned to his hotel room for a short

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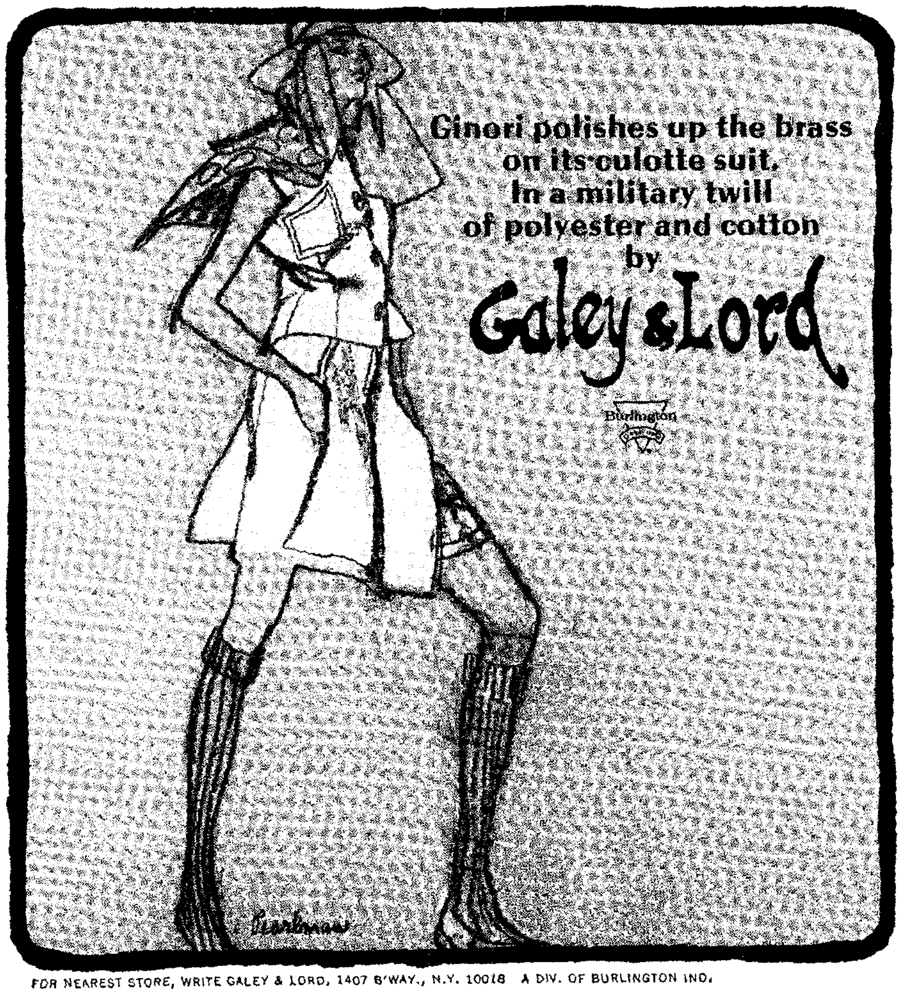

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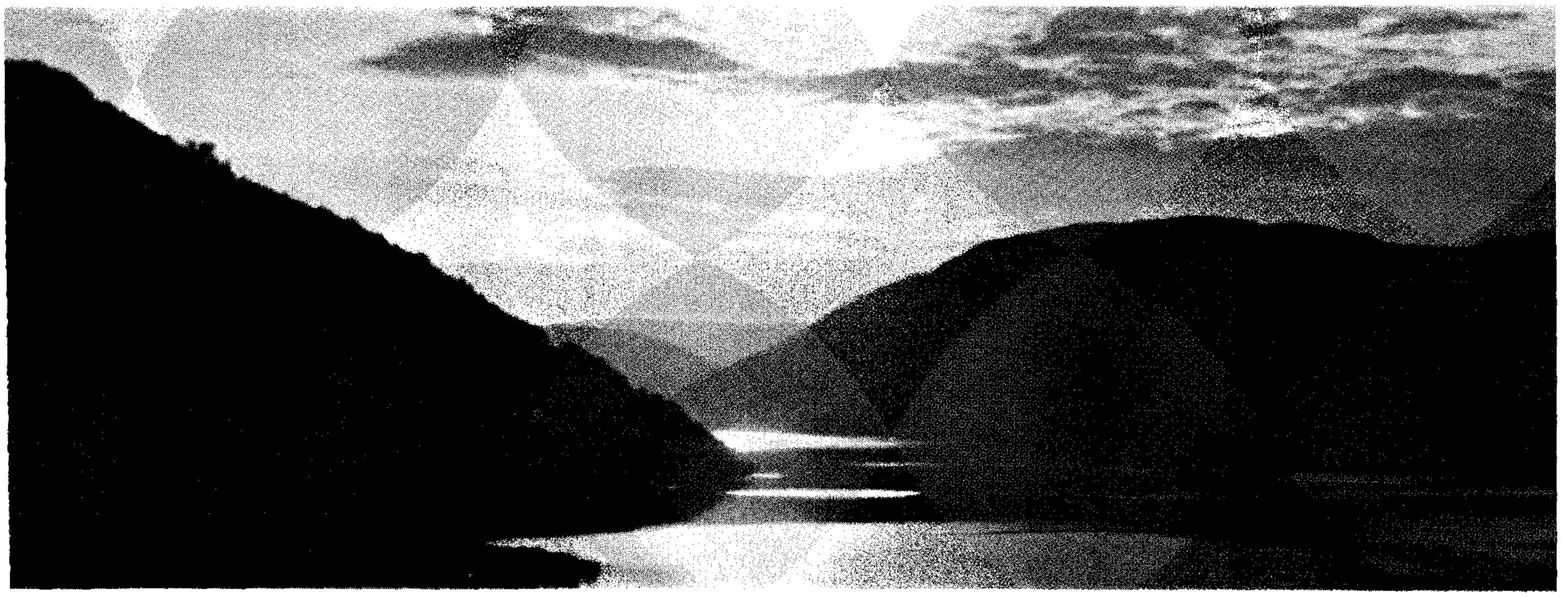

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FAR more common and far less concerned with the mystique of "therapeutic personalities" are the weekly or semi-weekly therapy groups conducted by relatively orthodox analysts for urban neurotics, or just the urban lonely. One such group convenes each Tuesday night in the office of a therapist in the upper Seventies, near Park Avenue. This therapist is highly qualified, possessing a degree in psychiatry, a Ph.D. in psychology, and a degree from a psychoanalytic institute, where he was himself psychoanalyzed and of whose faculty he is now a member. He is of the non-directive school, saying very little, interpreting only now and then, but he is also receptive to innovations in the field. He speaks with particular interest, for example, of a widely respected colleague who created a television program, which ran for six months on a major network and which consisted solely of reënactments of one of the colleague's therapy groups from week to week. The program, although it ultimately failed for lack of a sponsor, attracted a devoted following, and the therapist noted that the members of the group profited enormously from seeing themselves portrayed each week on the screen. Some initial worry on the part of the patients that they might be identified by their families or friends was laid to rest when one member, a woman who complained constantly of lack of communication with her husband and their adolescent son, watched the program with both of them one evening when the session was devoted almost exclusively to her problems. At the end of the program, her son turned to her husband and said that he did not understand why such a nice and obviously normal lady should be in therapy at all. The group was disbanded, and all but two of its members were pronounced "cured," a few months after the television series came to an end. The two remaining members became the core of a new group, and were cured themselves a few months after that.

The therapist's present Tuesday-evening group consists of seven members, all of whom have reason to consider themselves failures in some widely accepted meaning of the term. A physicist in his early thirties cannot bring himself to move out of his parents' home, because, he claims, his mother needs him around the house and his

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father needs the use of his car. A former burlesque comedian in his fifties, who is now a night clerk in a hotel, cannot bring himself to move out of his mother's apartment, because, he says, it would be too much trouble to pack his books. A middle-aged scholar who also lives with his parents had a nervous breakdown in the middle of teaching a class in history at a girls' college, which gave him a leave of absence to undergo treatment. A psychiatric social worker in her thirties is having trouble at the office, because she is distracted by a feeling that she ought to move back to Tennessee, where she fears her aging parents are going to die in her absence. A forty-nine-year-old secretary with an exceptionally loud, shrill voice (because, she says, her older brother never listened to her and her father always silenced her when she hummed) weeps frequently because, on the half-dozen dates she has had in her life, she has found that "all men are after the same thing." Another woman, who is twenty, and who both overeats and gets migraines whenever her mother comes to visit, is heavily dependent, despite being married and a mother, on a girl friend. A fifty-year-old liquor salesman, who complains that his wife talks too much, occasionally goes on binges with prostitutes, whom he longs, but does not dare, to beat up. ("Maybe when you get better," one of the women once said to him, smiling, "you'll have the courage to *beat* one up, and get it over with.")

The therapist also has a seven-member Wednesday group, which includes the night clerk from the Tuesday group; the twenty-one-year-old husband of the twenty-year-old woman in the Tuesday group; a wealthy young musician who has not been able to work in two years; a receptionist in a law firm who, at twenty-two, has an illegitimate baby and is living in her mother's apartment (she cannot afford an apartment of her own at the moment, because she uses the money for therapy); a woman in her early sixties who cannot decide between two lovers, and who is thinking of changing her job (from secretarial work to kindergarten teaching); and two lonely graduate students who dread their Ph.D. exams.

Both the Tuesday and the Wednesday groups are likely to spend their hour and a half in the doctor's office recounting the nagging problems of their daily lives—people who have spoken sharply to them, people to whom *they* have spoken sharply, setbacks at the office, guilt, loneliness, frustrated ambition, problems in breaking away from

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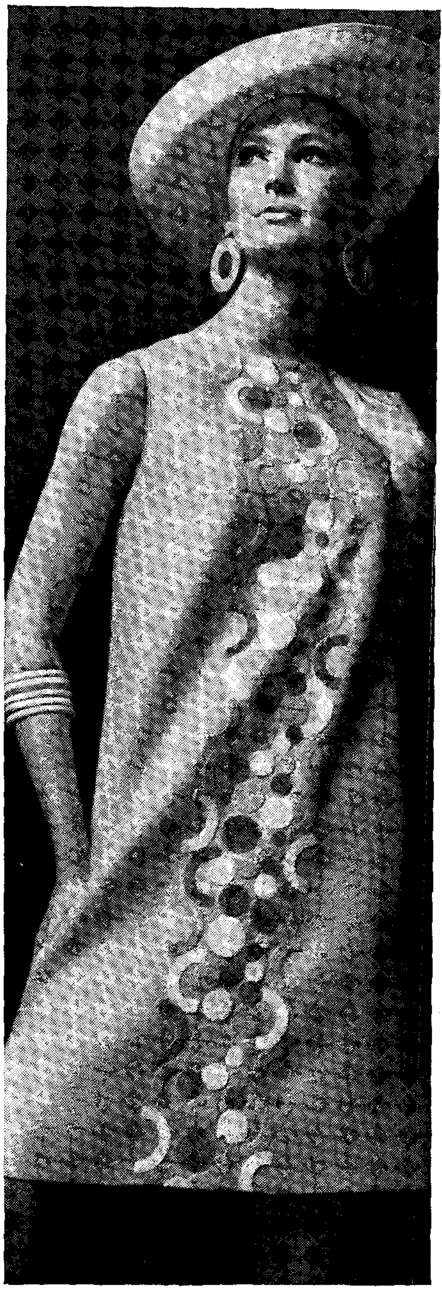

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their parents. The doctor, who normally looks rather sleepy, offers words of encouragement now and then, but for the most part the members seem to draw their consolation from each other's presence. After the session, both groups adjourn to Phebe's Whamburger, where the conversation becomes indistinguishable from any ordinary social exchange. The doctor does not encourage his patients to meet outside the office. "I find that sooner or later, if they see each other outside the group," he has said, "a couple of patients will have an affair. And sooner or later one of them—usually the male—will tell the group about it. Then the girl drops out. I don't call that therapy; that's acting out. The important thing is that the group should provide a new experience *within* the session—the experience of being listened to, and criticized, and understood. When the results of that experience are carried into life, the old neurotic patterns break and improvement starts."

Not all groups, or even the majority, are composed of what could be called, in worldly terms, misfits or failures. Some are composed of people who would strike the casual observer in their social or professional set as having fewer problems than are to be found among random guests at a cocktail party. One group, which for some months recently met each Thursday, at four, in the same building as the Tuesday and Wednesday groups—but with another therapist—had ten members, of whom five were "old," having attended meetings for more than a year, and five were "new," having joined the group within the past six months. The group also held an open-end session each Monday night at a member's apartment, without the therapist, who said he was unworried by the possibility of acting out. Patients who wanted to sleep together, he said, would do so with or without alternate sessions—and if marriage should result, they would at least know more about each other than couples who had never been in therapy together ever could.

The old, or core, members were Leigh, a successful stockbroker in his middle forties, who had been twice married, twice divorced, and was about to be married again, this time to an Italian movie star; Dinah, a beautiful woman of forty, who had been married at fifteen and then, after a brief career as a model, had got a divorce and married an accountant with three children by a former marriage (they had three children together); Jonathan, an advertising executive in his early thirties,

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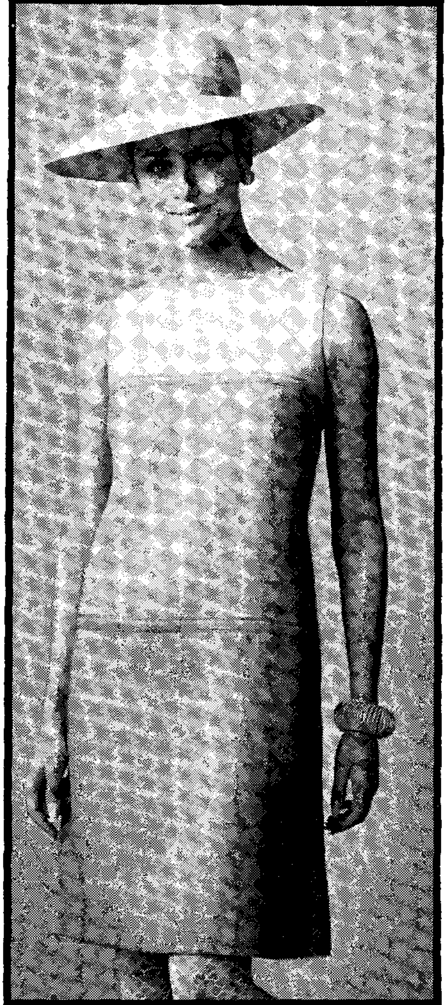

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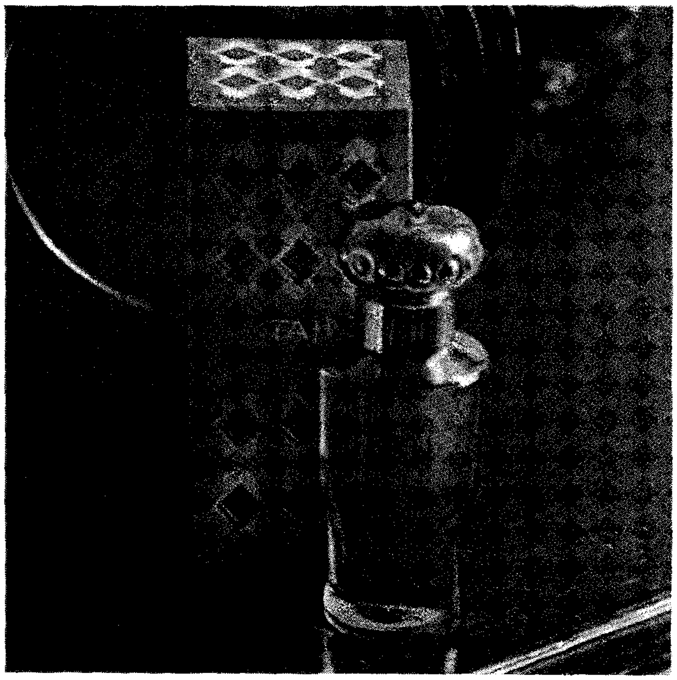

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married, and a part-time alcoholic, homosexual, and drug addict; Alvin, a record-company executive, who had been four times married, four times divorced; and Don, a bachelor lawyer, who was on vacation in South America during the time the new members came in. The new members were Benny, a sportswriter for a newspaper; Clara, Benny's wife, who was a dietitian in a girls' reformatory, and who had transferred from another group to be with her husband; Max, a diamond cutter from Czechoslovakia, who lived with his mother (with whom, as the youngest of six children, he had slept in the same bed until he was five); Emily, a twenty-three-year-old substitute kindergarten teacher, who painted in her free time; and Fern, twenty-nine, the wife of a psychoanalyst and mother of two. All members of the group were rebounds from unsuccessful earlier analyses, and they addressed the therapist by his first name, Reuben.

Reuben's office was painted a bilious green, with several ambiguous paintings (including an androgynous-looking portrait—a picture of a couple of uncertain sex) hung between bookcases filled with works on psychotherapy. The chairs were arranged around a coffee table, on which there were five ashtrays with bases made of beanbags. ("If table ashtrays are used," says a textbook called "A Practicum of Group Psychotherapy," "they might be preferably of the bean bag variety, because if they are thrown, the relatively soft bean bags are likely to hit the target first.") Reuben sat in a stuffed chair in one corner, drinking cherry Cokes and smoking a pipe, while the patients sat wherever they liked. Seating arrangements are regarded as very important in any therapy group; sitting on the right of the therapist is likely to be interpreted as evidence of a need for reassurance, while sitting in the same chair every session is regarded as a sign of rigidity.

IF YOUR PARENTS HAVE BROKEN BOTH YOUR LEGS: One Thursday in midwinter was Emily's and Fern's first in the group. The other members introduced themselves, and both new members looked tensely about the room. Emily, a shock of hair dangling over one eye, was dressed in a suit, smoked constantly, and smiled tentatively at members of the group in turn. Fern, in a tight silk dress, pulled her legs up underneath her and blinked continuously over contact lenses.

Leigh, the stockbroker, began the ses-

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sion by telling about an argument he had had with Dinah, the former model, at the alternate session on Monday evening. He had been speaking bitterly of his parents, and Dinah had suggested that he try to understand and forgive them. "My feeling is that if your parents have broken both your legs, you don't forgive them," Leigh said with considerable heat. "First you try to learn to walk. My father's a psychiatrist, but when I was little we were so poor they had to put me in an orphanage. I had the most horrible dream last night. I dreamed I had a cataract in my left eye, and—"

"Left eye?" said Jonathan, the advertising executive. "Left I. Left me. Your dream was about rejection. I went to a psychiatrist when I was eighteen, and in love with a girl, and he told me I was really gay. So I *became* gay. Later, I found out why he said it. I met the boy he was living with."

"Left me. That's good, Jon," Leigh said. "I know in my *mind* the reality was not rejection. But that's the way it felt, and I can't forget it now."

"I'm sharp with my children sometimes, Leigh," Dinah said. "That's part of the reason I'm here. But I like to think someday they're going to remember the good things, and forgive."

"That's your problem, Dinah," Leigh said. "And you're going to have to face the fact that behind that beautiful façade you're seething with hostility toward your mother."

"I'd like to tell you a dream I had," said Max, the diamond cutter, a short, stolid-looking man with crew-cut, graying hair and a constant expression of bewilderment. "I don't know if it means anything. There was a crippled man walking an enormous dog, and I felt this great—I don't know. Anxiety."

"That crippled man was you, Max," Leigh said without hesitation. "And the dog was your hostile impulses. Can you tell us any more about the dream?"

"No, I can't," said Max. "But, frankly, I think I prefer to be in private therapy."

"That's just why I think you ought to be in Group," Reuben said. "I think you need to learn to relate to other people, unleash the dog."

Fern tugged at the hem of her dress and cleared her throat. "I feel, as a new member, I ought to say something," she said. "My reaction is fear." She turned to the sportswriter, a tall, slightly overweight man with a pink and friendly face. "I think I'm afraid

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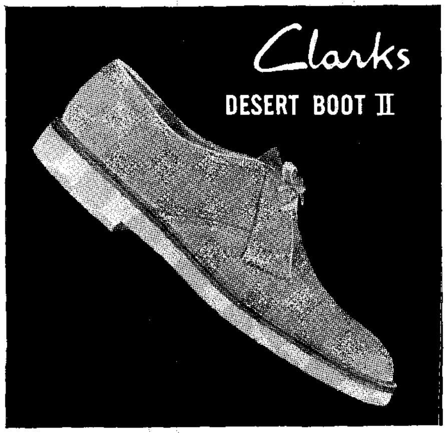

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of you, Benny," she said. "I think you're really hostile to me."

Benny smiled, and lighted his pipe.

"Everyone feels frightened the first time in Group, Fern," said Clara, a large, handsome woman, who had a flower pinned to the jacket of her suit. "You don't have to be afraid. In fact, my complaint is that no one in this group is very open. Nobody interacts."

Several group members protested, and accused Clara of trying to run things.

Clara suddenly began to cry. "I miss my old group," she said. "I was with them for four years, and I think about them all the time. Last night, I wanted to call them. I feel I'm only in this group for Benny, and it's making me terribly isolated and angry."

Fern uncurled her legs. "I like you, Clara," she said.

"Women," said Alvin, the record-company executive, a tall, dark man with a thin, neat mustache, wearing a gold wristwatch studded with diamonds. "This morning, I had the most awful scene at the office. My secretary didn't show up on time, and it made me think of Gloria."

Reuben sighed, and asked Alvin to tell the new members about Gloria.

Alvin said that Gloria had been his girl for three years, that she used to be a patient of Reuben's, and that before going into treatment she had often tried to commit suicide. Just the night before, Alvin had felt alarmed when Gloria got out of bed to go and read in the living room.

"Like your mother," said Reuben. "She was always having fainting spells. When she fainted, you used to think she was abandoning you—is that right, Al?"

"Oh, Christ. I guess so," Alvin said.

"Somehow," Benny said, "I'm always depressed after these sessions in your office, Reuben. I wonder why that is."

Reuben smiled. "I always want you to feel free to challenge the Father," he said.

With that, the group adjourned for a hamburger, not at Phebe's but at Mayhew's, a few blocks farther down Madison Avenue.

ALVIN: The alternate session—Fern's and Emily's first—was held in Alvin's apartment, a penthouse on the upper East Side. In the foyer was a round red velvet sofa, of the sort used in beauty-parlor waiting rooms, on which the members dropped their coats. The living room was filled with antique furniture, many shiny creeping plants, potted palms, and statuary (an angel reaching down to touch the breast of a nymph, and the like). Benny and Clara arrived early. Jonathan arrived soon afterward, with his bicycle, which he brought up in the gilded elevator and left outside the apartment door. The rest of the group all arrived at once—Fern wearing slacks and glasses (instead of contact lenses), Emily wearing the same suit she had worn Thursday afternoon. Alvin received them in a red turtleneck and red socks, a gray cashmere sweater, black slacks, and red-trimmed slippers. On a coffee table he had set out fruit and cheese, and there was instant coffee in the kitchen.

"I want to talk about Gloria," Alvin said after everybody sat down. "I've been so depressed all week. I didn't think I was going to talk about it, but I found myself looking forward to the group like it was my family. I wouldn't even let the maid pick out the fruit. I picked it out myself. I'm in bad shape. Gloria and me, you know, we were going on a cruise. And she said she felt she ought to have some dresses—maybe a couple. So I said, 'Go ahead.' So she comes back from Bergdorf Goodman with eleven dresses. *Eleven* dresses. I said, 'Gloria honey, when you said you were going to buy a couple of dresses, did you have to buy *eleven*?' She said, 'Honey, these dresses weren't five hundred dollars. I'm *used* to five-hundred-dollar dresses.' So you know what I said to her? I said, '*Then, for Christ's sake, why don't you find yourself a five-hundred-dollar John?*' So the cruise is off. She walked out on me."

"Alvin, sweetie," said Dinah. "Don't you understand? She was only buying her trousseau."

"I don't know why, Dinah," said Clara, "but you always seem to me like the group mother."

"Not to me," Fern said bitterly. "She seems to me more like a whore."

"Trousseau," Alvin said thoughtfully. "You know how it was when I first met Gloria? I was dying for her to marry me. After four marriages. I was pleading. She was seeing Reuben at the time, and she used to bite her fingernails, and she said, 'Al, I'll marry you when my nails grow long.' So one day she wasn't biting her nails anymore, and I said, 'Gloria honey, your

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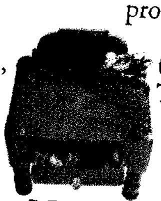

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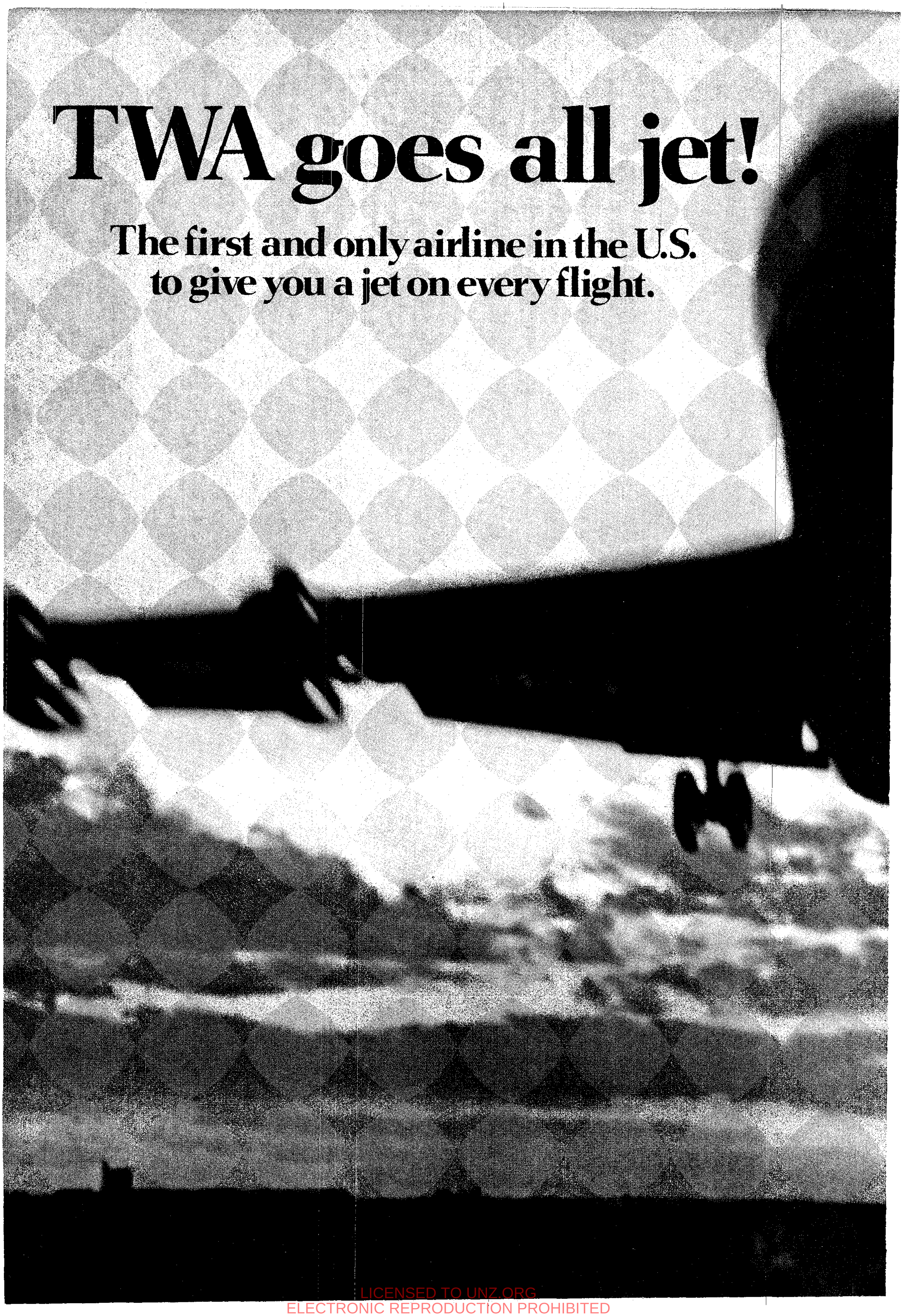

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nails are long. Let's get married now.' So you know what she told me to do? She told me I should see Reuben myself. Now I'm not sure I want to marry *her*. I been seeing other broads since we broke up. I told Reuben about them, and he just sort of snickers. I think he likes to hear about it."

"Alvin, you're how old—fifty—now?" said Jonathan. "You don't want to die alone, do you? I have to make the same decision every day in my marriage—whether I'm going to stick with Sandy or start going gay again."

"Please, Jon, for Christ's sake, don't start that gay stuff," Alvin said.

"I don't know why I'm so hostile sometimes," Fern said, pulling her legs underneath her on the seat again. "My husband is a successful analyst. Everything he does he does just right, and I want to slap him. In a way, I'd like to see him fail at something. It seems like everything I feel I also feel the opposite. I want you to like me, but I can't seem to find the real me. And I think if I stop being hostile, if I try to repress it and make you all like me, *I'll lose the last little bit of the real me that I've got.*"

Emily had seemed for some time on the verge of saying something, and Leigh asked her what her problem was.

"There's not much to tell," Emily said. "I teach, and sometimes I paint, although I never seem to do very much. Lately, I don't even want to see my friends. I go out with a homosexual artist, but I'm just so tired of dates, and parties, and people. I'm becoming a secret bitch. I double-book dates for no reason, and then I call up, or dial the telegraph office in some faraway place direct and send a telegram, to say I can't show up. It's sort of a joke."

"Freud tells us there are no jokes," Leigh said.

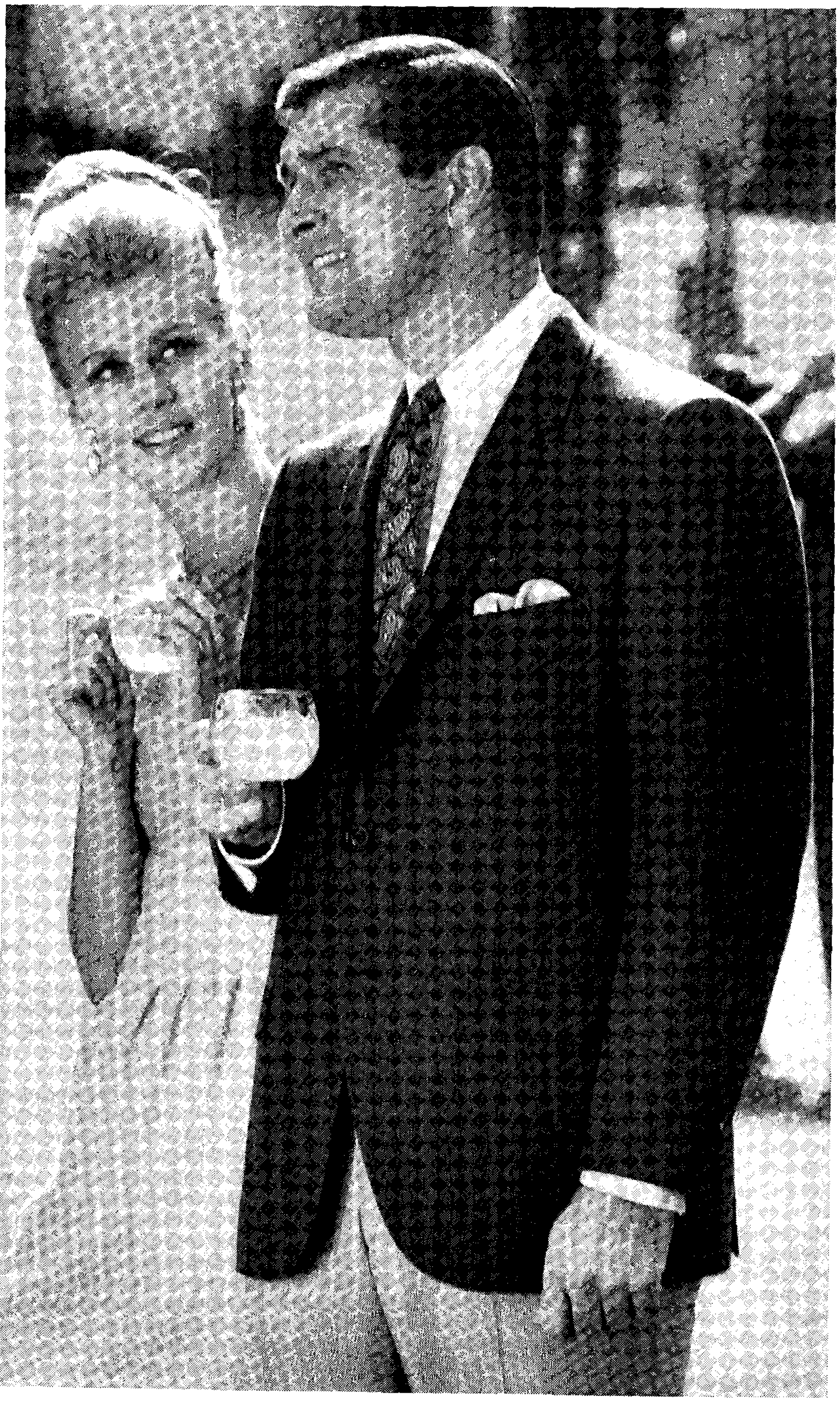
"There's nothing wrong with you, Emily, except you ought to wear shorter skirts," Alvin said. "You got good legs. And you ought to get that hair out of your eyes."

Benny mumbled something, and Clara asked him to repeat it. "There are years of my marriage I just can't remember at all," he said.

Fern interrupted. "That's strange," she said. "You know, in all the years since my mother died, I've never gone to visit her grave."

Dinah was crying softly, and Clara asked her why.

"I'm crying for Leigh," Dinah said. "He's getting well." Then she smiled. "Sooner or later, every girl



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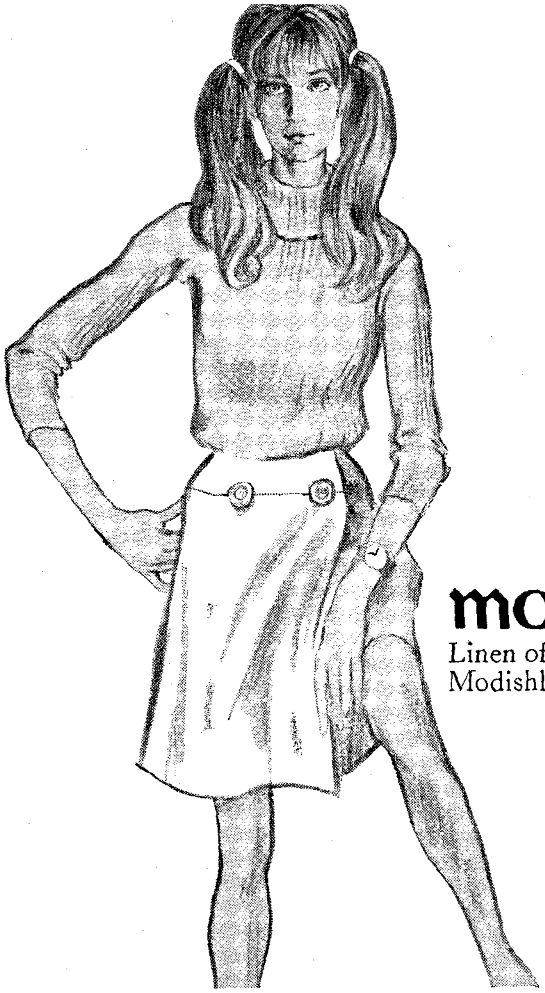

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in this group falls in love with Leigh," she said.

Wait a Minute. I Have to Think: The next Thursday, in Reuben's office, Dinah said that the night before, when she couldn't sleep, "instead of counting sheep" she had rated the group members in her mind, and found that she would like to spend time with Emily and Max, in spite of the fact that they were relatively new in the group. "I think they look as though they had a sense of humor about themselves," she said. "Although I suppose it's only a guard against the trauma of treatment."

"I don't think of you as having such a great sense of humor, Dinah," Jonathan said. "Irony, maybe, but not humor. Most of the talk you produce is pain talk. Beautiful pain talk, but pain talk all the same."

Fern said she felt hurt by being left out of Dinah's rating.

"Sweetie," said Dinah, "you were pretty hostile to me the other night. You called me a whore. In the adult world, that gets a reaction."

"You've got to realize that Dinah is Miss Tailored Woman of 1966," Jonathan said, "and if you offend her she's going to hit you with her handbag."

"Anyway, Dinah's ratings are like a tennis ladder," Leigh said. "Next week, you may be on top. You never know."

"I had a funny dream," Fern said. "I was feeling hostile and I went with this man to a chichi hotel—"

"Chichi," Jonathan said. "She. *She's* your mother, obviously. The hotel was your mother's house, and the man you were going with was your father."

"Wait a minute. I have to think," Fern said.

"I might as well say that I'm feeling good," Jonathan said. "I'm a success at the agency, my marriage is going well, and I even bragged about the group. You're not losers. You're winners—a record tycoon, a sportswriter, a model, the wife of a successful analyst."

"Jon," Reuben said, "maybe if you could mute your high moods you could mute the lows a little."

"For Christ's sake," Jonathan said, picking up an ashtray, "you're down on me when I'm on dope or picking up boys in the street. Now you're even down on me for being burgherish."

"Jon," Dinah said, "maybe your highs are so high because your lows are so convulsive."

"It may just be a bid for his father's

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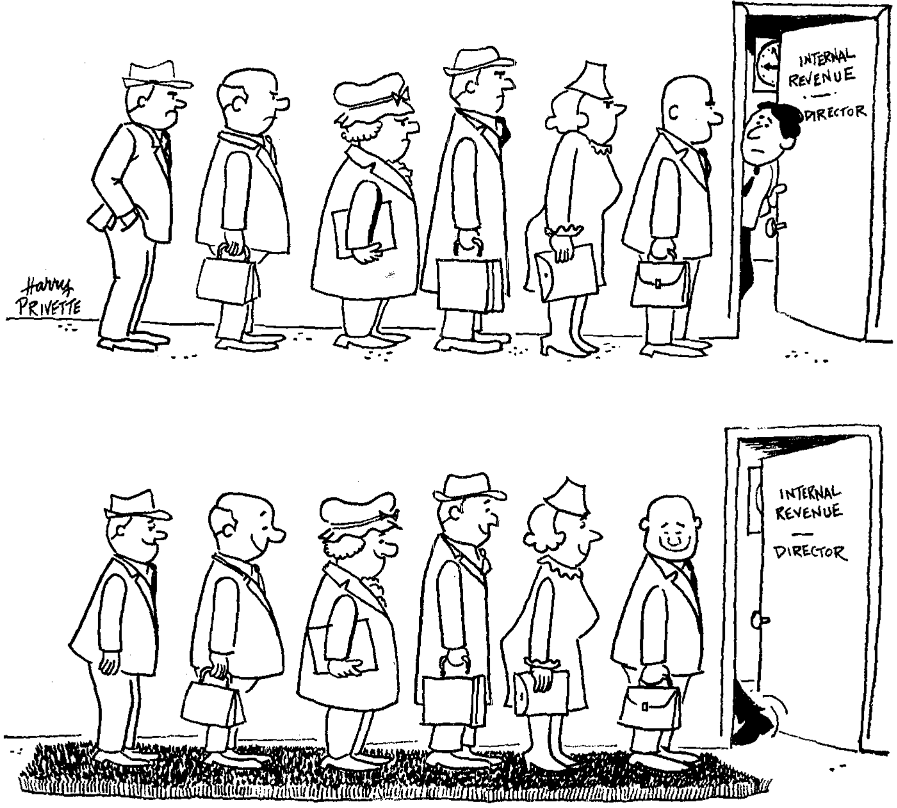

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attention," Reuben said. "You know what your father said—he said you were either a criminal or a twinkletoes. Your father was always judging you."

"One night, my brother and I came home late from being out with a couple of girls, and my father kept asking us where we'd been," Jonathan said, putting down the ashtray. "Finally, he beat us up and sent us to bed. Next day, I found out why. A family of five had been murdered, and he thought we must have done it."

"That's funny," Emily said. "Once, I was out on a date in high school with my boy friend and I came home late. *My* mother said, 'Oh, God, I thought he must have strangled you and thrown you in the lake.' "

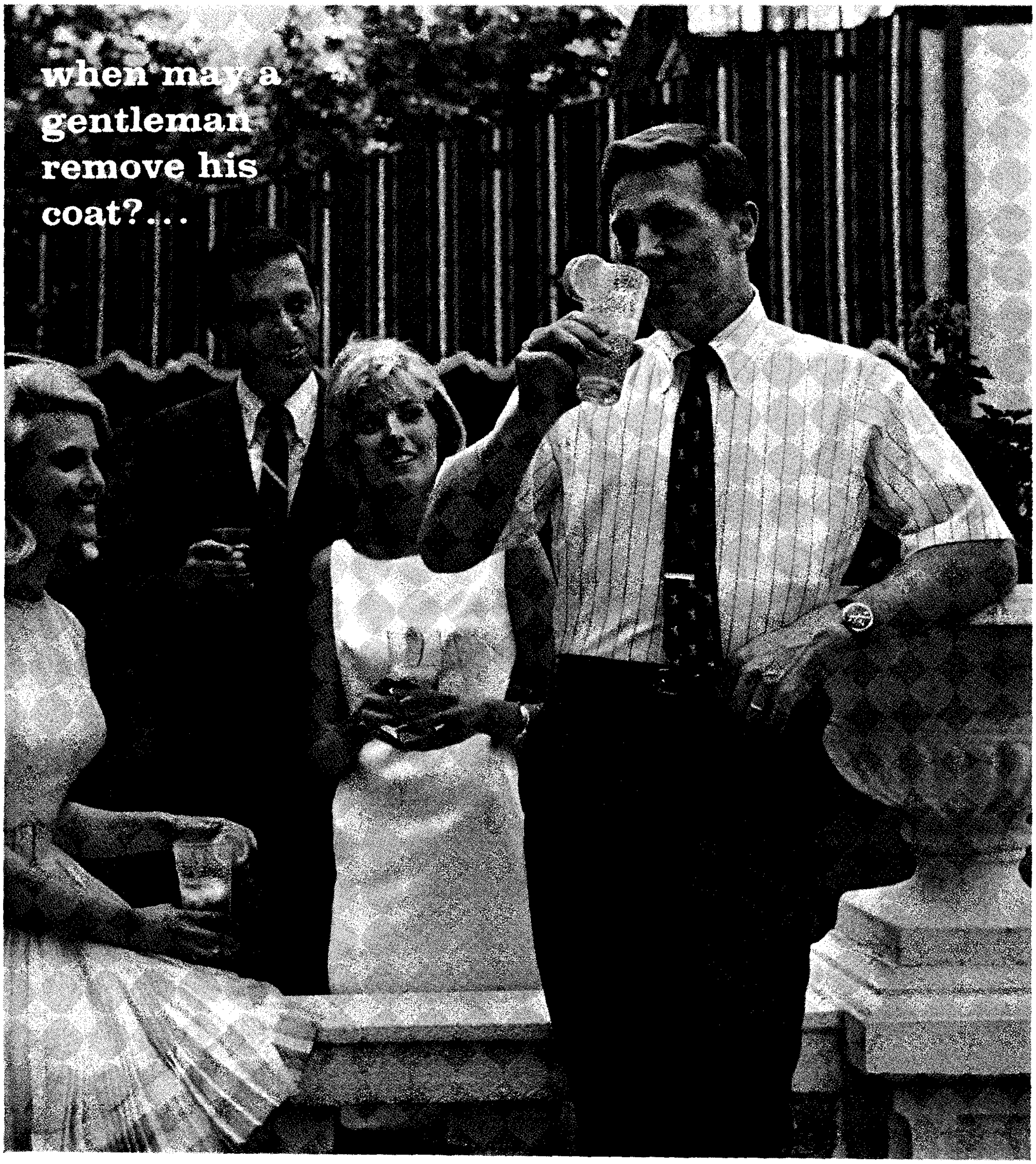
"Jon," Clara said, "did you ever think that just because you have impulses you don't need to act them out?"

"You don't give a damn about me, Clara," Jonathan said, really angry. "And neither does Reuben. I believe in hypocrisy and repression all right. 'Hypocrisy is as natural to man as slime to a fish'—that's Kierkegaard. But we're all hung up on our impulses, baby. That's why you're here."

"We're here because we're caricatures of the people we ought to be," Leigh said. "Sometimes I feel there's this *invisible hand* reaching out of our childhood and making us do the neurotic, stereotyped things that keep us from being really alive."

Dinah informed the group that she would miss the following session, because she was going to Los Angeles to visit her mother. "I'm just telling you in advance," she said, "so there won't be any anxiety."

If Anything Genuine Is Said, I'll React to It: The Monday meeting was held in Jonathan's apartment, on the fringe of Harlem. (His wife was off at a meeting of another group, to which *she* belonged.) The living room was painted dark blue, the walls were covered with paintings of nudes, and there were life-size papier-mâché statues of royal personages standing about the apartment. What served as a coffee table was a broad, rough piece of timber supported at each end by bricks, and Jonathan, who began to talk as soon as the first members came into the apartment, continually stabbed the timber with a cheese knife for emphasis. "I don't know what's wrong with me," he said. "Last week, after Group, I picked up five men in the public bath, and then afterward I felt so bad I shot some junk. And last night, in bed with



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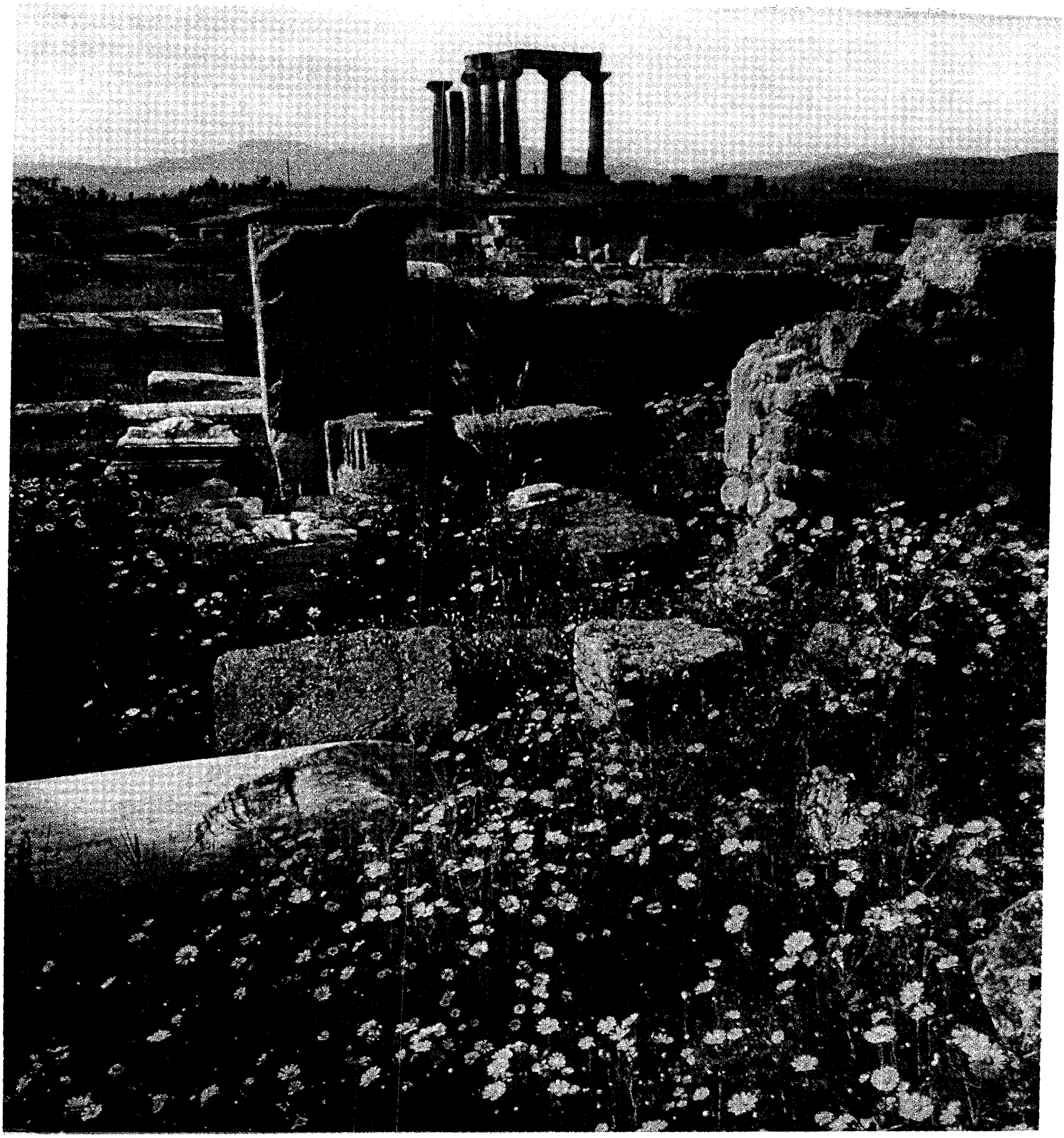

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Sandy, I had a pain under my arm and I thought I was dying of cancer."

"I want to talk about something," Clara said. "I've been having trouble at work with my director."

"Does he remind you of anyone?" Leigh asked.

"Yes, she reminds me of my mother," Clara said. "She never really related to me or my sisters. My sisters used to fight a lot, and I always stayed out of it. All I had was a sense of danger. I can remember living on a farm, and there was this window looking down from the staircase into the kitchen. I just used to sit on the stairs and look in, and feel isolated. Sometimes I went to the meadow, and then I felt—I know this sounds silly, I'm so fat now—like a daffodil. You know, I had this terrible dream. There was a two-headed, four-legged baby *with no body in between.* In the dream I kept thinking, It can be fixed, but the operation will leave scars. It will hurt, but they can fix him."

"That baby is you, Clara," Jonathan said.

"And the operation is therapy," said Alvin.

"Maybe that's why I eat so much," said Clara. "To get a body in between." Then she burst into tears. "I'm crying because you listened to me," she said. "I feel so helpless. No one at my job knows it. I'm not helpless in the world."

"I feel so frustrated and hostile," Fern said. "No one understands me. When Reuben called a few nights ago to ask how I felt about being in the group, I made a joke. I said I was in a state of shock. He took me seriously. He never gets a joke. Analysts don't. I've got to tell the group something. The other night, I slept on my husband's side of the bed. I wanted to be nearer to the children, in case they needed something. You know what he accused me of? He said I was trying to take his rightful place as a man."

"Maybe he was right," Alvin said. "When you arrived at my apartment, and here tonight, in slacks and glasses, you looked such a mess I thought at first you were Emily."

"I want to get back to Jon," Emily said. "I feel we haven't given him anything. His trouble is *serious.* He thought he was dying."

"I'm not trying to make a thing about its being serious," Jonathan said, glancing anxiously over at Leigh.

"When a child has a tantrum, you don't pick him up," Leigh said severely. "Jon wants us to pick him up. We've been through this a hun-

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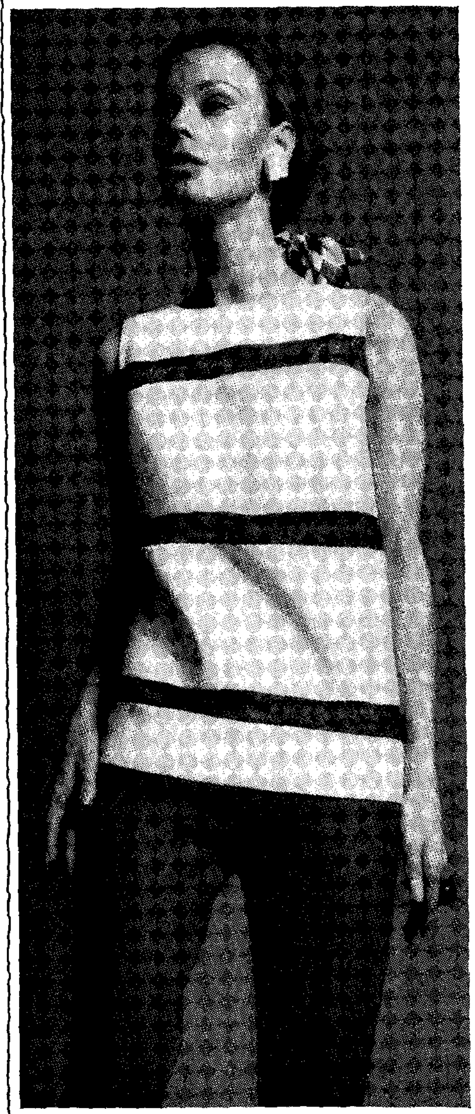

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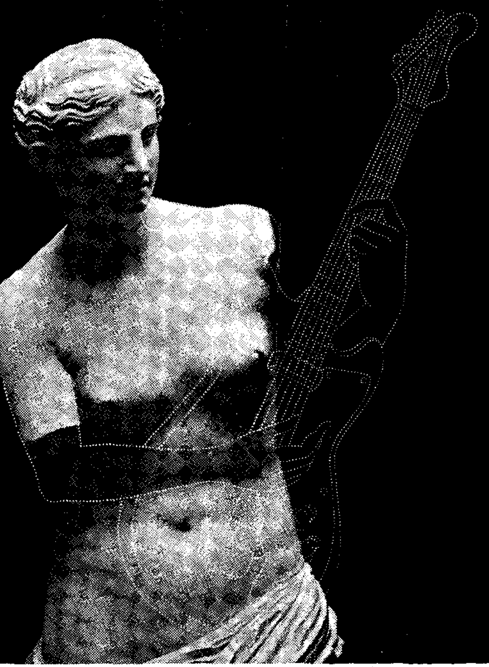

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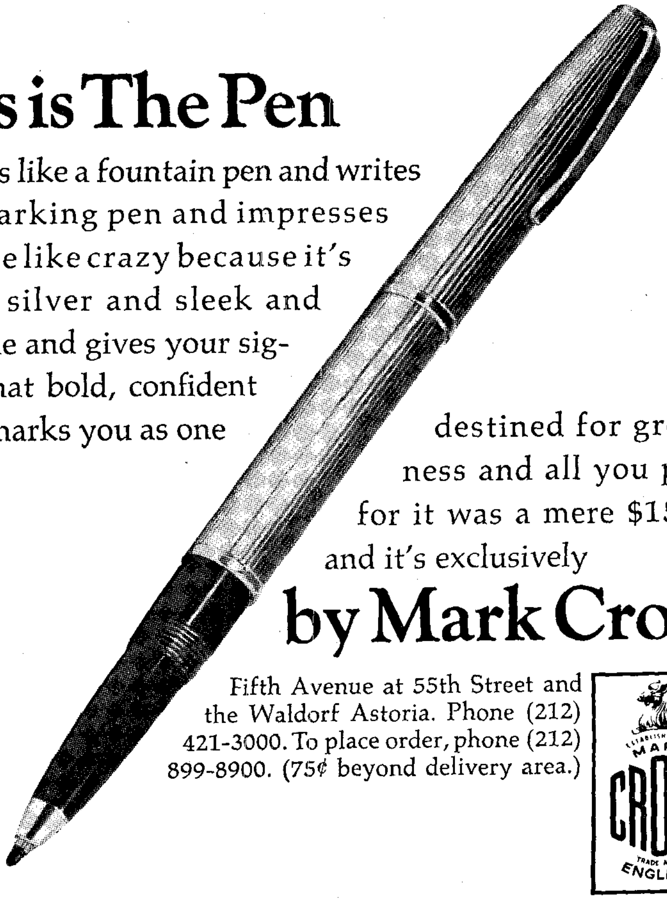

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dred times before. He wants attention."

Jonathan began to complain about Reuben—that he could never be reached in a crisis, and that he left the group three times a year for vacations.

Benny chimed in with a complaint that Reuben was growing hard of hearing and refused to wear his hearing aid.

Max told about having spoiled a diamond he was cutting in his hurry to get to an appointment with Reuben the week before. "Finally, I decided to take a taxi," he said. "At a dollar a minute for individual sessions, it's cheaper to take a taxi."

"The last session I had with Reuben, I spent the whole fifty minutes talking about Gloria," Alvin said. "Fifty minutes. Fifty dollars. I thought, It's cheaper to talk to the group, and from now on I'm only going to talk about Gloria to the group. I can tell Reuben's dying to know about her, but he's not getting another word from me. If he wants to know so much, let him get *her* back in therapy."

"I can't stand the idiotic grin on his face," Clara said. "Once, I told Reuben to get that idiotic grin off his face and stop drinking that goddam cherry Coke, or I would scream."

"What did he say?" Fern asked.

"He started to cry," Clara said. "He's really O.K."

"You know what that grin reminds me of?" Emily said. "When you're a child, and you're singing or dancing, and suddenly you notice that somebody in the corner is just sitting there, with a sort of secret smile. An I've-got-your-number-you're-just-showing-off sort of smile. It makes you self-conscious forever, and it can blight every spontaneous, joyful thing you ever do."

"Maybe we're all complaining about Reuben because it's easier than talking about our own problems," Leigh said.

"*You're* a fine one to talk," Benny said. "Ever since I've been in this group, you've been sitting there like a sphinx, dropping your little pearls of wisdom, never telling us anything about yourself. The function of this group is to interact, and you never respond to anyone."

"Look, Benny," Leigh said. "I've been in this group longer than any of you, and I can tell the new members are not really working. If I feel I can't be genuine, I prefer not to say anything. If anything genuine is said, I'll react to it."

"You don't know how much better Leigh has got," Jonathan said. "You're new, and you think you know what it's about, Ben baby. But when I first joined this group, Leigh was always

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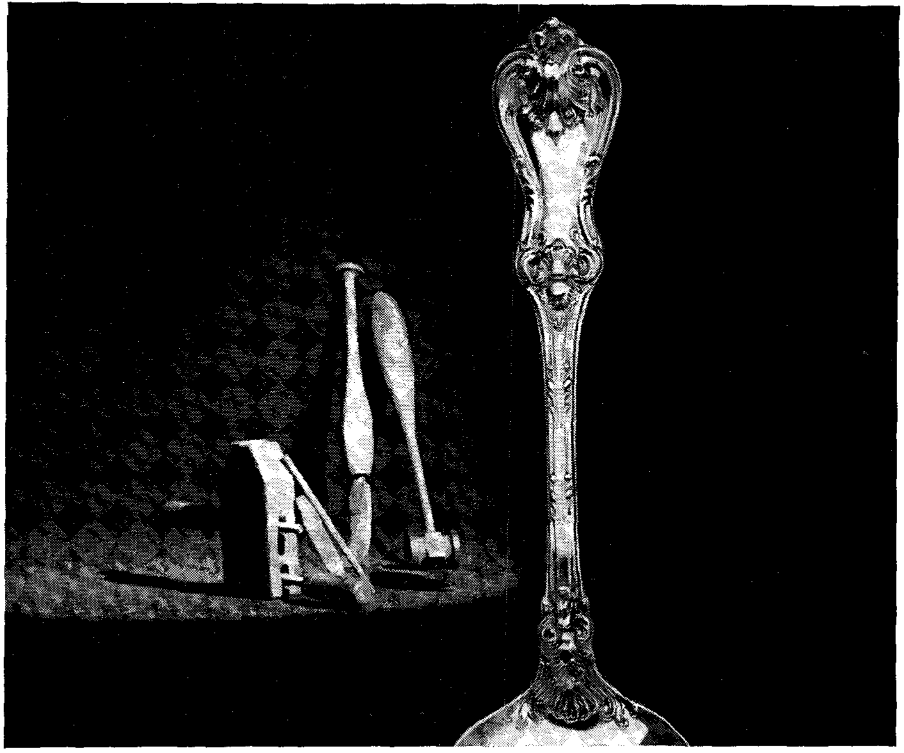

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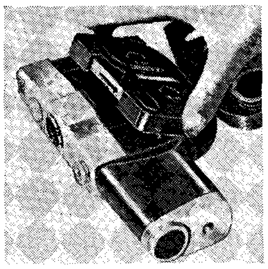

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cleaning his nails or playing with something. Why don't you wait around before you start judging other people?"

Alvin got up abruptly and put on his coat. "I'm going out and meet a broad," he said. "This is the most depressing session we ever had."

"And as for what you said, Benny," Leigh said as everyone got up to leave, "I guess I've got a certain amount of hostility toward the new brothers and sisters. I guess I'll just have to realize that everyone in this group is a slice of life, and adjust myself to it."

DON'S DREAM: At the following session, in Reuben's office, Don, the lawyer who had been in South America, returned to the group, looking tanned and rather shy. Reuben introduced him to the new members and asked whether he had had any interesting experiences on his trip.

"Well, I had this dream," Don said, and he drew out two sheets of paper, typed, single-spaced, and began to read in a slow and stammering voice. The dream was a complicated one, about having tried to follow some girls into a hotel and having been diverted by a prior social commitment to a group of bachelors.

When Don had finished, Max drew himself up in his chair and announced that he thought the dream was boring. "So much detail," he said. "Frankly, I had the feeling no one was listening. No one interrupted, or said anything."

"Nobody interrupts a man who's telling a dream," Alvin said.

"You've known the guy for maybe five minutes," Leigh said. "Can't you give him a chance? What's the matter, Max? Do you identify so strongly with—"

"I just happen to love Don," Jonathan said. "And maybe his *copy* isn't as *bright* as some of ours, but, Max, *yours* isn't exactly the most—"

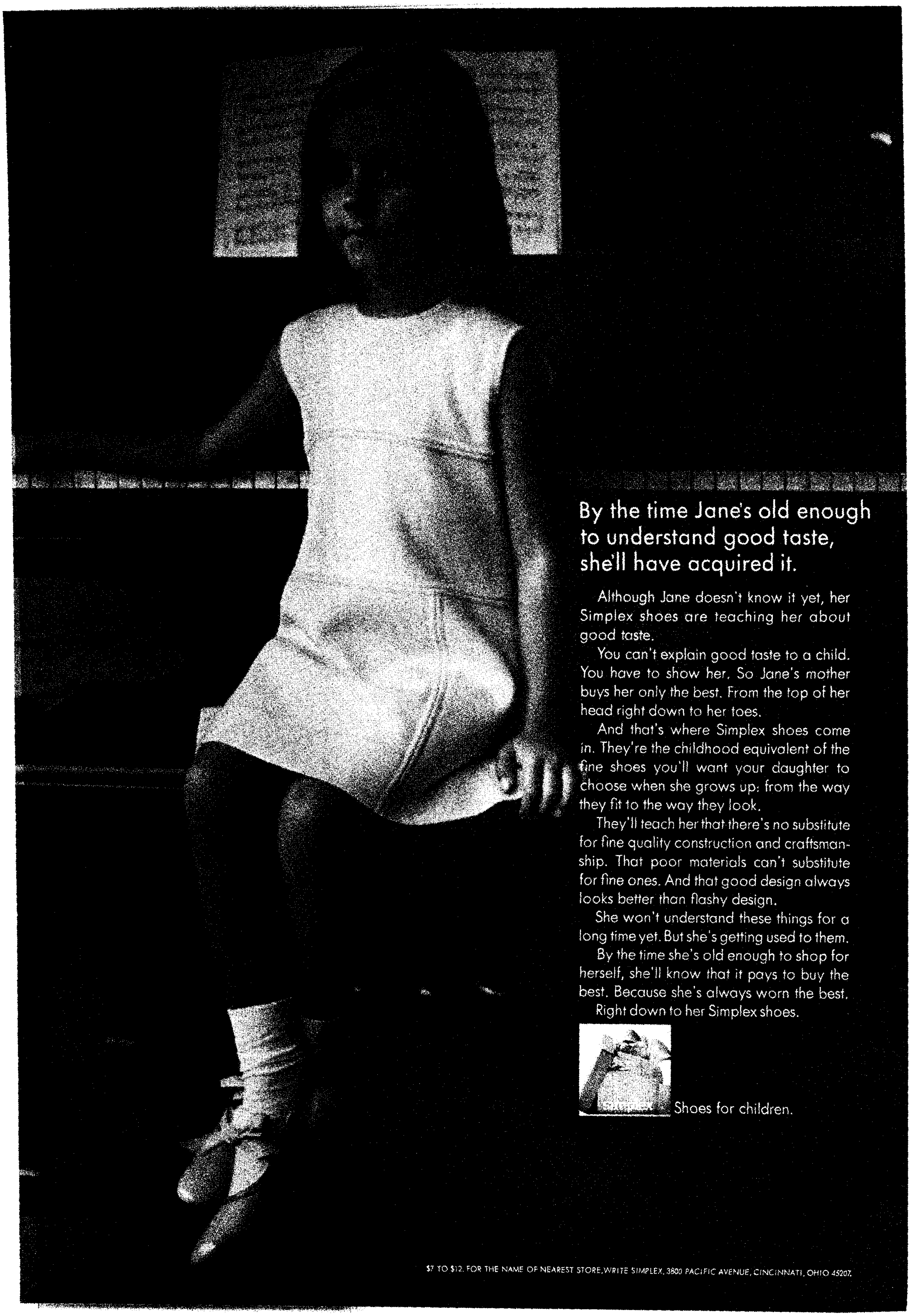
"We've been pretty patient with the boring copy of the new members," Leigh said.

Benny, Clara, Max, and Fern turned on him at once, and the group suddenly divided between old and new members, with Emily taking no side at all.

"Leigh thinks he's the doctor," Benny said. "I frankly think this group is going to break up. The old members have no room for us."

"The hell it is," Jonathan said. "It was going a long time before you—"

Reuben interrupted briefly, to return the conversation to Don, and the re-



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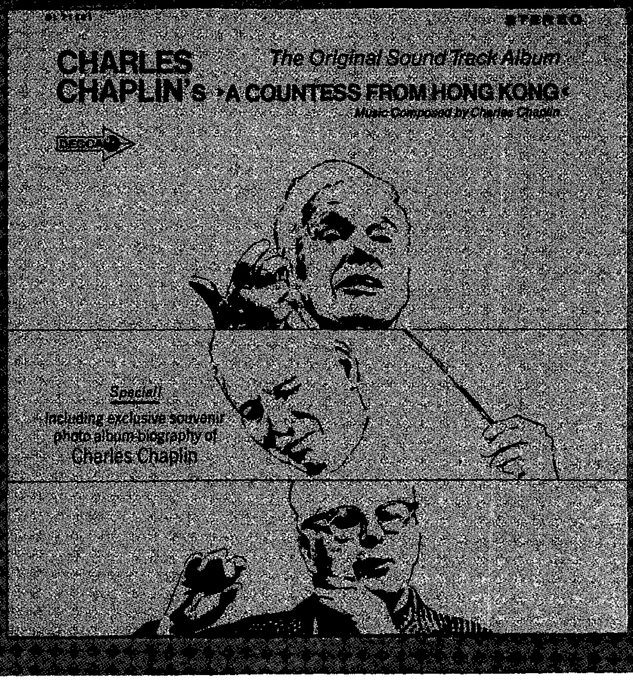
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mainder of the session was spent in interpreting Don's dream. Reuben said it had to do with trying to make contact with the opposite sex. He put the new girls on notice that they must be prepared to interact with Don. Don blushed and stared at the floor. When the group adjourned to Mayhew's, Leigh, Jonathan, and Alvin said they had other plans and left. Don went with the rest, but he did not attend any of the following sessions of the group.

MAXIE FELDENSTEIN, YOU'RE A SHELL: The next alternate session was held at Benny's and Clara's rather bare apartment, in a housing project in the East Village. Dinah had returned from her trip to Los Angeles. Max came very late. Leigh did not come at all.

"I called him, and he said he had a brokers' meeting," Benny said ruefully. "I don't believe him. I'm afraid I really hurt his feelings."

Dinah spoke of having visited her mother and her married sister. The sister had just completed her own analysis, and Dinah wondered whether she herself should now leave the group. "Reuben says the group needs me as a mother figure," she said. "But I don't want to be a *figure* for anyone. I feel I could leave the group now and function perfectly adequately, but I think I'm still getting something out of it for myself. I felt I was functioning just fine before I began analysis, and then suddenly one day I had this dreadful fear of planes, and I knew it was time to start doing something about myself."

Benny told of a recurrent dream, based on a real incident in his life. On a vacation in Florida, he had heard a sound in his baby daughter's bedroom and gone to investigate. A Negro was climbing through the window. Benny had immediately moved his family to another hotel, but the dream was with him still.

"That's not so unnatural, Benny," Jonathan said. "Most fathers have a sexual attraction to their daughters. I wonder if that's what's bothering you."

Fern started to say something, and Alvin interrupted. "Don't interrupt me, Al!" she screamed. "I feel I'm not being listened to. I'm feeling so hostile and guilty about my children. I feel my parents were crazy and I'm crazy and I'm passing the craziness on to them."

"How do you visualize craziness, Fern?" Jonathan asked. "My idea of it

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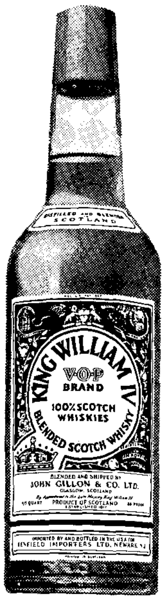

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is that I'm simply going to fall into a coma and die."

"No," Fern said. "I feel I'm going to have a nervous convulsion and be carried away. Like the way I feel when I see a bug. This weekend, Irv and I went to the country, and I saw bugs, and I felt everything was covered with bugs—me, Irv, the kids, everything."

"What kind of bugs?" Jonathan inquired.

"Here. I brought one," Fern said. And she took from her purse a neatly folded piece of Saran wrap containing a dead bug. It was passed from hand to hand and studied.

"I think it's a flea or a louse," Emily said.

Fern sighed.

Dinah brought out a breadstick and laid it on a table beside her. "I brought this to eat in case of anxiety," she said. "This session is turning into a kind of show-and-tell."

Max walked in.

"Where you been, Maxie?" Alvin asked.

"With my mother," Max said.

"Look, Max," Alvin said. "You ought to get out more, and meet girls. I was married—one of my marriages—six years to a call girl I met. They were the happiest years of my life."

Max said nothing.

"What's your last name, Maxie?" Alvin said.

"Feldenstein," Max said.

"Well, then, why don't you ever say anything, Max Feldenstein? Why don't you ever do anything? You know what I'm going to say to you, Max?" Alvin said. "I'm going to say to you, Maxie Feldenstein, you're a shell."

"And you, Fern, with the bugs," Dinah said, picking up the breadstick. "You know what you'll have to do with your fear? You'll have to rise above it. Therapy or no, it's one of those things you have to rise above."

The Group Always Seemed to Be Telling Don to Go, Go, Go: In Reuben's office the following Thursday, Leigh came under fire again for his reticence.

"Look, you won't believe this, but I cried for hours after the last session," Leigh said. "Maybe some of you don't know it, but I'm in private analysis with another psychiatrist, and I tried to work it through with him."

"But then all you are in this group is another non-directive therapist," Max said, scratching his head.

"You're scratching your head, Max," Leigh said absently. "Look, maybe it's just that in my private analysis I like to work things through without other people's counter-transferences' getting in the way. I know in my *head* that's what it is. You're just projecting your own problems, and seeing me as your mother or father or brother, or something. But it hurts all the same, and it's going to take me some time to get used to it."

"But in the meantime you owe us something," Clara said. "If you can't ask anything from us, what are we getting from you?"

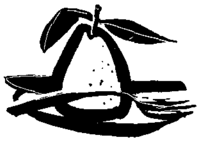
"All right," Leigh said. "Right now I have two problems. I'm scared to death the stock market will go down to 725, and I can't have orgasms. You want to talk about that?"

"Yes, I do," Clara said. "That's a kind of withholding I can identify with."

"All right, sweetie, identify," said Leigh.

Dinah pulled a slip of paper from her purse and read it aloud: " 'On my trip to Los Angeles, I noticed, not for the first time, that my mother thinks she always has to be right. I'm beginning to wonder if I'm the same way. I listed all these qualities in myself—beauty, intelligence, understanding, forbearance. I wonder if I need to think of myself as perfect.' " Dinah began to cry.

"I feel terribly lonely these days," said Max. "I feel somehow no one is interested in what I have to say, except maybe Dinah."



There was a long silence.

"I feel Max is asking the group for some kind of reassurance," Reuben said. "Don't you all feel that you should give him something, even if it's only your hostility?"

Everyone expressed a liking for Max.

"You were late to the alternate session, though," Dinah said gently. "When you come late, you can't expect not to feel left out a little."

"I asked Maxie to have a drink with me after the last Group, and he turned me off," Alvin said. "I think he's afraid to relate."

"And I think he feels guilty for having pushed Don out of the group," Jonathan said. "I think he identified with Don, because Don is just as retiring and just as boring as Max. *That's* his problem."

"Don's dropping out had nothing to

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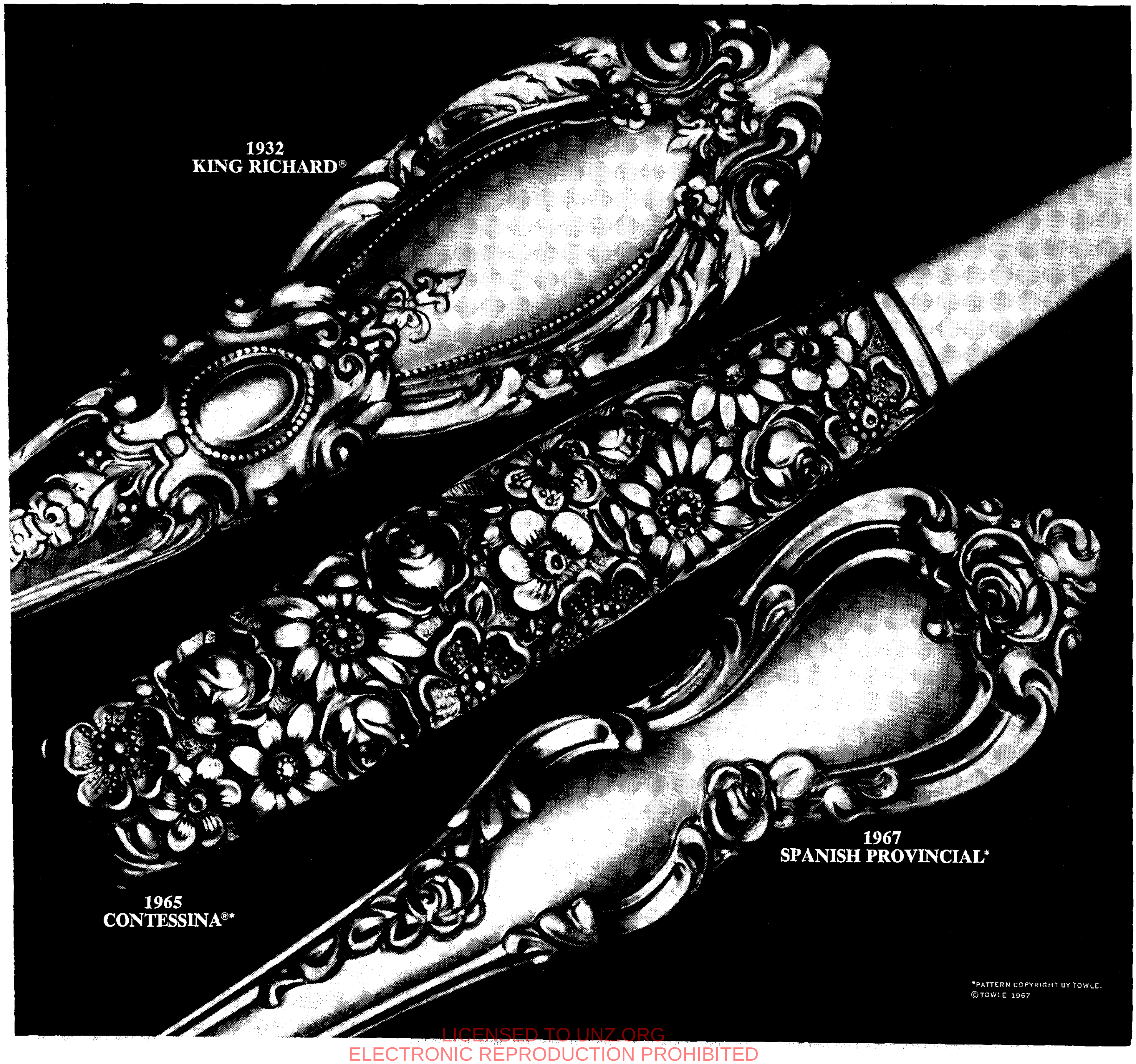

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do with Max," Reuben said. "He had an insight that he wanted to work through in private sessions. Then he'll be coming back to the group."

"I think what pushed him out was Reuben's asking him to interact with the girls," Emily said. "I thought that really put the pressure on."

"Yeah," Alvin said. "Don's a virgin, you know, and before you new members came we were always asking him, after he had a date, 'Did you make it? Did you sleep with her? Did you at least make a pass at her?' "

Dinah said, "The group always seemed to be telling Don to go, go, go."

"Maybe I just identify with Don, but I have the feeling he's really gay and he won't admit it," Jonathan said.

"I don't care if you finally turn straight *or* gay, Jon," Dinah said. "I like you anyway."

"I've just asked Jon to stop acting out his gay impulses," Reuben said. "I wondered what would happen if he analyzed them instead of acting them out. Maybe he'd find out he wasn't gay after all."

"Is that why you counselled me not to sleep with Leigh?" Dinah asked. "So we wouldn't be acting out and could analyze?"

"Yes," Reuben said.

"I just want to say I'm terribly depressed," said Benny. "I've been trying to distract myself by painting, and I find my paintings the most depressing I've ever done."

"Are you taking any pills?" Reuben asked.

"Just a Miltown at bedtime," Benny said.

"Well, stop taking them," Reuben said.

When the group went off to Mayhew's, Max and Alvin broke away. "I have to relate to Alvin," Max said, and they walked off together.

"Cop-out!" Dinah suddenly screamed at Leigh as he got into a cab to go back to his office.

STRUCTURING TIME. INTIMACY. THE ULTIMATE REJECTION: That week, some members of the group got into the habit of calling one another. Telephone conversations, instead of beginning with "How are you?," would begin with "Are you all right?" Benny and Fern began calling each other daily, as did Jonathan and Emily. All the rest except Max (whose last name nobody could remember) called all the other members from time to time. At the Monday meeting, held again in

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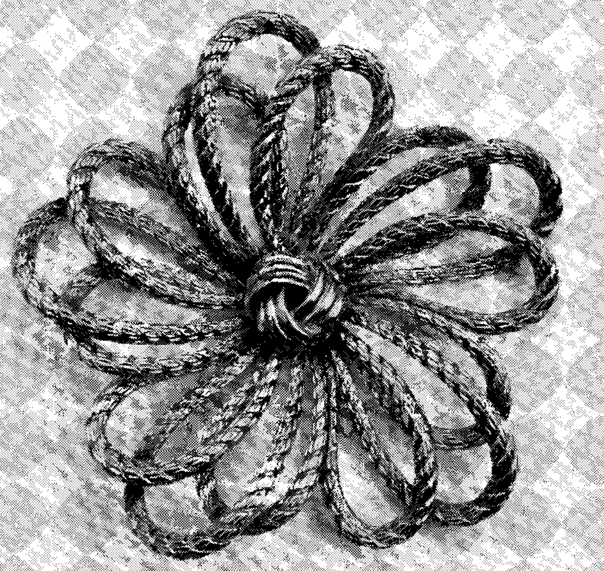

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Alvin's apartment, Benny and Clara were early, as usual, and even Max was not late.

Leigh, who was in an expansive mood, said he and his analyst had reached the insight that Benny and Clara were not interacting with the group and were projecting their lack of communication onto him.

Benny replied that he felt no one had ever done anything for him or could really understand him. He recounted a long anecdote from his childhood, involving his mother and some girdles at Loehmann's. "I go out on my job every night now and I see all those people at the track and they don't seem left out," he said. "They know what they're doing, and why. They even look happy to me, and I just feel lonely."

"Those people at the track are lonely, too, but they're not doing anything about it. It's all a matter of intimacy and structuring time," Leigh said. "They're not in Group, they're not working on their lack of intimacy. We're here because we won't settle for less than being really intimate."

"You know what makes me feel I really belong?" Fern said. "When I parade for a cause. I almost don't care which cause anymore. Last week, I went on an anti-Vietnam parade, and I felt—I don't know how to describe it—so much warmth for everyone."

"I want to go back to what Benny said about nobody understanding him," said Clara, who had been chain-smoking ever since the conversation began. "I left a group that I loved in order to come into this group—"

"There you go again," Benny said, flaring up. "You'll never let me forget this big sacrifice you made by coming here. Whichever side I'm on, Clara takes the opposite. Our older daughter wants to drop out of the church choir this week to take a part in her high-school play. I told her she had a prior commitment to the choir. Clara told her to take the theatre part."

"Are you always so moralistic?" Dinah asked.

Clara fought back tears. "I don't want to cry," she said. "If I cry, Benny will think I'm trying to gain sympathy and he'll only get angry again."

"So what if he does get angry?" Max said. "So you'll get angry back. Is that so terrible?"

"You're a fine one to say that, Max," Alvin said. "You're afraid to get angry at anyone—even your mother. That's why you can never make

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it with women. You're afraid of your anger."

"I can make it with women all right," Max said, bridling. "It just isn't that much fun. Maybe the women I've had are not as attractive as I'd like them to be. Once, I had an attractive girl named Sarah. I thought when I went to my analyst, To hell with all this Freud. I don't want Freud. I want Sarah. And the analyst said I wasn't being realistic. Sarah didn't want me."

"It must have been terrible," Fern said.

"Well, frankly, I guess I was too dependent on Sarah," said Max.

"You mean you loved her," Emily said. " 'Dependent' makes it sound like a pathological condition."

Max told a long, stammering anecdote about a woman he suspected of having made advances to him at a wedding reception, in the course of a conversation about diamond cutting. He was furious at himself for not having responded at once. "I'm always having delayed reactions," he said. "When Dinah said she liked me, a few sessions back, I didn't feel gratitude just then. I waited until I got home. Now I wonder why I didn't just say to that woman, 'Come off it about the diamonds.' "

"You couldn't have been that blunt, Max," Dinah said, smiling. "You'd only have made it impossible for her to do it."

"You say everyone was drunk at that reception," Leigh said. "Maybe you were right not to do anything. Maybe you just reminded her of somebody out of her past."

"For God's *sake*, Leigh," Fern said. "Isn't it possible that she wanted Maxie for *himself*?"

"I wondered about my feeling for Max," Dinah said. "I used to have the same kind of feeling for Don. It's a kind of attraction for the losers. I feel I have a duty to sleep with them. Maybe I'm even beginning to understand my feeling for Leigh."

"Well, I'm getting well," Leigh said. "And I think *I* understand your feeling. I'm an attractive male, that's what it is."

"But you don't fit into my life plan," Dinah said. "I've got a perfectly happy marriage of my own."

"Dinah, it wasn't very nice of you to say that about my being a loser," Max said. "That doesn't make me feel very good, frankly."

"I didn't mean it, Max," said Dinah. "Of course I like you for yourself. You have lovely qualities, and I bet when you're drunk you're the life of

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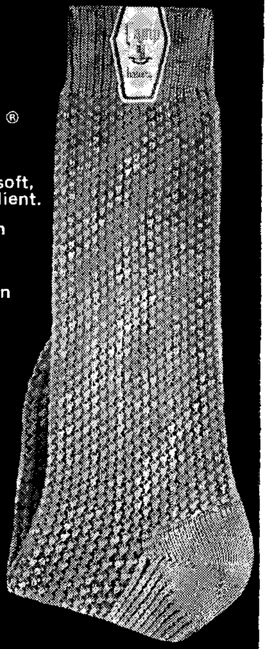

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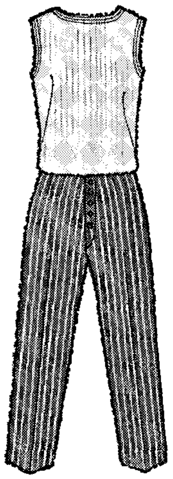

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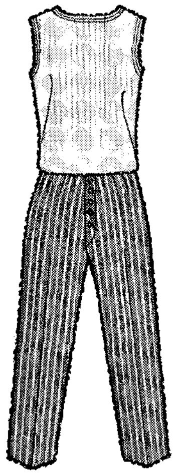

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the party. If I called you a loser, that was only my own transference."

Max did not look consoled.

"I'm beginning to understand some transference behavior of my own," Leigh said, and he traced a complicated connection between his father's dark complexion and his own attraction to Negro women.

"Oh, Leigh," Dinah said with irritation. "Can't we drop parents for a change? I know your last analyst was a Freudian and mine wasn't, so we have a conflict about this. But just for once I wish you'd leave parents out of it."

"You're overre*act*ing, Dinah," Leigh said.

"What about Leigh?" Fern asked. "Have you been having orgasm?"

Leigh did not reply, and there was a long silence. Jonathan was fiddling with a torn flap of his wallet, and he asked Alvin for some Scotch Tape. At the word "Scotch," everyone asked for a drink.

"That's acting out," Alvin said as he cheerfully fixed the drinks. "Alcohol in groups is always acting out."

"I'm very depressed by what Leigh said about intimacy," Emily said. "Sometimes I feel unsporting for not being willing to settle for less. After all, that's life, and you might as well face it with dignity. Life always draws away from need."

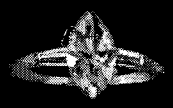
"That sounds sick," Dinah said.

"No, that's right," Leigh said.

"No, Dinah's right, too," Emily said. "But what bothers me is that nobody can ever be totally *there* for somebody else. It's all little betrayals—the first one who leaves a party, the first one who hangs up the phone. Getting out of bed to go to the bathroom, even. I feel to be really there for somebody else you'd just have to fall into each other's arms and subside, or go up in smoke. I feel that's why the group can never really work. Every time we break up, it's a little betrayal of intimacy."

"Well, Gloria and I got together last weekend, and that was intimacy," Alvin said. "We were really working, really communicating."

"Let me tell you something about breakup and betrayal," Leigh said. "Years ago, I had an analyst I really loved. Every summer, when he went on vacation, I just about cracked up. Then one summer it didn't happen. In September, I mentioned it to him. I said, 'For the first time, I didn't go to pieces when you left.' 'I know why,' he said to me. 'It's because you used to have an infantile fear that when I went away I was betraying you. You were



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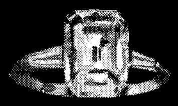

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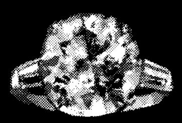

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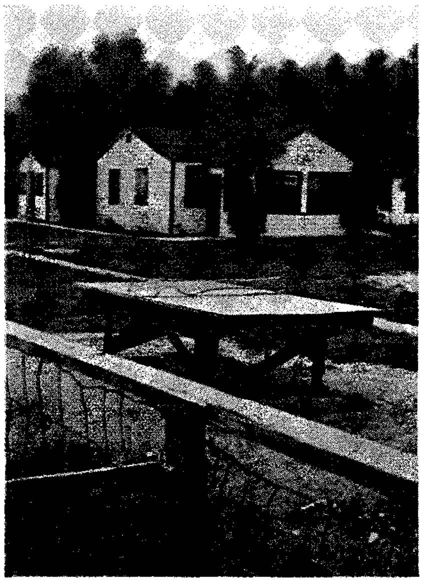

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afraid I would never come back. But now you're an adult, you know better. You know I'll always come back to you.' And you know what happened after that?" Leigh burst into tears. "He died. He was old, and he died. Isn't it ironic? When you're a child, rejection is confused with the metaphor of death. And then when you're an adult you find out you were right all the time. Death is the ultimate rejection."

ANYTHING NICE YOU'D LIKE TO SAY TO ME, DOCTOR?: The following Thursday, Reuben announced that he would be going away for a three-week vacation. Jonathan said he would miss the next session, because he had to travel upstate for an account.

"Anything you'd like to tell us about Gloria?" Reuben asked, turning to Alvin.

Alvin said nothing, and all members of the group simply smiled.

"I want to say something," said Clara, who was again wearing a flower. "Last Saturday was Benny's and my anniversary. We went to see the film of 'Marat/Sade,' and he kept criticizing everybody. I felt he was trying to cut us off from everyone, make me feel it's us two against the world."

"What sort of thing did he say?" Emily asked. "Maybe wanting to cut you off from the world on your anniversary was a kind of tribute."

"It wasn't," Clara said. "He was even trying to destroy the group for me. He said the audience looked gay enough for Jon."

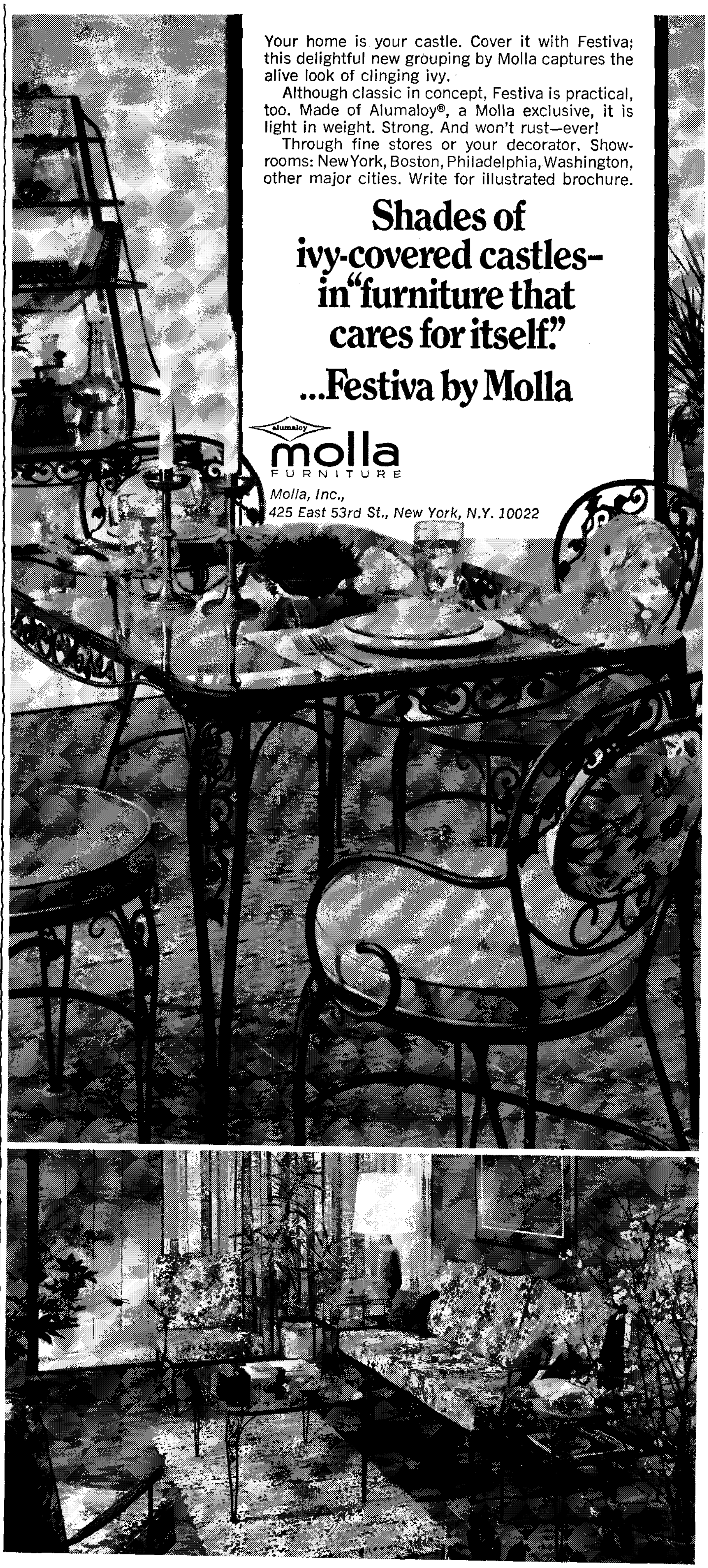
There was a silence, and Clara struggled to hold back tears for the rest of the session.

"I've got to say it," Fern said. "All week, I've felt cut off and hostile and lonely. The only time I felt good was when Benny called. My husband is such a perfectionist. If his *socks* aren't folded just right, he has a fit. And if I *do* fold the socks, he goes wild when he comes home after work because I left the baby food in front of the seltzer bottles in the icebox. He thinks that's love—folding socks and rearranging seltzer bottles. And if I try to talk more, to communicate, he just becomes a washrag, or he shuts his eyes and calls me clutching, whining, clinging, domineering, and turns away from me."

"You're not getting into my old thing about sex being the only thing that counts in life, are you, Fern?" Dinah said.

"No, I want people to like me. That counts, too," Fern said.

"She just wants more sex, that's all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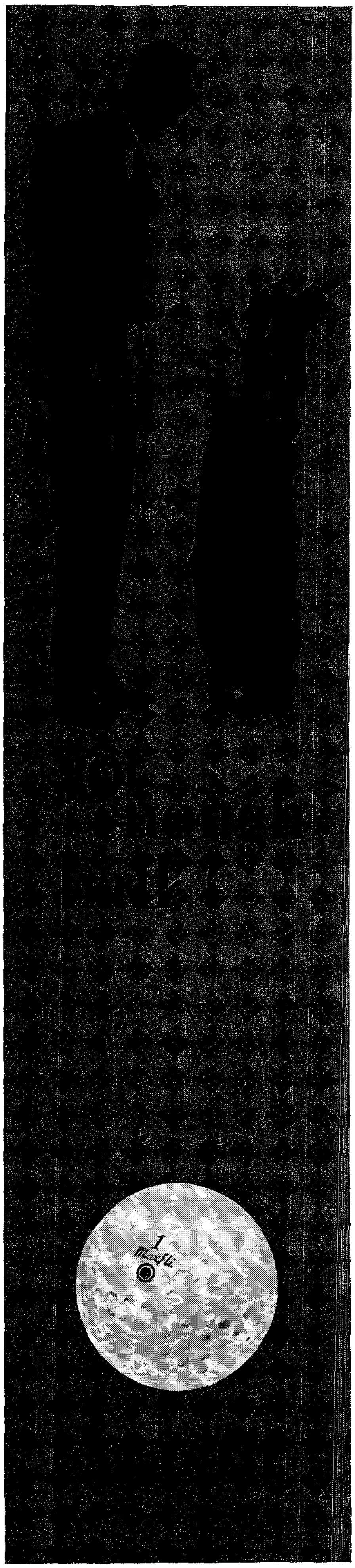

that's wrong with Fern," Alvin said bitterly.

"You say that because you don't like women!" Fern shouted.

"Come off it, Alvin," Dinah said. "Maybe she's just getting it so beautifully she wants more."

"Maybe if you gave up folding his socks so carefully your husband would find the *real* you," Reuben said. "Perhaps you ought to start by trying to relate to all of us here. Go around. Give your real opinion of every one of us. No one will stop liking you."

"I can't," Fern said weakly. "I feel Alvin doesn't like me already. And even Leigh. When I asked him last week about his sex life, he wouldn't talk to me."

"You were perfectly right to ask me that question, Fern," Leigh said. "I didn't answer it for my own reasons. It had nothing to do with not liking you. You've got to realize that sometimes other people, for their own reasons, can be wrong. Like your husband. Just because he's an analyst doesn't mean he's not an obsessive-compulsive about his socks."

"I'd like to mention something about being wrong," Dinah said. "Last week, after Group here, Reuben, I found myself screaming 'Cop-out!' at Leigh when he got into a cab. Later, I realized why I was so angry. I wanted him to kiss me. That was all. But I had no right to shout at him like that. Everyone, after having made himself vulnerable in the group, has the right, when he leaves this room, to have that vulnerability respected."

"Fern, what did you mean by that remark, I don't like women?" Alvin asked quietly.

"You don't, Alvin," Fern said, smiling rather triumphantly. "I can tell."

"Shut up!" Max suddenly shouted. "I want everybody to shut up for a minute." There was a moment's silence, and Max leaned back and shook his head incredulously.

"Good for you, Maxie," Alvin mumbled. "It's nice to see you reacting to something. I'm glad you could express yourself."

Clara was still struggling not to cry, avoiding the gaze of everyone in the room.

"Clara, before I go on vacation, there's one thing I want to say to you," Reuben said. "You are not in this group to help Benny. You are here for yourself, and you'll both be better for it."

"Don't say anything," Clara said, bursting into sobs. "I don't want to *stay* in this group, and I'm leaving right

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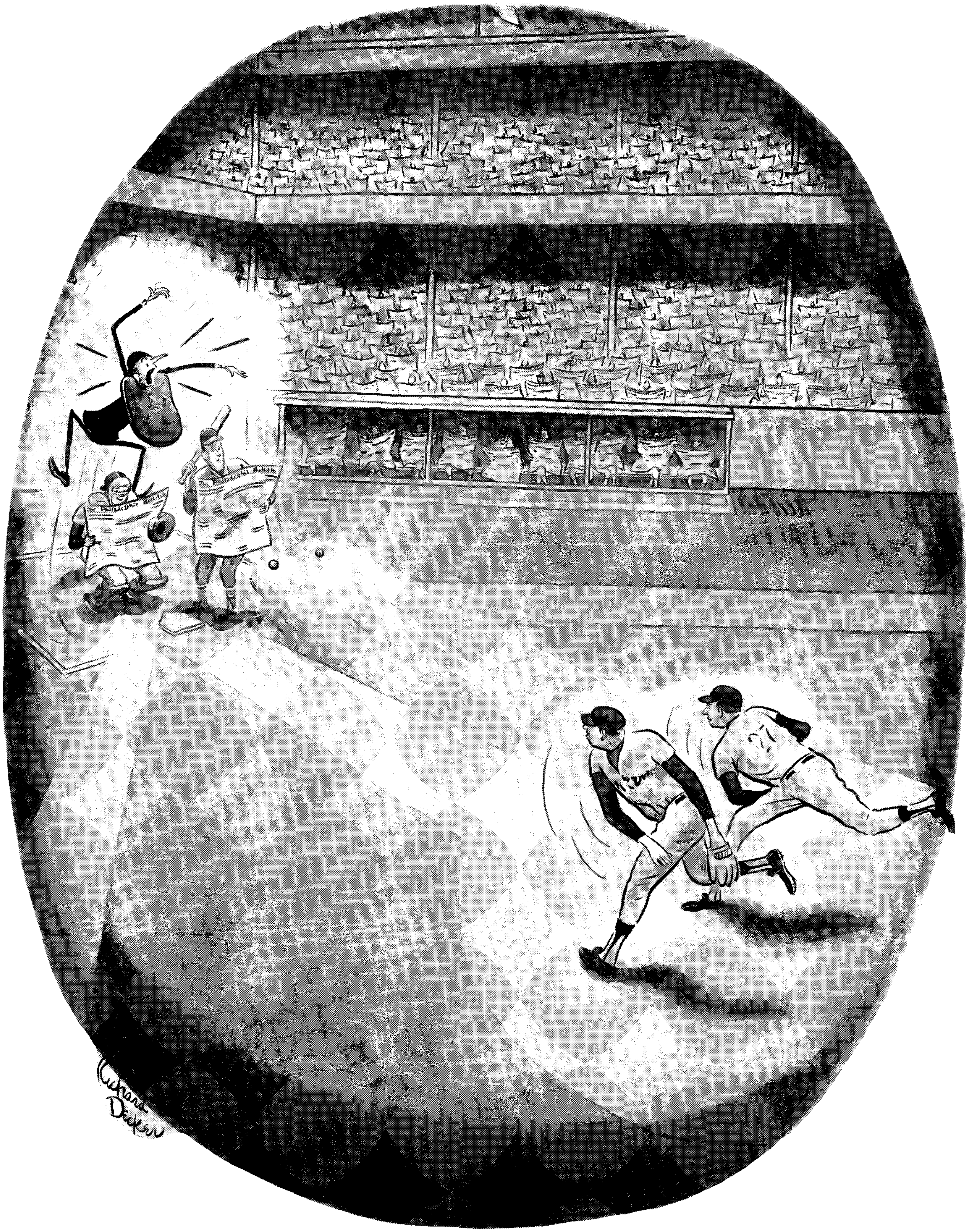

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now." She rushed out of the room. Benny followed.

"Anything nice you'd like to say to me, Doctor?" Dinah asked.

"I feel *I* was saying something, and I got cut off," Fern said, also crying. "I always feel cut off."

Alvin took Fern, and Clara and Benny, whom he found outside in the lobby, not to Mayhew's but to a bar around the corner, where, since Benny and Fern had been calling each other daily, Alvin's attention to Clara made a kind of symmetry.

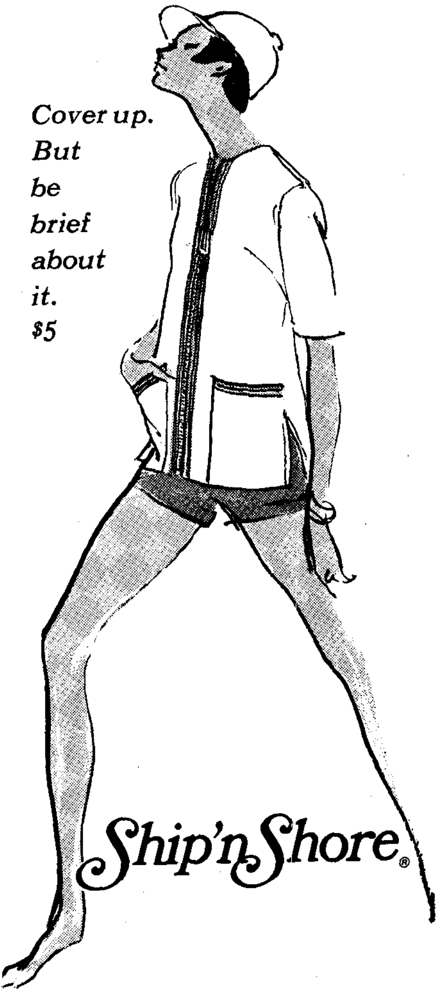
WELL, WHAT DO YOU WANT US TO DO, LEIGH, JUST PUT OUR HANDS ON THE TABLE AND LEVITATE?: The next Monday's meeting was held at Emily's apartment, on Bleecker Street. The apartment was filled with books, hi-fi equipment, armatures, and easels, but there were no paintings on the walls. Emily had arranged nine chairs in a tight little circle, as though for a meeting of suspects in an Agatha Christie novel. One chair remained empty all evening; Max, it *turned out, had dropped out of the* group until Reuben's return from his vacation.

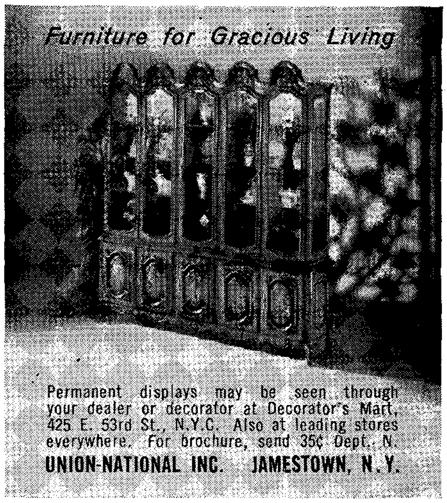
When *Alvin arrived, he* asked at once for an aspirin. He had been having terrible stomach cramps. "I don't know what it is—mental or physical," he told the group. "The other night, I was lying in bed with this broad, and Gloria called. I told her I had somebody with me, but after that I just couldn't make it. She was a nice broad, too, and I just had to tell her to go home. Nothing like that has ever happened to me before."

Everyone began to complain about Reuben, his absence, and his deafness.

Emily said that she had gone to see him before he left and he told her she felt abandoned as a little girl and that she needed someone to trust. "He said I could lean on him and depend on him at any time," Emily said. "Then I started to say something else, and he looked at his watch and said he was sorry, he had another patient coming in. I know he couldn't help it, but it was funny all the same."

Dinah said she was worried about Jonathan—that he might have got into trouble on account of Reuben's absence. Fern said that she felt hostile, and that her husband had offered to plead his cause before the group but that his own group had urged him to postpone it until Reuben returned. Clara accused Dinah of reticence about her childhood. Dinah obligingly recalled breaking a tooth, stealing pennies and





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getting caught, being sent out to buy a box of middle-size noodles and being rebuked because the noodles were a size less than middle size, and bossing the other children on the block and, when the gang broke up, going with the boys.

"You were right that time a few weeks ago, Fern," Dinah said. "I was sort of class whore at eleven. Then I married at fifteen, and since then I've been in the adult, respectable world."

Alvin and Leigh looked extremely bored, and Fern remarked upon it. "We've heard all this before—Dinah's little-girl thing. She's not really working at all," Leigh said.

"Well, what do you want us to *do*, Leigh, just put our hands on the table and *levitate*?" Dinah said.

"If your parents have broken both your arms—" Leigh began.

"We know, Leigh," Benny said. "You don't try to forgive them, you try to learn to walk. But you know what? You used to say broken *legs*. Now you're saying arms. I think that must mean an improvement."

"I don't know whether I *did* this just to have something to tell the group," Emily said, and then she told a complicated story of having nearly slept with a friend of her father's.

"Did you want to sleep with him at all?" Dinah asked.

"Well, yes and no," Emily said.

"Then, why didn't you?" Dinah said. "Everyone sleeps with everyone these days."

Emily said she thought that if she managed to do nothing out of line for a while she would fall in love and live happily ever after. "If you see what I mean," she said.

"I see what you mean," Fern said. "I see that meanwhile your life is going by and you haven't got anything."

"And I'm afraid you're going to smother in your own loneliness," Dinah said. "You sure set it up for rejection."

"Look, Emily," Alvin said. "Before, when I asked you for an aspirin, you brought it, with a nice smile, and a minute ago, when I left my cigarette over there in an ashtray, you brought it over to me. Now, how come there isn't any *sofa* in this apartment? How come you got only these chairs?"

Clara suggested that Emily "go around."

Instead, Emily recounted a dream in which she was trapped in a brick house with her family while her mother unaccountably told a school principal that Emily had had an abortion. Emily had felt that her privacy was lost and had

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cried through the rest of the dream. "I woke up with a sentence in my mind," Emily said. "It was: I once had a million dollars, and there's not a bit of hope left anywhere in me now."

Leigh asked whether Emily had ever had an abortion.

Emily said no.

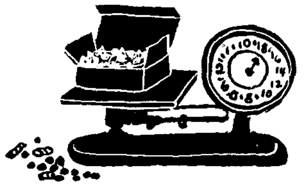
Fern said she thought her husband, the analyst, had become jealous of the group.

"Of course, he feels hurt," Dinah said. "I used to feel like a fool going out every Monday night and finding my husband sullen when I got home. Now I just feel self-sufficient."

Alvin said he was worried about Jonathan. "Last time I spoke to him, he told me that he was staying away from the boys and the junk, and that he was taking Antabuse for good measure," Alvin said. "I hope he hasn't screwed up again."

THE HOT LINE TO THE DEEP END: By the following Monday, when the group met at Benny's and Clara's, Jonathan had still not appeared, although there had been many telephone calls, including calls to Jonathan, in the meantime.

"The group has really got to help me," Fern began. "I'm really getting manic. My husband and I have taken a house for the summer, with another couple. Last weekend, we went out there, and it was sheer hell. The other girl, Doreen, she's everything I'm not—good figure, competent, everything just so. I know I'm pretty sexy, but my husband's such a perfectionist, I can't tell you. Doreen's what he really wants."



"How do you know?" Benny asked.

"He has already said he's tempted," Fern said. "But he says he's not going to act upon it."

"My advice is let Doreen have him," Emily said. "He doesn't sound very good to me."

"I had a dream," Dinah said. "In fact, two dreams. No, three. In one, I was being held by Leigh, and it felt so good. My husband isn't the sort of man who cuddles, except when he's drunk, and it felt so good and warm to be held by Leigh. And then suddenly he evaporated. In the second dream, I was in bed with a girl I've never met. All of a sudden, spotlights flashed across the ceiling and the police arrived. We were very sorry to see them come."

"When you dream you're in bed with a girl, that usually means something else," Leigh said. "It doesn't represent a girl at all."

"I know," Dinah said. "But we were certainly pretty excited. Anyway, the third dream was that I was in a car driving down the highway very fast, when suddenly the car vanished and I was steering the bare machine. I had to turn into a side street, and when a policeman came and stopped me and gave me a ticket I was very glad to see him."

"I think all the dreams are about Leigh," Benny said. "They're all illicit somehow, and that's adultery. The policeman is probably Reuben, or your father. Or just some symbol of conventional morality."

"Yes," Dinah said. "I think of myself as a pretty conventional person."

"I don't think of you that way at all," Fern said. Dinah thanked her, and Fern, again referring to her fear of insects, pulled another piece of Saran wrap out of her purse.

"Bugs," Leigh said. "I think the association is insanity. Your fear of bugs is a fear you're going to go insane."

"I think Fern was just making a statement about the group," Clara said. "She wanted to tell us what she thinks of us. She brings us a dead bug."

Fern acknowledged that she was, once again, feeling hostile.

Then Jonathan arrived, red in the face and extremely agitated. He delivered a two-hour monologue, in great detail, about boys he had picked up, amphetamines he had taken, sheer fear, and a sense of abandonment by Reuben. "What I really want right now is to sleep with Leigh," he said.

"Poor Leigh," Benny said. "You're really getting it from all sides tonight."

Leigh pulled out a steel nail file and set to work on his nails.

Emily asked whether Jonathan couldn't find his kicks in everyday life. "Maybe there are some normal highs you haven't tried yet," she said.

"I'm scared to death of Jon when he's like this," Dinah said. "I feel he has a great capacity for violence."

"Well, *I'm* not scared of him. I feel *furious* at him," Clara said. "For two solid *hours* he's been talking, and he hasn't related in any way to the group. Why don't you relate to us, Jon? How do you feel about me, for instance, right here and now?"

"You asked me, baby. And I'll let you know," Jonathan said. "But first utual funds paid dividends of $ 72,098,000 in 194

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I want to say something about this group. Whenever somebody has a problem, I can just predict the reaction every member is going to have. Somebody will point out that the person is full of *hostility* and *anxiety*, and then somebody really intuitive will ask whether it might—just might—have something to do with the person's feelings toward his parents. Well, I say the hell with that. It sounds like Reuben. If I had cancer, he'd think the most important thing was how I *felt* about it. We're all so deep in therapy we think every problem is brought on by a neurosis. That's a kind of psychoanalytic power fantasy. There are some reality problems that couldn't care less about hostility or anxiety. As for you, baby"—he turned to Clara—"I'd a hundred times rather be me than you. Drugs, gay world, and all. Because you're fat and ugly, and I at least have a lovely body. I realize you look that way because of your neurosis, but that's the way I feel. What I'm asking the group to do—and I realize I'm not asking it in the most endearing way—is just to keep me from drugging myself to death."

After half an hour more of this, everyone but Jonathan got up to leave. Jonathan, suddenly contrite, asked whether the group would forgive him and meet at his place the following Monday. "I won't do this again," he said. "Leigh? I promise."

Benny was clearly moved. "Maybe we ought to have an extra meeting on Thursday," he said. "Maybe a week between meetings when Reuben is away is just too long, for Jon and all of us."

The rest of the group, however, thought Monday would be soon enough.

The next day, there were many phone calls, and all the members sooner or later called Jonathan, who was practically incoherent. Finally, Jonathan's wife told Benny that Jonathan was in no condition to leave the apartment and that she was thinking of having him hospitalized. She dreaded the thought of committing him to Bellevue, she said, because he had been there before and he hated it. Benny suggested the group might help, and convened an extra meeting. ("Who hurts?" Dinah asked when he mentioned the extra meeting to her.) In the end, the meeting was held on Thursday afternoon at Jonathan's place, but only Leigh, Benny, Clara, and Emily were able to attend.

Jonathan was lolling on the sofa, alternately sound asleep and in a spastic

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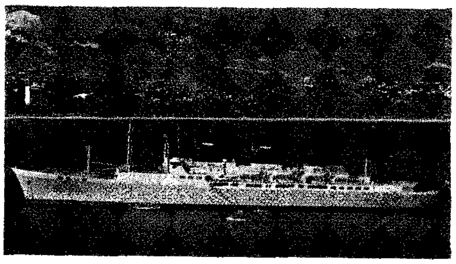

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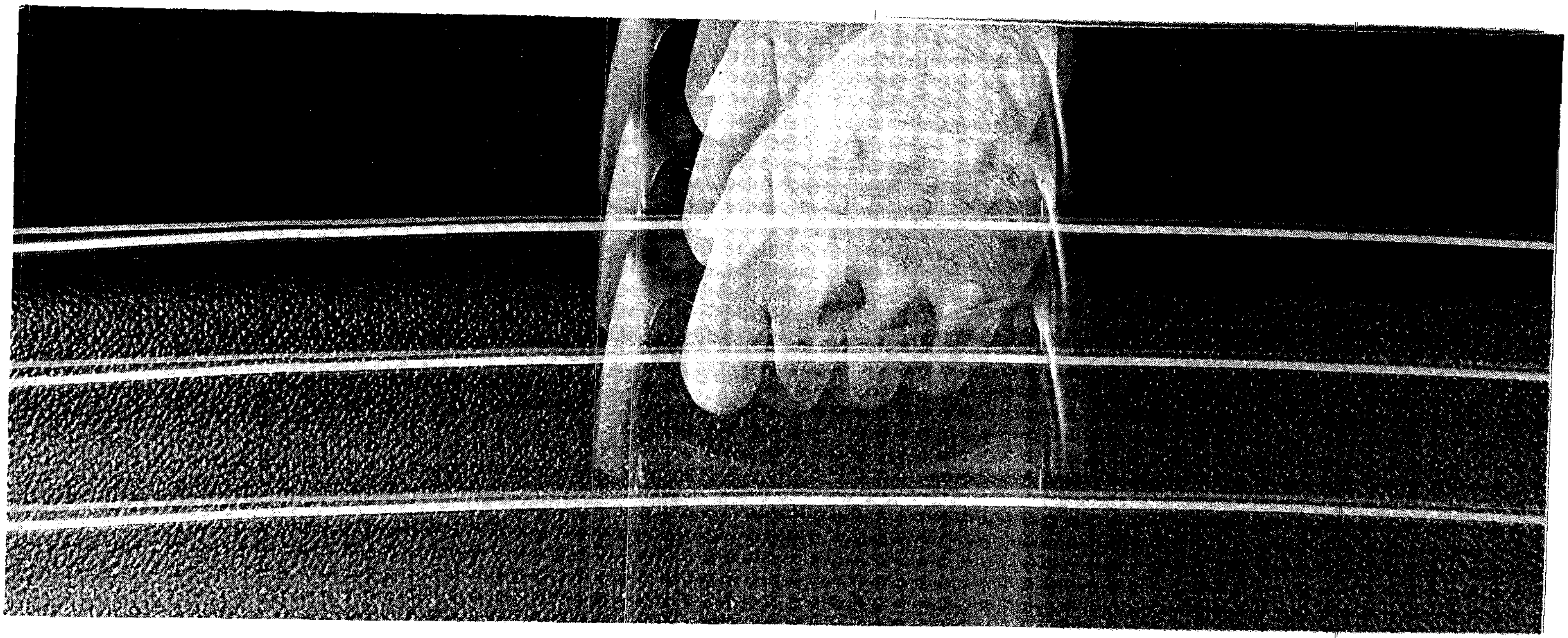

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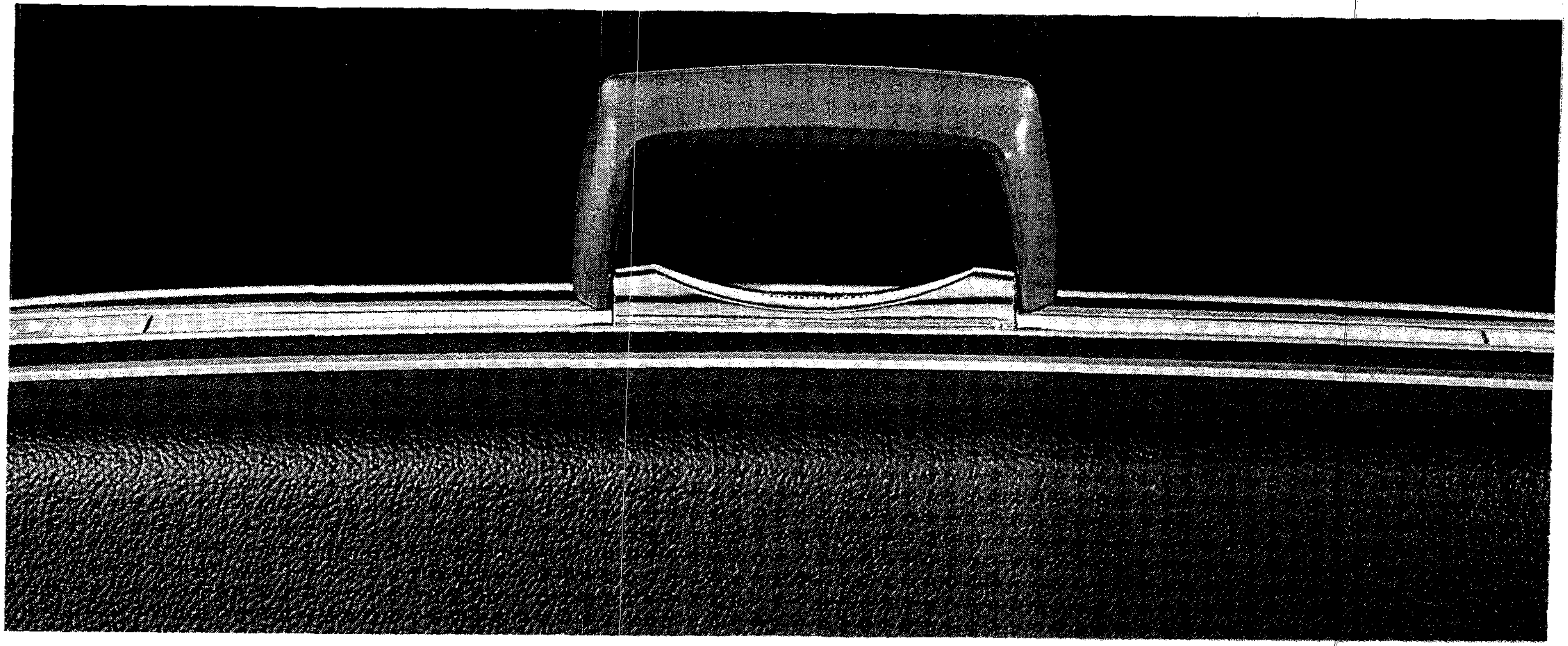

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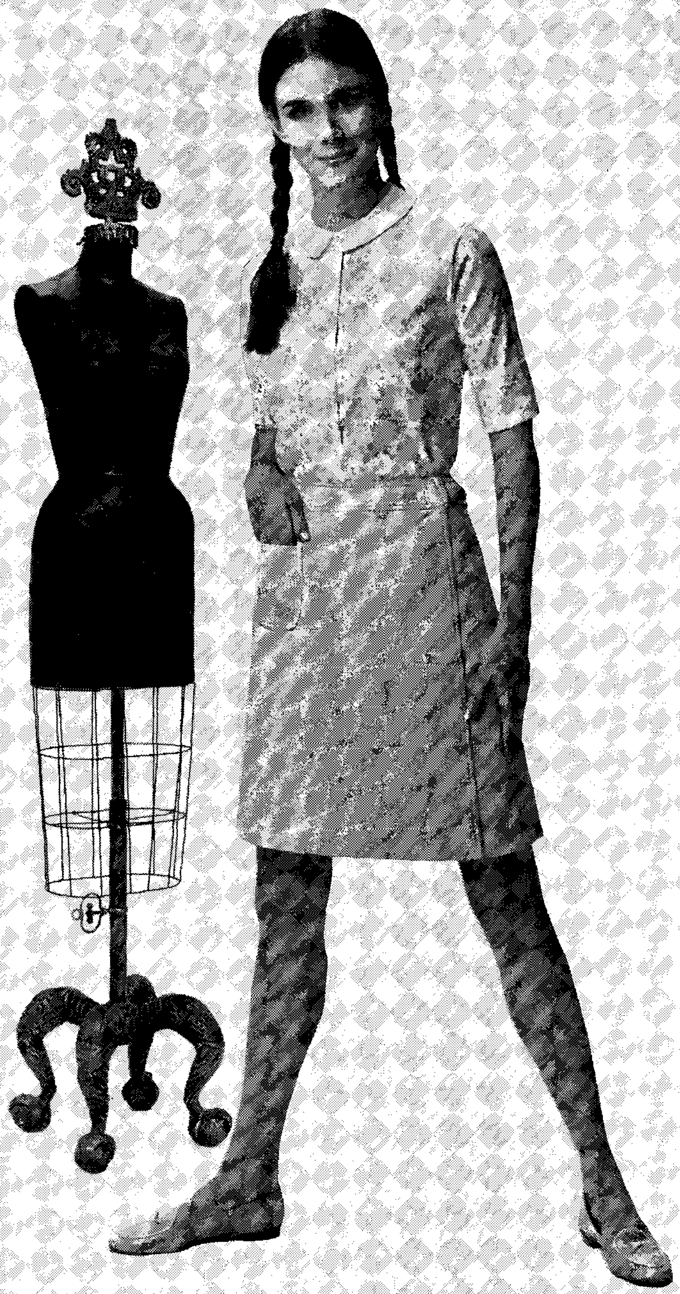
half-waking state. His coloring was bluish green, and he had a dark-red welt under one eye. Jonathan's wife said that she did not know how much dope, or what kind, he had been taking, since he had lied to everyone about it, but that a bottle of Seconal had been emptied within the last two days. Clara, suddenly brisk and competent, reached into Jonathan's shirt pocket and pulled out a bottle of Doriden, which she recognized as a sleeping pill. She flushed the contents down the toilet. Then, accusing Jonathan of "putting on a good show" for the group, she tried to pour some hot coffee down his throat. It dribbled down his shirt. He mumbled, said "Ow, ow," and rolled over onto the floor.

"Well, if he's really unconscious, we might as well have our own group meeting as though he weren't here," said Leigh, who was shaking. "I was feeling so anxious about getting married I was going to pick up a girl I know, around the corner from here. But now that I've seen this, I'm just going to play it as straight as I damn well can."

"Why do you look so upset?" Clara asked Emily. "I know it's not pretty to watch, and you have a special thing with Jonathan. But why don't you talk about it?"

"I don't know," Emily said, looking nearly as green as Jonathan. "Jon seems to define the deep end for me. I feel he's acting out for all of us. The rest of us have our little problems, but he seems to keep the hot line to the deep end open. I'm afraid he's going to die. I think we ought to call a doctor."

The group, after vainly calling several doctors (including Reuben's stand-in, who never returned the call), finally got Jonathan awake enough so that he checked himself into St. Vincent's Hospital. There his stomach was pumped, and it turned out that he had taken a near-fatal dose of a number of drugs. Jonathan stayed at the hospital only for a weekend's rest, however. He managed to return to work on Monday, and he participated eagerly in a flurry of phone calls that occupied the major portion of the day. It was decided that the meeting that evening should be held at Alvin's apartment, since Alvin was now having acute stomach pains and appeared to be the member most immediately in need of help. ("Where else in the city can you get eight people to come when you're in trouble?" Fern asked Benny on the telephone. In another call, Dinah said, "We could meet at my apartment, but the group sometimes uses language I



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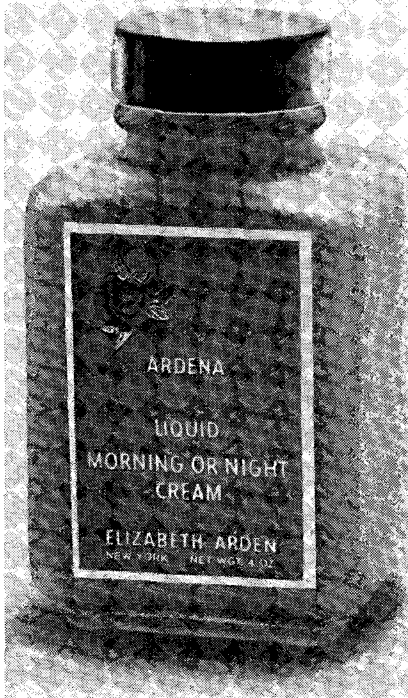

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don't think I could justify to my children.")

YOU'RE NOT UNPRECEDENTED: The meeting at Alvin's, the last one before Reuben's return and Leigh's marriage, began with a virulent attack on Jonathan by Clara and Fern.

"I feel you were doing just what Reuben does to me," Clara said. "Making me take responsibility. I'm a responsible person in the world, but in the group I just can't cope. I'm not in therapy to cope. I'm here to get help, just like you are, Jon, and I don't think it's fair for you to become the group baby just because Reuben's away."

"If you're going to carry *on* like this, Jon, monopolizing and *wasting* everybody's *time*," Fern said, "you can just leave the group."

"Who are *you* telling to leave the group?" Alvin said. "Just say what your own feelings are, Fernie, and don't presume to speak for the rest of us. But, Jon, if it's still just to get attention, it's not going to work."

"I don't think it was to get attention," Emily said. "I think Jonathan really tried to kill himself." And then she said that a few nights before, when the only ex-junkie she knew invited her out for a cup of coffee, she wound up sleeping with him.

Dinah asked whether she had enjoyed it.

"Yes. Well, no, no, no. I was furious," Emily said. "When he went to sleep, I got so angry I took a shower, and then I went into the next room and made an awful lot of noise. At five, I went out and got the next day's edition of the *Times* and did the crossword puzzle. I wished I could put him away in a closet. He kept talking about love and the struggle, and I thought maybe he was right. In that kind of world, you might as well sleep with everyone who breathes down your neck on the subway."

"Jonathan, you looked close to tears when Emily was telling that story," Alvin said, stroking his mustache. "I think you knew she was really sleeping with you."

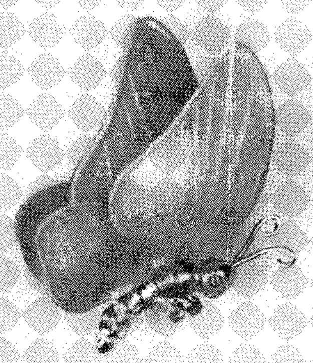
"I know," Jonathan said. "And I'm really touched, baby."

Dinah said she would like to have a drink, and everyone except Jonathan had a drink.

"I'm really mad at Max," Fern said, looking around the room. "It seems like the most hostile thing you can do is not come to the group."

Benny said that he had called Clara officious for being brisk with Jonathan at his apartment and she had become so

Flight of fancy...



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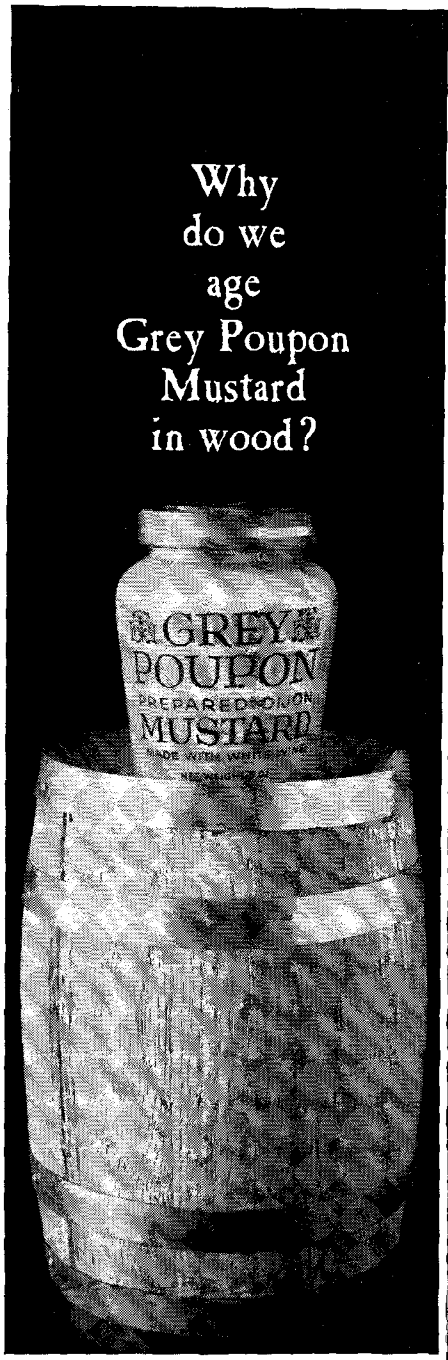

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depressed that he feared she would commit suicide. She had gone so far as to take the screen out of a window. Then she had suddenly turned to Benny and asked for help.

"What happened then?" Fern asked.

"Don't ask stupid questions," Alvin said. "They went to bed, that's what happened. Everyone seems to have gone to bed with somebody this week."

Leigh stretched his arms above his head and said that his marriage would take place the following Sunday. Everyone congratulated him. He said that his lovemaking problem was solved. He had diagnosed his problem as "premarital anxiety," and was taking Thorazine.

Dinah said that one of her reasons for being in the group was that she feared her husband was going to die. He smoked and drank too much, and he coughed in his sleep. One night, he had drunk so much that in the dark he had mistaken his study for the bathroom and had tried to flush the toilet by pulling a lamp cord. When she had told this to Reuben, he had only laughed. "I don't know if my fear is justified or not," Dinah said. "It may not be a reality problem. But that's what I'm afraid of. And it's awful to realize that what I'm getting from the group is exactly what I came for. The feeling that if he does die I'll be perfectly able to carry on."

Emily suddenly confessed that she had left out something about her brick-house abortion dream. She had once thought herself pregnant and had started to arrange an abortion before realizing she wasn't pregnant after all.

"Why didn't you tell us at the time?" Benny asked.

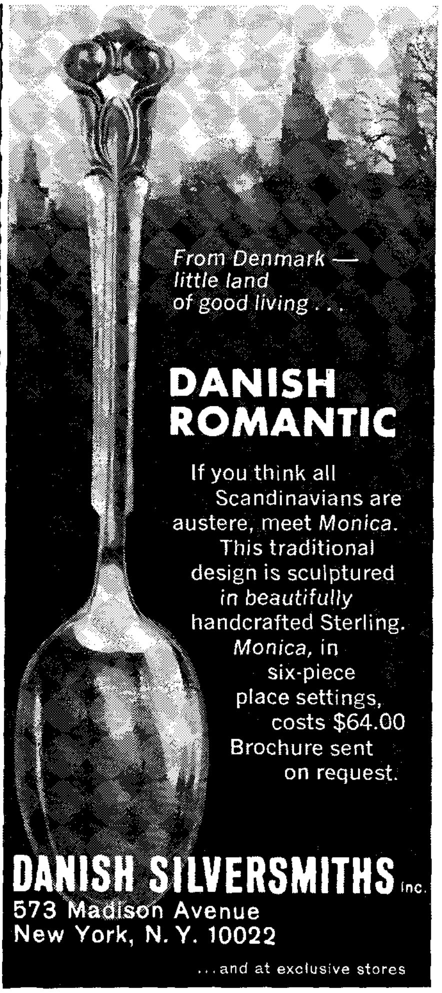
"It seemed irrelevant," Emily said. "And I thought I'd already talked more than my share of the time."

"It's not irrelevant," Benny said. "How can you say it's irrelevant?"

"I had an abortion once, at eighteen," Dinah said.

"I might as well tell the truth of it," Emily said. "I had one, too."

"All right," Jonathan said. "Just for a change, I'd like to alter the script and talk about an ordinary neurotic problem I've got. The other night, I was lying in bed with my wife and I couldn't sleep. I got so damn angry that *she* could sleep I thought I'd go out of my mind. Then, I thought, O.K., buddy, there are probably three million other people in this city who can't sleep tonight, either. I thought, Jon old boy, you'll have to face it, *you're not unprecedented.* I can't tell



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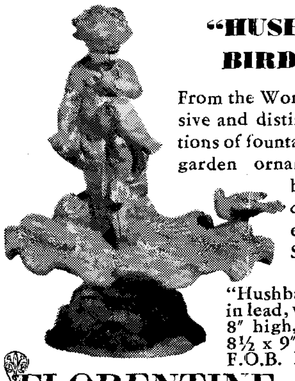

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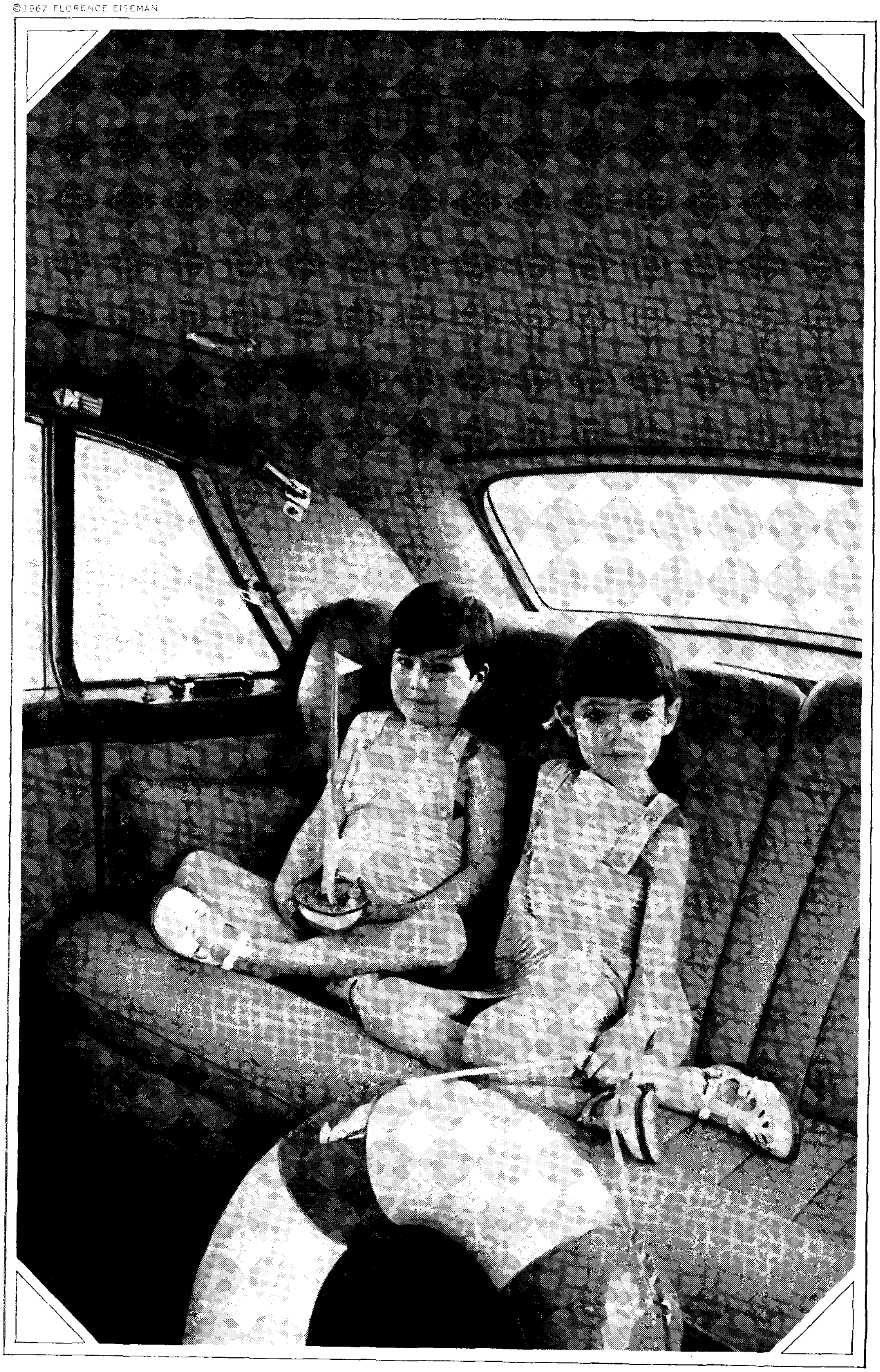
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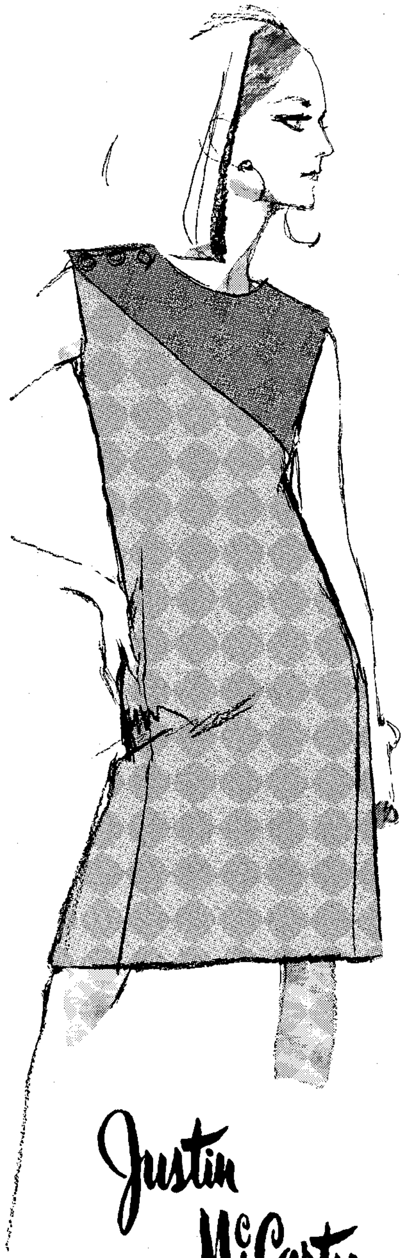


Justin McCarty

you what it meant to me to say that to myself."

"That's wonderful, Jon," Emily said.

"I guess I'm the only one who's really hung up this week," Alvin said. "My nerves are shot, and my stomach is out to here. And this time you know what I want to tell the group? It's me. It's not Gloria at all, although I'm always talking about Gloria. It's me—Alvin."

"And you know what's wrong with your stomach?" Jonathan said. "It's the new Alvin you're pregnant with."

"Aw, come off it, Jon," Alvin said. "Why don't you have a drink, like the rest of us. I've got an *ulcer*. No, the thing of it is, the whole business with Gloria is coming to an end. Last week, I was tired from the office, and Gloria and I passed a cake shop and she wanted to stop. I said, 'Gloria, I'm tired and hungry, and I don't like cake.' So she said, 'Al, you're selfish.' I said, 'Gloria, let's not work now. I'm *tired*.' So she kept calling me selfish. I'm still paying her *bills*, and she's calling me selfish."

"Paying her bills is selfish in a way," Benny said. "That way you keep her to yourself. You won't let her go."

"He doesn't want to let her go," Dinah said. "Can't you see he loves her?"

Everyone had another drink.

"Sometimes I feel there's so little emotion in the things we do," Dinah said. "Being in Group is separate—like a shipboard romance. I don't know why, of all the things we could say to each other here, we say the things we do. But the rest of the time it's as though we were living under glass."

"I'm leaving," said Alvin, suddenly distraught. "I can't take any more."

"But this is your apartment," Emily said.

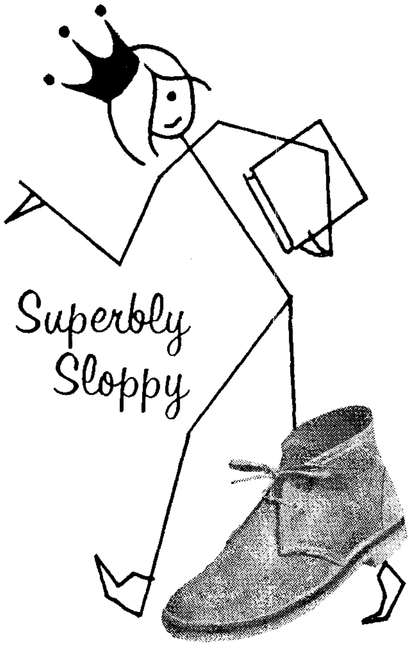
"Then I'm going to bed," Alvin said. "I just can't *stand* it. Jon was working. You were working. Me, Dinah, everybody. Everybody's getting well. I just can't take any more."

Everyone left, a little drunkenly.

Dinah gave Leigh a ride home in her car. "Aren't we well enough now so you could start saying *nice* things to me again for a change?" she asked, smiling. "Before you get married, couldn't you say just one nice thing?"

Leigh kissed Dinah on the cheek and went off to get married.

THERE is no way of telling how the members of the Thursday Group—or, for that matter, the members of all the Monday, Tuesday,



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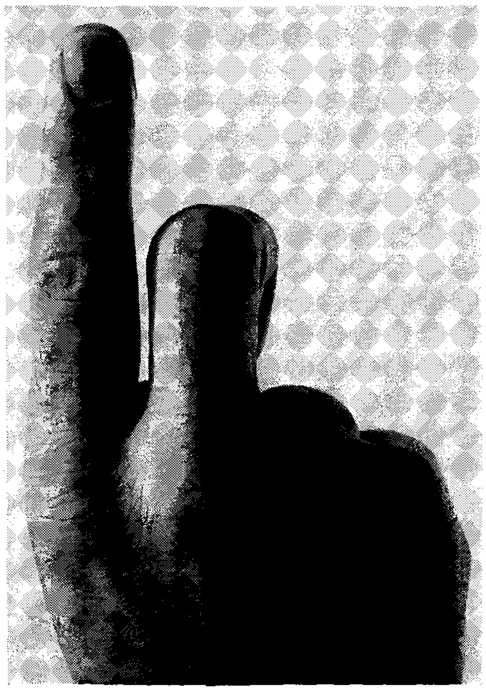

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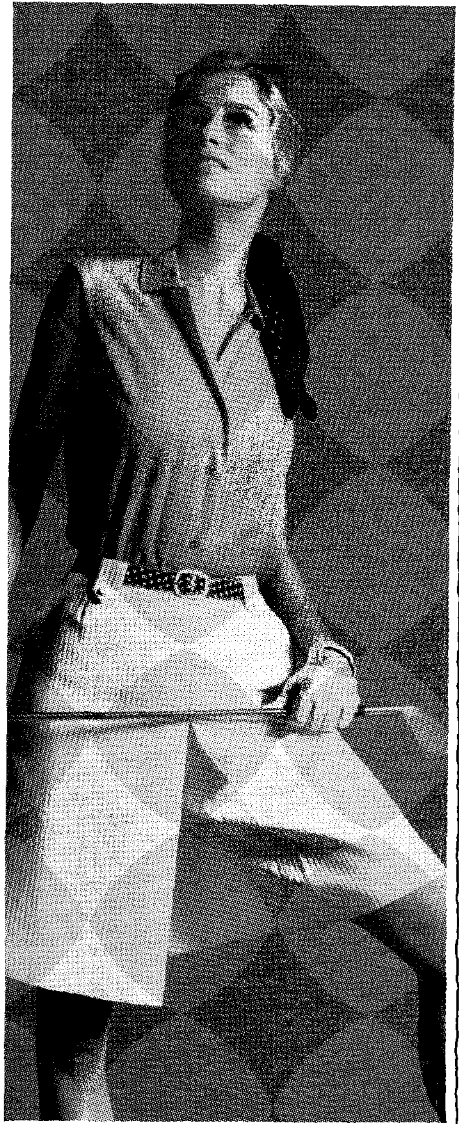

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Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday groups that now meet in the city—will fare in the future. However, it seems likely that if the theoretical underpinnings of traditional psychoanalysis continue to erode, if the results of such treatment continue to prove inconclusive, and if the question whether a science of mental equilibrium is possible or desirable in the first place is cast more and more into doubt, people will, in increasing numbers, seek out other people to talk with. That these others should at the outset be strangers and that the resulting conversations should be in some degree unstructured and absurdist is not surprising. An overinsistence on structure in a field in which so little is known is likely to be more absurdist still. At a recent meeting of the American Group Psychotherapy Association, for example, when one of the earliest proponents of group therapy was reading to his colleagues a learned paper on counter-transference, an enormously loud, deep, and sustained moan arose from somewhere in the auditorium. Since, at an earlier meeting of another psychological association, several Pop artists had been invited to stage a Happening, everyone in the audience looked immediately upward to the chandeliers, expecting to see Robert Rauschenberg or perhaps Andy Warhol there. As it turned out, the moan had been of the sort that announces the onset of an epileptic seizure. A psychiatrist was having such a seizure in the front row. Another psychiatrist, who had been sitting beside him, kept repeating that he would have done something but that when his stricken colleague had first risen from his chair he had only appeared to be about to sneeze. The distinguished speaker on the podium had, throughout this commotion, continued imperturbably to read. Finally, he paused to ask whether anyone was listening. Several people shouted, "No!" The speaker then instructed four colleagues in the front row to carry the stricken psychiatrist from the room and to assist him. While this was being done, the speaker offered to reread the portion of the manuscript that, being something of a traditionalist, he was certain had brought on the seizure in the first place. The second reading passed without incident, and the whole matter was subsequently discussed in therapy groups composed of A.G.P.A. professionals.

In any case, the therapy group, in one form or another, has become a widespread phenomenon in American life. The soul session, in which civil-rights workers discussed their problems

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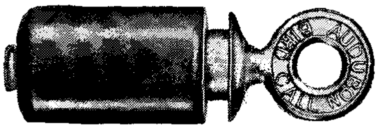
the audubon bird call



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for hours or even days on end, has occupied a special place in the civil-rights movement. Turning on together is the form of group therapy that has the greatest appeal to members of the marijuana generation. Business brainstorming sessions are a group form of creative free association. And industrial conferences at which professional and personal grievances are aired may become as common as the self-criticism groups traditional among Marxist insurgents everywhere. The therapy group, in pursuit of its own happiness, seems, in any case, almost by definition, one of the more promising areas for the exercise of participatory democracy. From all sorts of quarters, there is evidence that, in the words of one believer in this form of therapy, group conversation itself can be a "special high." The National Institute of Mental Health has plans to start group-therapy programs all over the country, so that dropping into one's neighborhood group may become as common as going to the park or gymnasium for some physical exercise. When the special vocabularies of all the kinds of groups already in existence meet, when the phrases of hipsterism, brainstorming, political cadreism, pocket Freud, and Movement slang are brought together in a local consultation room, it may even be that some useful conclusions about the human condition—at least at a particular historical moment—will emerge.

—RENATA ADLER

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DEFINITIONS WE HATED TO COME TO THE END OF

[*From the Random House Dictionary of the English Language*]

A, a proportional shoe width size, narrower than B and wider than AA.

AA, a proportional shoe width size, narrower than A and wider than AAA.

AAA, a proportional shoe width size, narrower than AA and wider than AAAA.

AAAA, a proportional shoe width size, narrower than AAA and wider than AAAAA.

AAAAA, a proportional shoe width size, narrower than AAAA and wider than AAAAAA.

AAAAAA, a proportional shoe width size, narrower than AAAAA and wider than AAAAAAA.

AAAAAAA, the narrowest proportional shoe width size.

•

When Emerson inquired of Thoreau why he was in jail for refusing to pay his taxes as a protest against war, Thoreau retorted, "Henry, what are you doing out of jail?" It is not reported that Emerson had an answer to this question.—*George Sax in the Fairfield (Iowa) Parson's College Portfolio.*

Maybe his attention flagged.

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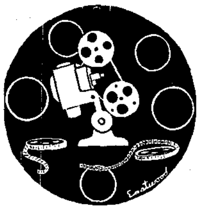
Walking Wounded



LIKE sportive sea lions, many of the movies selected for showing at the annual New York Film Festival surface for a moment, make their splashes great or small, sink from sight, and emerge a second time only after so long an interval that one had begun to suppose that they had vanished forever. These are movies that, the question of their artistic merits aside, are plainly of little box-office value, and it is neither surprising nor deplorable that local distributors fail to commit business suicide by purchasing them. Luckily, Dan Talbot, the proprietor of the New Yorker Theatre, feels an eleemosynary fondness for sea lions, and last week he put on display an interestingly compatible double feature that consisted of two Festival movies—"The Koumiko Mystery," by a French practitioner of *cinéma vérité*, Chris Marker, and "Echoes of Silence," by the young American producer-director-writer-groaner Peter Goldman. The pictures have in common a documentary technique, urban settings that carry an often crushing weight of symbolic meaning (Oh, the loneliness of the big, heartless city! Oh, how unlike some comfy, motherly bosom is all this cold steel and glass and flickering neon light!), and protagonists who are indefatigable pedestrians. They walk and they walk and they walk and they *walk*, with a persistence that put me in mind of the lovers' exhausting nightlong peregrinations in "Hiroshima, Mon Amour."

Despite its provocative title, Mr. Marker's movie boasts no Agatha Christie-like mystification; on the contrary, it is a simple and wistfully inconclusive dialogue between Mr. Marker and a slender, intelligent Japanese girl named Koumiko Muraoka, whom Mr. Marker encountered in the course of shooting some footage at the Olympic Games in Tokyo in 1964. The camera picks up Koumiko at the stadium, where a relay race is under way, and follows her patiently about the streets and shops of Tokyo while, on the sound track, we hear Mr. Marker's sympathetic voice inquiring into her life and Koumiko softly answering, sometimes with delightful speculative evasions that reveal more about her than any conventionally responsive answers could. We learn how she feels about being Japanese, about her country's infatuation with Western styles and customs, about the attractiveness of Caucasian babies compared to that of Oriental babies. (To her, Caucasian babies look like veritable angels, and she is enchanted to think of a race in which it is possible to possess blue eyes.) Much of our pleasure in "The Koumiko Mystery" is our pleasure in Koumiko herself. As she tells us, she has an archaic face, intensely Japanese and not in the least à la mode; it is beautiful, and the delicacy of her imagination is beautiful, and these beauties suffice.

"Echoes of Silence" is a pretentious title, marking no advance in its self-confident vulgarity over "The Thunders of Silence," which, I dimly recall, was the title of a story written many decades ago by Irvin S. Cobb. Mr. Goldman's movie sweeps up a dustpanful of young Village sad sacks and patronizes them by finding in their chosen squalor, their chosen impotence, their chosen failure to connect, an assertion of worth. It would be painful enough if the message they were made to convey was "Love us, because we are such awful slobs," but the message is even more intolerable: it is "Respect us, because we are such awful slobs." Mr. Goldman has made matters worse by assembling a cast remarkable only for its dishevelled uncomeliness. There are plenty of good-looking young people in the Village, but it is a part of Mr. Goldman's sentimentality to imply that there are none—that sheer physical ugliness somehow approaches the real thing, as beauty does not. "Echoes of Silence" lasts seventy-five minutes, and seventy-five minutes of ugliness is a long time.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

DEAR MRS. T——:

Thank you for your recent correspondence, receipt of which we acknowledge with this letter.

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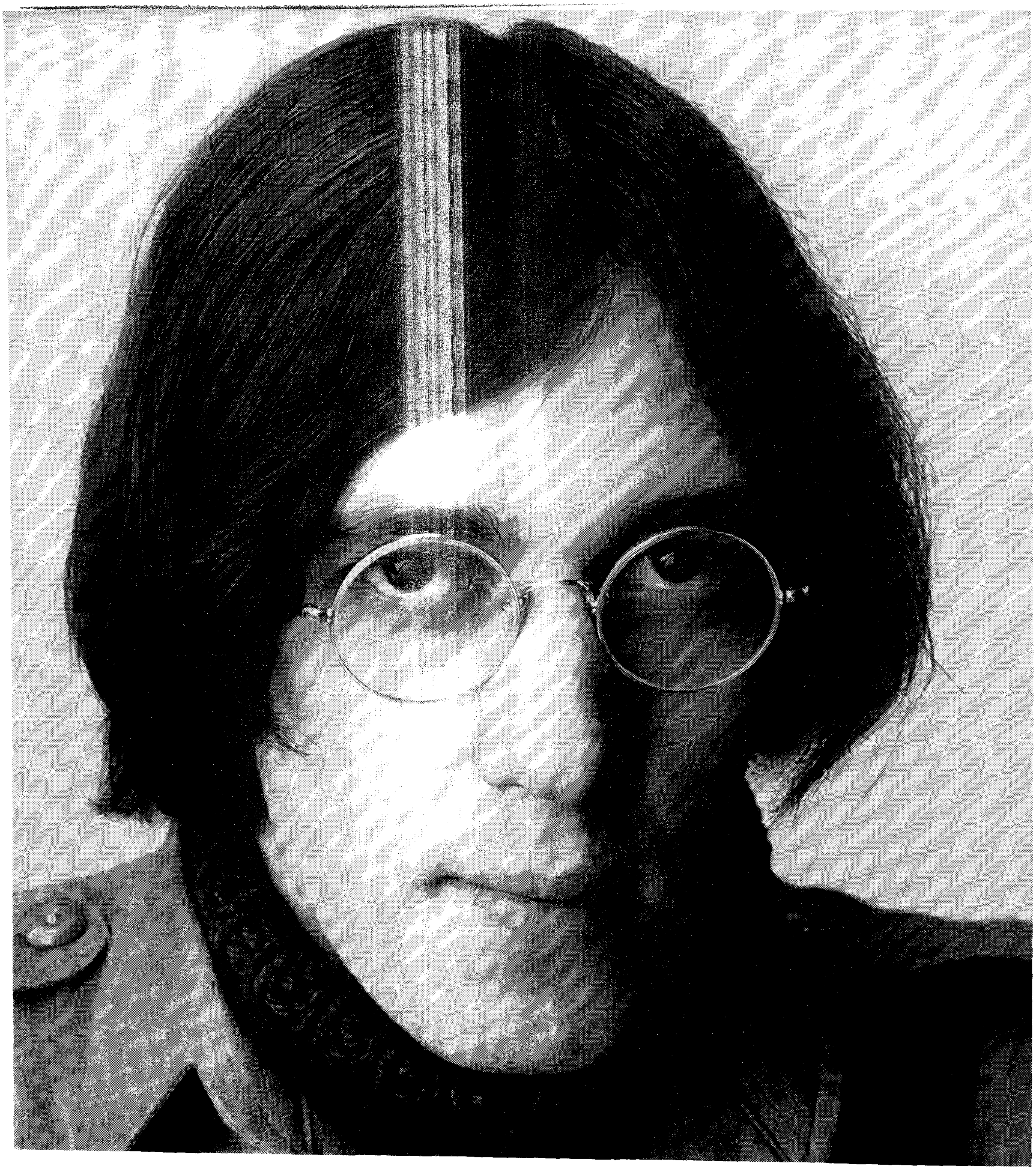
Thank you for writing to the Society.
—*Letter from the National Geographic Society.*

And good luck.



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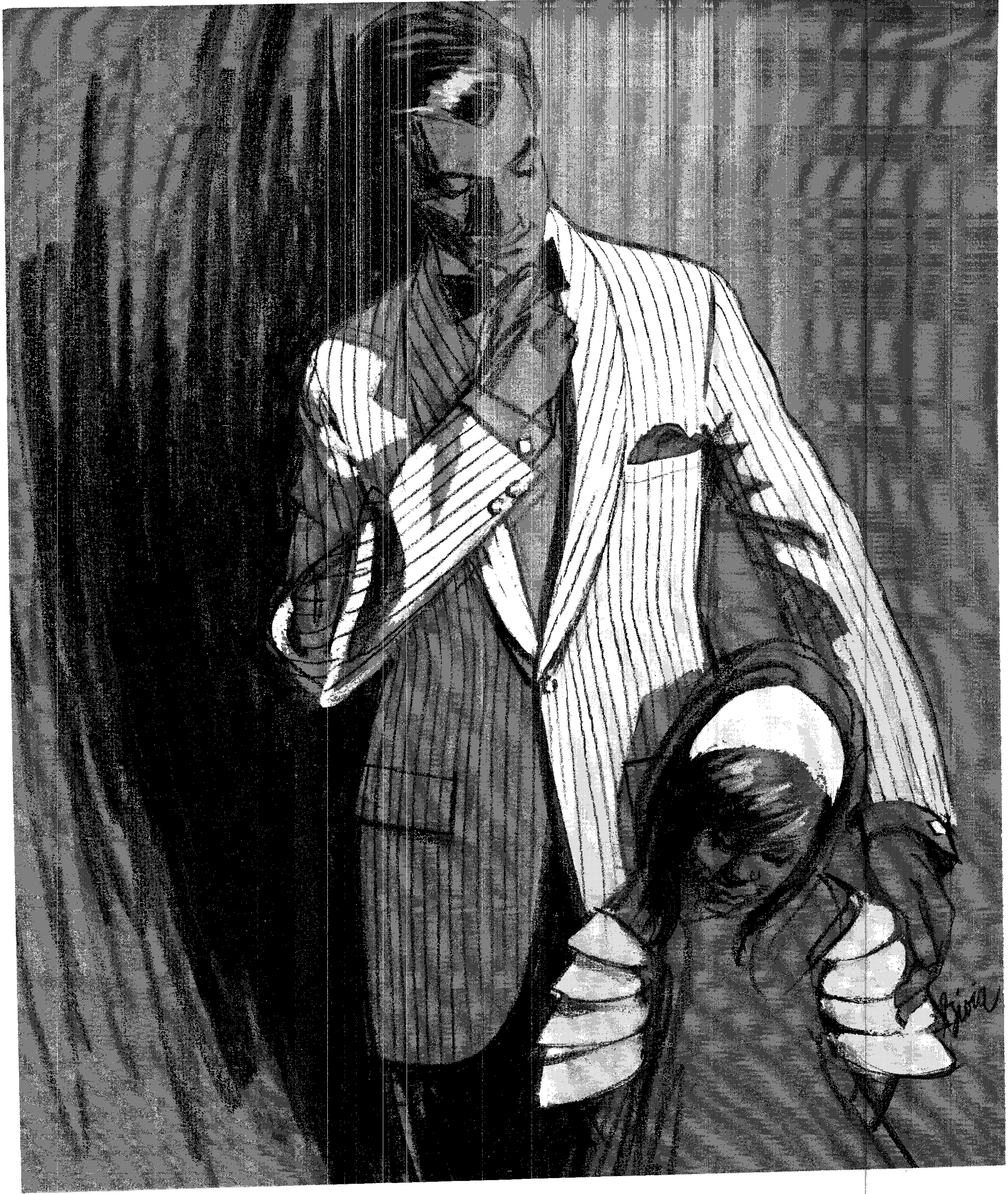
This, it seems to Forbes, makes the ads as important as the editorials.

But that should be expected from a magazine that only talks about business.

Ideally, of course, some of the kids who are about to take over the world should also read this special issue.

Or have it read to them.

Forbes: capitalist tool



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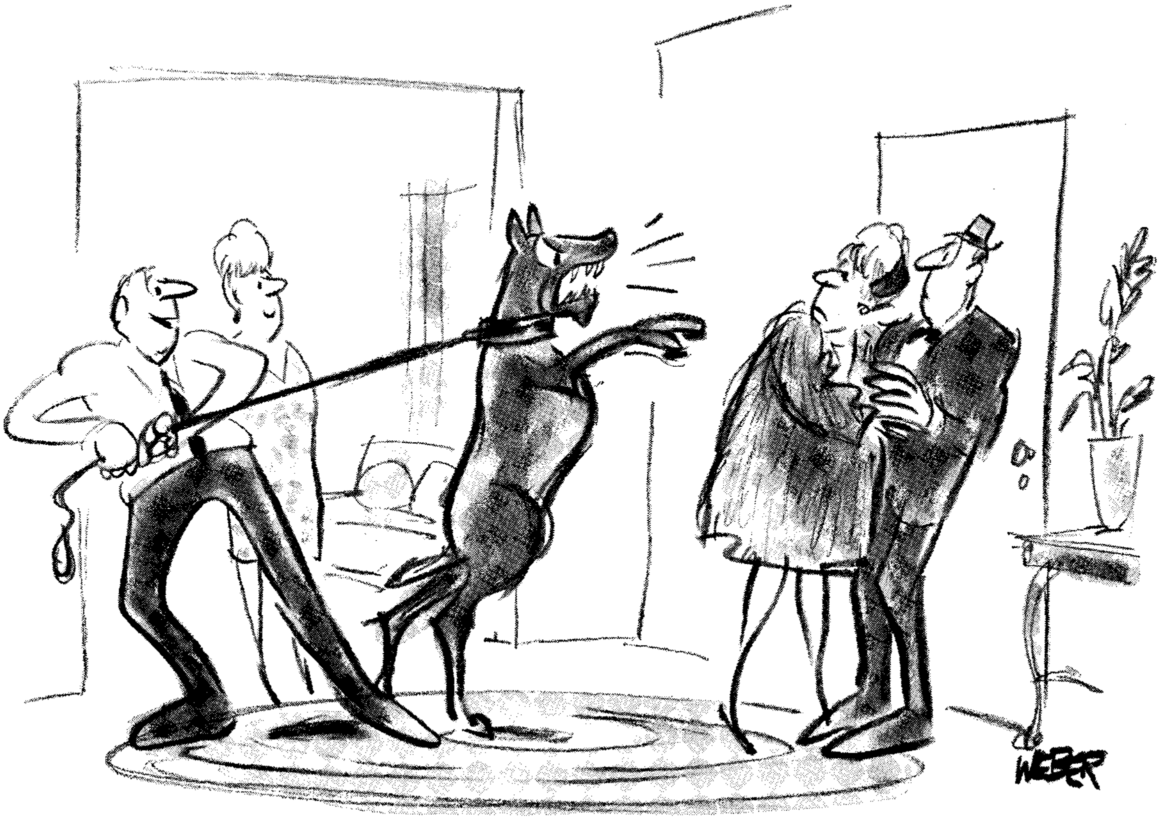
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

THIS AND THAT

THE thermometer set a record some days ago by getting up to eighty-one before it set off on one of its midwinter toboggan slides back to where it never belongs anyway the first week in April, in the process of which it removed who knows how many crocuses, primroses, and jonquils that had been encouraged by the warmth to stick their little heads out so that they could be nipped in the bud. Our shopkeepers, a more knowing lot, kept *their* stuff indoors, where it couldn't possibly be nipped in anywhere, except occasionally at the waist. Spring, say our shopkeepers, is when we say it is, not when the weather says it is. The loudest-spoken of the lot is Splendiferous, which, in an expansive mood, has decided that its old homestead, at 1312 Third Avenue (75th Street), is not enough, and has opened an offshoot at 16 East 56th Street. (Business is moving back downtown.) The Bamboo Room, which is part of this new enterprise, should—with a name like that—be a bar in a tropical hotel, but it is actually a repository for the prize events here, some of them frocks of Kabuki descent, done in Fortrel-and-cotton whose coloration is an outburst of salmon, green, orange, red, beige, purple, yellow, and maybe other hues in a complex of broad and narrow stripes. The price is $65. And there are caftans for any time of day or night (Irish linen in black and white stripes), and combinations of long, double-breasted, vents-in-back jackets with short culottes (all of white cotton matelassé in a wavy herringbone; the culottes have four-inch hems for those who wish to cover their knees), and sleeveless blouses (white swiss with black dots) with black pussycat bows under the chin (these to go with the jackets, at $250 a set all told), and sheaths of the matelassé (cowl necks, square yokes, slashed-away shoulders, with a very after-five air), and angel dresses of chiffon in a tigerskin print, and even Empress Josephine rigs of orange matte jersey and charity-ball deals of pink chiffon anointed with pomegranates in a dozen colors. The sizes: 6 to 12.

THE mood of expansion has affected I. Miller, whose shoe store at 450 Fifth Avenue (40th) it likes to call a Galleria; now clothes and accessories to that fact have been added, and a trifle mod they are—French coats (practically coat-dresses) of finely striped blue-and-white ticking, with wide inserts through the middle (the staff refers to them as motorcycle belts) and three nickel discs in a vertical row, for $80; English sheaths with polo-shirt tops, of wool knit striped horizontally in rose, pink, orange, and white, for $40; English slip dresses of Arnel jersey, whose swirls of lavender, royal blue, coral, and Shocking pink come to just $20. Naturally, there are suspender dresses, these of pebbly orange crêpe and filled in with long-sleeved, high-necked white blouses of the stuff, and brief little-girl dresses of white chiffon, wearing their orange and red hearts not only on their sleeves but everywhere else. Among the for-the-season-to-come shoes are calf loafers of navy with white vamps and tongues, invented especially for pants suits, and spectator pumps of navy with ever so slight platforms (a harbinger?) of Shocking-pink patent leather. For evening, we come upon broad, square-toed, low-heeled pumps of kid with enormous rhinestone buckles on the vamps. I *said* Miller is mod.

MORE French goods for warm weather have been assembled by Alice Schweitzer, at 739 Madison Avenue (64th), and the Great Outdoors should be their native habitat, though the coloration of them is anything but protective. I'm not sure about ruffles (I thought Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm quit when Mary Pickford did), but here they are, on sleeveless, scoop-necked shifts of crinkled cotton in Shocking pink bearing a print of green sunrays. Matching babushkas, knitting-bag handbags, rope-soled slippers, and such are ready and waiting. This should give you a Schweitzer idea. Let us proceed to the long tunics with tapered trousers (of yellow Helanca), to the piqué dresses (the paint scheme is amethyst triangles to the waist, aqua-



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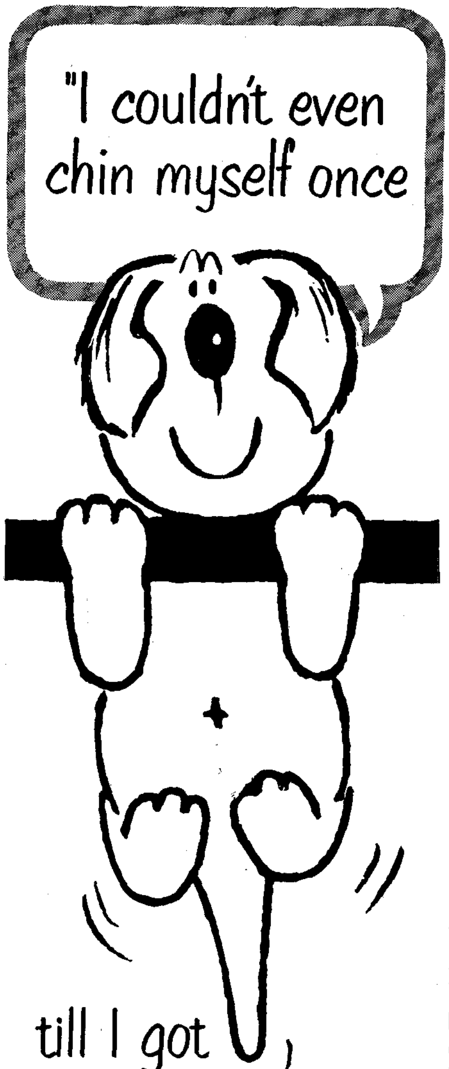
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marine thence) with narrow amethyst belts around the hips, to the anytime cotton dresses in furious Mexican colors, and so on.

THE Great Outdoors, and the Active one, is the purpose of Honeybee, whose comb is at 7 East 53rd Street. Pullover dresses to resist the wind and water that are part of sailboating show up in gold nylon with navy binding along the split hems and the elasticized wrists, and silvery chain belts nip them in when the breezes become too stiff. Short, hooded culottes of red nylon can be other members of the crew. Rompers of white nylon jersey can go it alone on the tennis courts or be covered by skirts of white sharkskin; playsuits of navy stretch terry cloth can go it alone on the beach or be covered by minidresses of striped stretch terry or (almost dowdy nowadays) knee-length navy singlets of the terry. . . . Outdoors is the state of mind in Abercombie & Fitch's Season 1 boutique, but when wasn't outdoors the attitude at A. & F.? John Weitz is the designer of what is now to be discussed. If you must, there are car coats of white duck; I liked better the blazers, slacks, skirts, and shirts in cotton that can be Paisley, Tattersall, checked, striped, or solid-hue, and the turtleneck wool sweaters in uncommon shades (pewter is one), and the boaters and the planter straw hats and the T-strap kidskin sandals. . . . Indoors and outdoors are taken care of in Saks Fifth Avenue's new Ad Lib Boutique by Anne Klein's uncluttered casual clothes. There's not a button, a zipper, a dart in the whole bunch; Klein must be of an old Amish family. Many of her pullover shifts in cotton prints are reversible. Some have kimono sleeves, some have court-jester ones, and the prints are decisive and inventive; $35 to $40. The more elaborate long robes of tomato linen look to be straight out of "Camelot." The gold band that frames half of the straight-across neck meets the royal-purple one that frames the other half front and center, from which they trail to the hem. Other flowing robes, these of surah, are extremely floral; the two-piece surah pajamas, just about as floral, are much more flippant (offhand pullover tops and stovepipe trousers) and expensive—$110. . . . There's no getting away from Finland; Design Research, at 53 East 57th Street and 866 Lexington Avenue (65th), sees to that. Now it's cotton at-home gowns, stopping an inch above the ankles—tailored ones in five-inch horizontal stripes of plum and cocoa,

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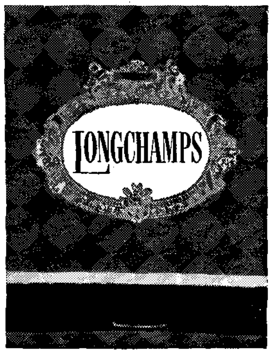

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HEUTE 19–22 h Erh. Preise: Fr. 5.–/30.– Es sind nur noch wenige Karten erhältlich	Silvestervorstellung **Die lustige Witwe** Operette von Franz Lehar Leitung: Jordan, Liebeneiner, Röthlisberger, Erismann, Beriozoff Fanger, Dressel, Schwanneke Eilmann, Smekal; Douglas, van Daalen, Schwanbeck, Zeithammer, Peter, v. Vrooman, Ernst, Telasko, Strasser
14.30 h bis 17 h	In italienischer Sprache **La Traviata** Oper von Giuseppe Verdi Egermann, Duggelin, Zimmermann, Erismann Sgourda, Kunz, Gassmann, Peterson, Hemsley, van Vrooman, Ernst, Telasko, Rohr, Barbasini, Mann
20–22.30 h	**Romeo und Julia** Ballett nach William Shakespeare *Musik von Serge Prokofieff* Jordan, Beriozoff, Businger Fulton, Keller, Heimolainen, Muri, Cerf, Le Comte, Reid, Bary, Doering, Dyal, Fluhrer, Leclerc, Tobias; Kelly, Mondino, Popescu, Sakai, Schuller, de Ribaupierre, von Koschak, Natiez, Serrano, Frey und das Corps de Ballet
20.00 h ○	Sondervorstellung für das linke Ufer–Sargans, Einsiedeln: In italienischer Sprache **Don Carlos** Oper von Giuseppe Verdi
20.00 h	**Don Giovanni** Oper von Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

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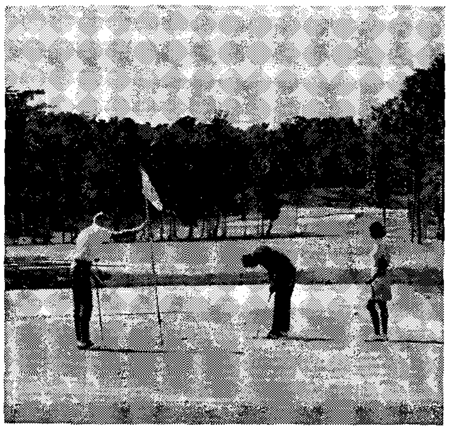

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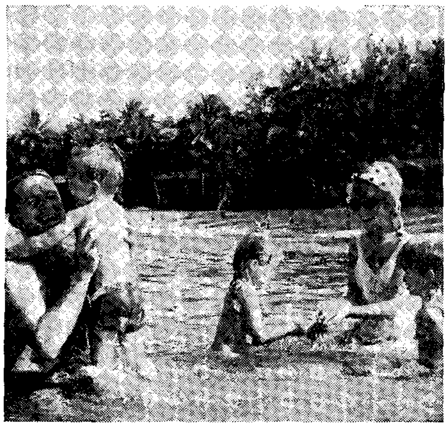

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with notched collars and fly fronts; shifts striped sedately in beige and gray or frantically in red and yellow, all with tab closings and turnover collars. And there are further shifts—dressy ones, suspended on thin shoulder straps, and appearing in black cotton with peach ovals distributed about, and sassier ones, ending above the knees at the sides, of cotton that involves ultramarine clouds and touches of coral. What kind of weather does that predict? Fair is the answer.

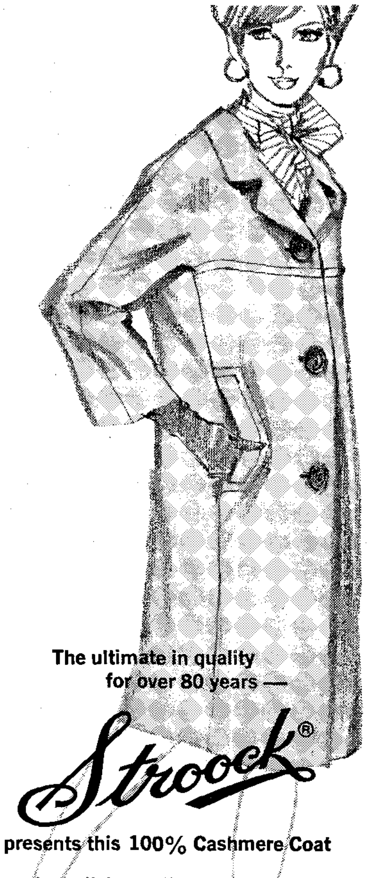
Bonwit Teller's ninth floor has synthetic knits for honest-to-goodness little girls in the sizes-3-to-12 range. The knits look like wool and can go through a washing machine. Even jacquard weaves are possible in these goods, and even tent dresses are among the results. The tents are white, and mandarin coats striped in red, navy, pistachio, and white—all horizontally—go with them. White daisies deploy over navy smock frocks that tie in bows and streamers at the throat, and giant green daisies deploy over frocks in white with short puffed sleeves. Very special parties can be attended in mauve A-line dresses with icicle embroidery at the hems and the collarless necks; momentary appearances at Mama's dinner festivals can be made in grown-up pajamas (overblouses and quite full trousers) of a synthetic in an orange-and-white cactus pattern. . . . For bigger little girls (sizes 7 to 14), DePinna's children's section provides a spate of terry-cloth separates in ice-cream colors to sop up the effects of a dip in a pool. Pink and green prevail. The pink also applies to the vast beach towels of the same goods—towels big enough to serve as hampers for bikinis, sunglasses, oils, and a sandwich lunch, because of the pockets built into them and the handles that are ditto. Parents are sure to steal them for themselves. For a real change of scene, there are Nigerian cottons in a fruit-and-flower print—lantern-sleeved tent dresses, sleeveless overblouses, wraparound skirts, shorts, and trousers. Stuff that is never going to go through a washing machine: paper pinafores, dresses, bathing suits, floppy hats, beach bags, all bearing Shocking-pink flowers and greenery. What a carefree way to take the children on vacation!

—M. M.

•

Good new riders do not come out from under stones because it takes too much time and experience to get there.—*The Times.*

Nonsense, it's easy.



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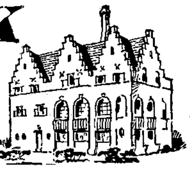

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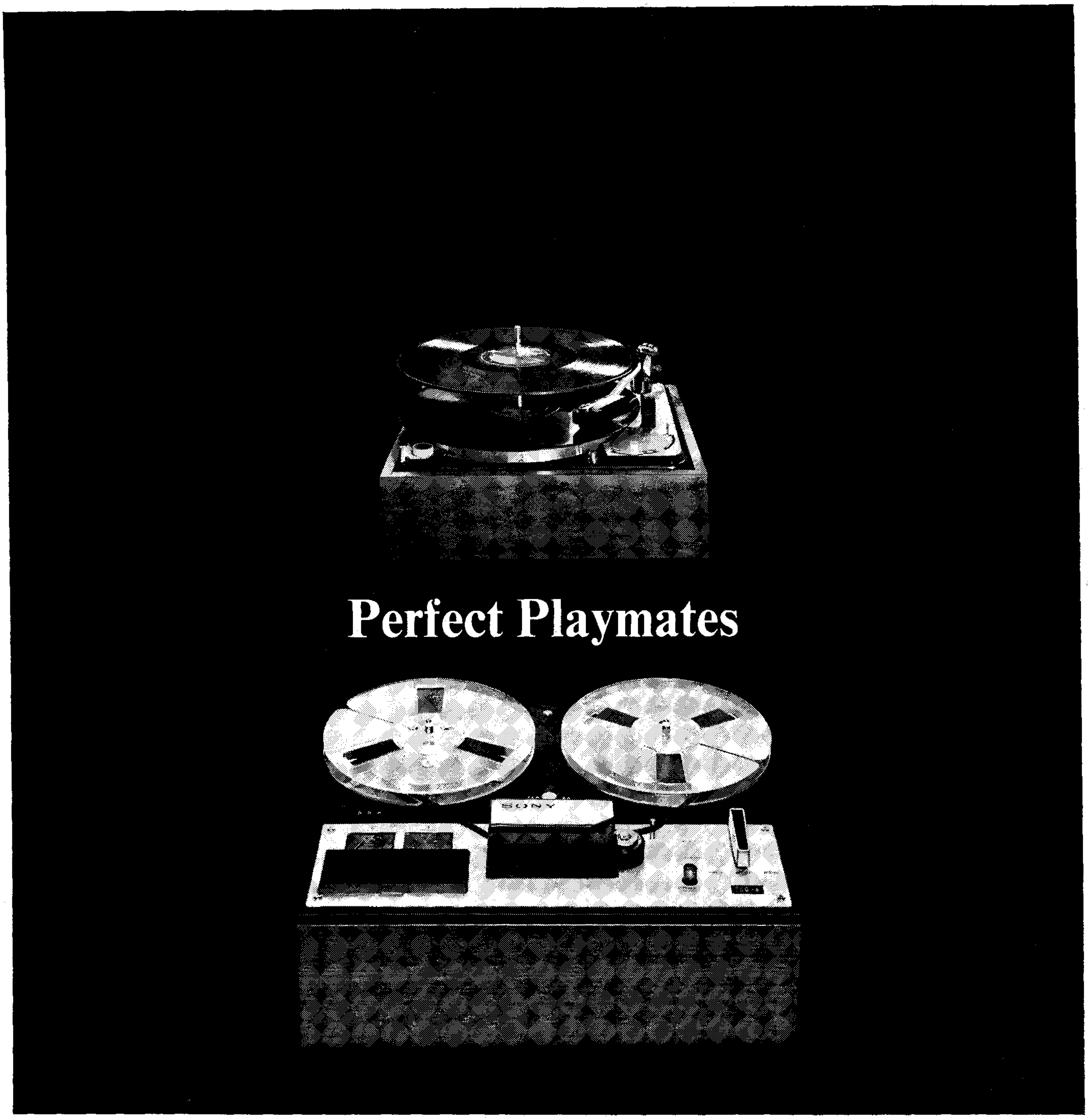

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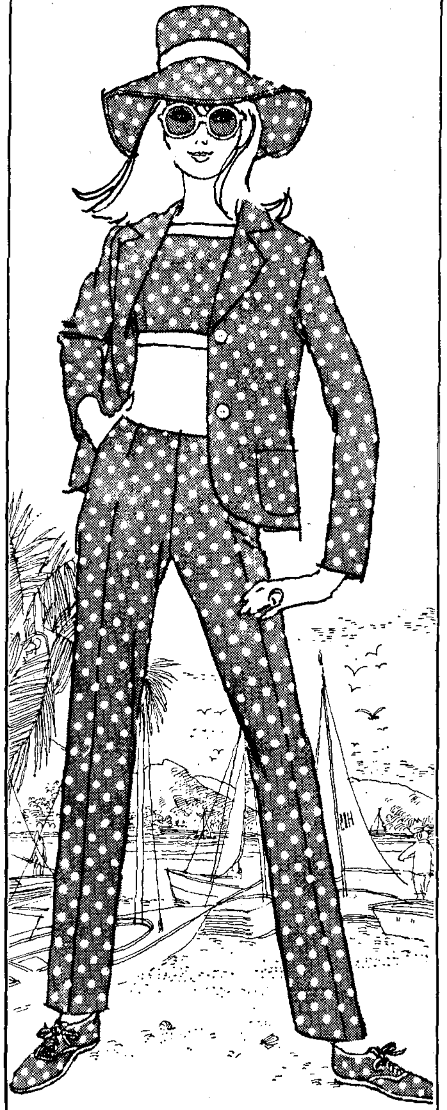

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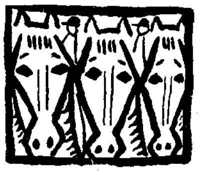
THE RACE TRACK

Boycott

THERE was no racing at Aqueduct four days last week, and as this is written it is anyone's guess when it will be resumed. The shutdown began when the owners and trainers, who are all members of the Horsemen's Benevolent and Protective Association, refused to make entries for the scheduled races, because a bill that would have provided about three and a half million dollars more for the purses, mostly of the run-of-the-mill events that keep the smaller stables going, was killed by the Assembly in the closing session of the legislature at Albany. The measure, which would have taken a half of one per cent from the state's ten-per-cent tax on the money bet in the mutuels, had passed the Senate by 54 votes to 2, but it didn't have a chance in the Assembly; it never got out of committee. Assembly Speaker Anthony J. Travia, who has the last word, said, "Let them wait till next year." Which reminded Colonel Martingale of an older and more famous quip—"Let them eat cake." A conservative estimate of the loss in revenue to the state treasury for those four days is about $1,500,000. The loss to the racecourse management and to its more than twenty-five hundred employees has not been totted up, but it must run into big money, too.



The effect of the boycott was quickly felt at the harness tracks. Business at Roosevelt Raceway jumped ten per cent the day the shutdown began. (Incidentally, there were dark rumors going around that the trotting-track interests, to which the Big A is anathema, had their lobby working like beavers at Albany to block the bill. This was vehemently denied in all quarters.) Pimlico also had a boom in betting and attendance. From the first day, busloads of New York horseplayers went rolling down to Baltimore, and last Saturday the track handled $2,006,989. (Two-million-dollar days are rare at Pimlico.) Now the Maryland Racing Commission has suggested that since the Gotham Stakes may not be run at Aqueduct this weekend, Pimlico could put on a special race that would attract the leading three-year-old stars. It's just as well for New York that Jersey's Garden State Park wasn't scheduled to open last weekend instead of a week from Saturday. The exodus would have been overwhelming. As a matter of fact, Eddie Neloy is sending Successor, whom he is training for the Kentucky Derby, to Keeneland, in Lexington, along with other Wheatley and Phipps horses, and Johnny Nerud is ready to ship Dr. Fager to Pimlico. Smaller stables, which can ill afford to be idle, are making plans to go to Maryland or New England.

All told, thoroughbred racing contributed $77,500,000 to the state treasury last year, and only $16,000,000 in prize money went to the stables that put on the show. That hardly seems a fair split. Any trainer will tell you that it costs more to keep a horse in New York than it does anywhere else in the country; indeed, a trainer is lucky to get by on twenty dollars a day. Purses have not kept pace with the rising stable costs. Still, I think the H.B.P.A. is rather optimistic to expect the gentry in Albany to part with even a tenth of one per cent of the state's take from the mutuels. The boys up there are all direct descendants of the horseleech's daughters, whose cry, as you know, was "Give, give!" Mr. Travia is quite annoyed. He has asked the State Comptroller to make an audit of the books of the New York Racing Association to see if money isn't available to meet the demands of the horsemen. Then, there's the state senator who wants the trustees of the Racing Association replaced by men who do not own horses, and wants the Saratoga racecourse closed and its meeting transferred to Aqueduct. Well, I'm sure that the upstate politicos who spend their Augusts at the Spa wouldn't like that.

As for the chances of a special session of the legislature or a change in the stand of the H.B.P.A., Diogenes Checkpoints, my outside man, reports, "There is great excitement. Can learn nothing." —AUDAX MINOR

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LETTER FROM LONDON

April 4

PARLIAMENT, returning today after the Easter recess, immediately got down to discussing the subject of oil. While the discussion was going on, the battle to finish off the stubbornly surviving tanker Torrey Canyon, strewn over the Seven Stones Reef between Cornwall and the Scillies like the debris of a giant, malignant squid, still oozing black filth toward the beautiful holiday coast of southwest England, dominated the press, the radio, and anxious talk. A note of criticism of the Government's handling of the oil threat appeared in some of the newspaper comment, headed by the *Times* under its brisk new management. The Prime Minister has now as briskly demolished, as uninformed and untrue, the arguments that the final order to bomb and set fire to the tanker ought to have been given right away, regardless of the complexities of international law, instead of waiting while the winds and tides pushed the oil farther around the coast. What everybody wants to hear now is how this sort of catastrophe can be prevented—or, anyway, prepared for if it should happen again. At one moment, as the newspapers loudly agitated in scaring headlines, the whole of the south coast appeared to be in danger from the moving menace. At the resorts, the authorities hastily laid in booms to protect their harbors, and also detergents to clean the horrible stuff off the beaches on which thousands of holidaymakers will be hoping to disport themselves when staggered vacations begin in a month or so. The small but succulent Cornish oysters were reported to be about to be evacuated en bloc from their beds to safer waters. Some authorities also rounded up and sent off their swans in surprised but still unblemished families. The mayor of distant Brighton, who turned out to be a comely matron in a smart lunch-party hat, was televised sensibly refusing to panic and saying sturdily that if it came to the worst, Brighton could take it. Though the situation now seems less alarming, hotelkeepers and fishermen along the Cornish coast are anxious about the effect of the oil on their bookings and catches this summer. The damage to nature will not be repaired for years, some experts think. The R.S.P.C.A. and various ornithological bodies are trying to tackle the delicate, difficult task of cleaning up and housing the survivors of the colonies of razorbills, guillemots, and gulls who confidently alighted on their natural habitat and found themselves caught fast in some dreadful inhumanity of man to bird. Since the fragile bones of a struggling bird are easily broken, thousands had to be killed on the spot. The effect on the marine life of these waters, inundated first by the oil and then by even deadlier detergents, is gloomily viewed as lethal by most scientists, it seems. Many Londoners, as they read all this bad news, wondered if it might not be a chilling warning sent ahead from a not so distant silent spring.

THE most talked-of acting in London at the moment is Sir Laurence Olivier's superlative portrait of a poisoned and poisonous life in the National Theatre production of Strindberg's "The Dance of Death," at the Old Vic. It is a performance to raise the hair on your head—one of the most unforgettable of Olivier's career, though its towering effect, unfortunately, is somewhat to dwarf the valiant playing of the rest of the cast. Only he makes live, credible, and even pitiful the appalling gyrations of murderous love and hate through which Strindberg jerks his skeletons in the stifling cupboard of a fearful marriage. The play, written in 1901, is strongly autobiographical. Into it Strindberg poured savage memories of his first wife, Siri von Essen, and some of his second, a young Austrian journalist, Frida Uhl (including the incident of his tender impulse to drown her on their honeymoon). Matrimony to him was an exacerbating battle—repulsive, fascinating—which neither protagonist could hope to win. His second bout, with Frida, had lasted only a year before he was preparing to marry, also unhappily, the twenty-two-year-old Norwegian actress Harriet Bosse. The Old Vic program contains photographs of Strindberg as a handsome, sensual youth with thick, wavy hair and icy pale eyes, and also as the man of fifty-two who infatuated Harriet—still strongly attractive, prone to fits of

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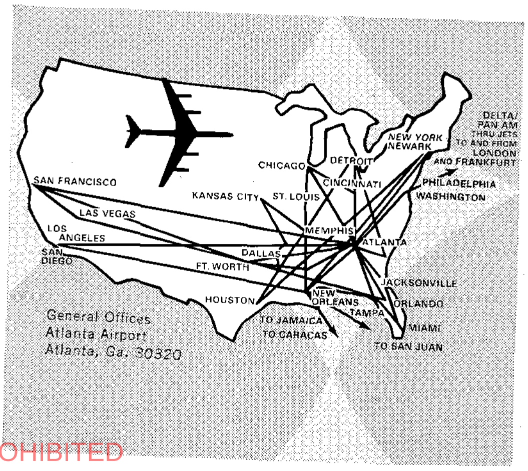
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black despair, interested in philosophy and the occult, neurotic and humorless, noting carefully in his journal that lustful feelings, aroused perhaps by a woman passed in the street, were always accompanied for him by a mysterious smell of celery. Hatred and love, he wrote to a friend after he and Frida had parted, were all one: "The same source of energy. Sometimes positive, sometimes negative electricity. But one and the same."

The couple in "The Dance of Death" are a middle-aged failure of a captain, Edgar, and his failed actress wife, Alice, miserably inhabiting their own claustrophobic hell in an island military fortress. The innocent victim mauled between the wolfish couple is Alice's cousin Kurt, who arrives on the island as quarantine officer, is seduced by Alice, and is financially ruined by Edgar. There are two shattering climaxes in the play. One is the scene where, alone on the stage, Olivier coldly and drunkenly breaks up the place, smashing his wife's precious photographs, wrecking her wretched little acting trophies, sending bullets ripping into her piano. Olivier makes it a sort of dance of death on its own, a shocking little ballet of annihilation. The second is the captain's actual death, after a seizure. Leaning over him, Alice belts him triumphantly in the face as he lies stricken. Collecting his last strength, her husband spits in hers. The long, brutal duel, sometimes horrifyingly funny in an astonishingly contemporary vein of black humor, instantly recalled Edward Albee's academic Martha and George to the critics. Alice is played by Geraldine McEwan, normally a talented comedy actress, with a peaky blond malevolence. Robert Stephens is excellent as the gentle Kurt. In Glen Byam Shaw's otherwise superb production, the enormously long play has been much cut to fit it into one evening, so that—in the second, and weaker, half especially—the audience is hazed by missing chunks of knowledge about the characters. The first half, apparently presented in Sweden as a complete play, has a perfect curtain. The piano-shooting scene is over, the appalled Kurt has fled, and the exhausted captain and his wife collapse among the ruins. Oddly united against Kurt, against the rest of the island and the world, they relapse into a momentary pale version of happier times. They even laugh a bit together. In spite of all that has passed between them and under our startled eyes, the captain prophesies that in a few weeks' time they will be

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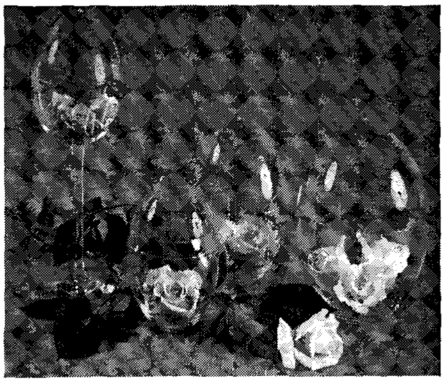

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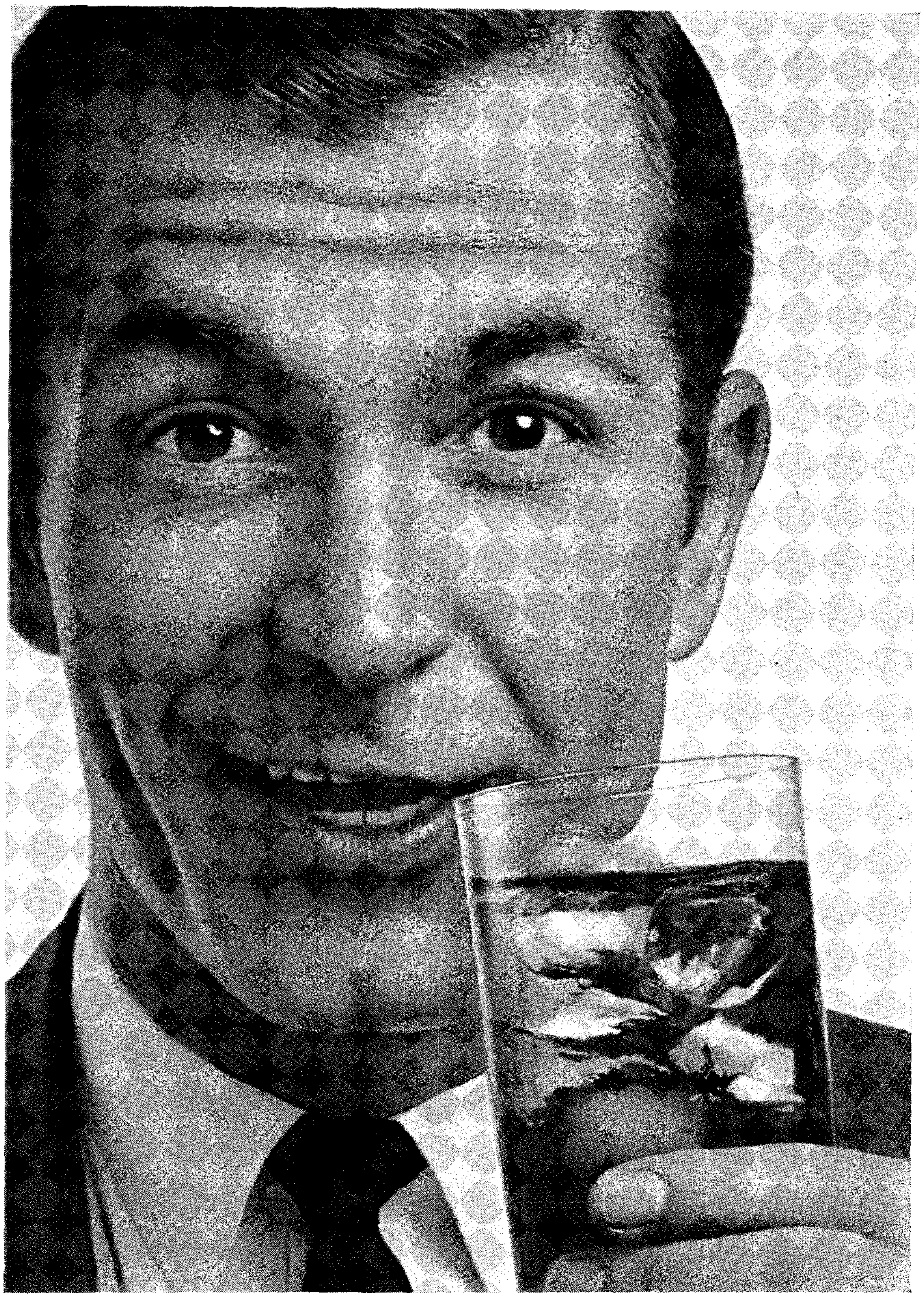

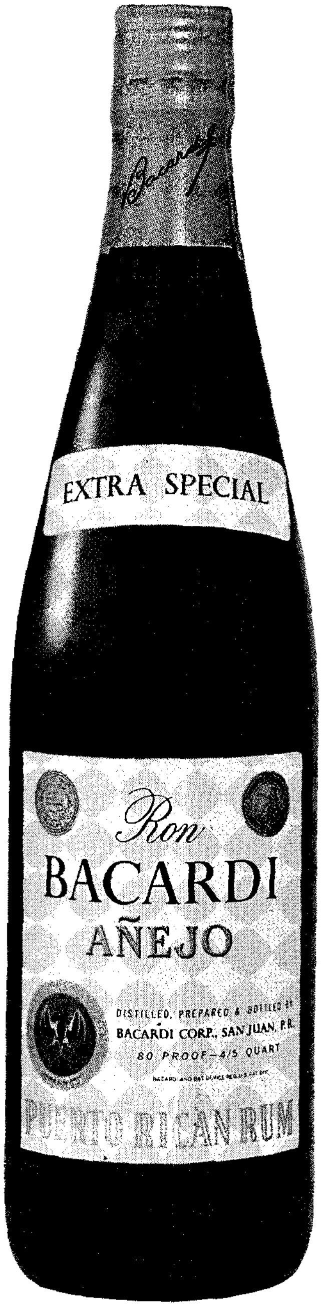
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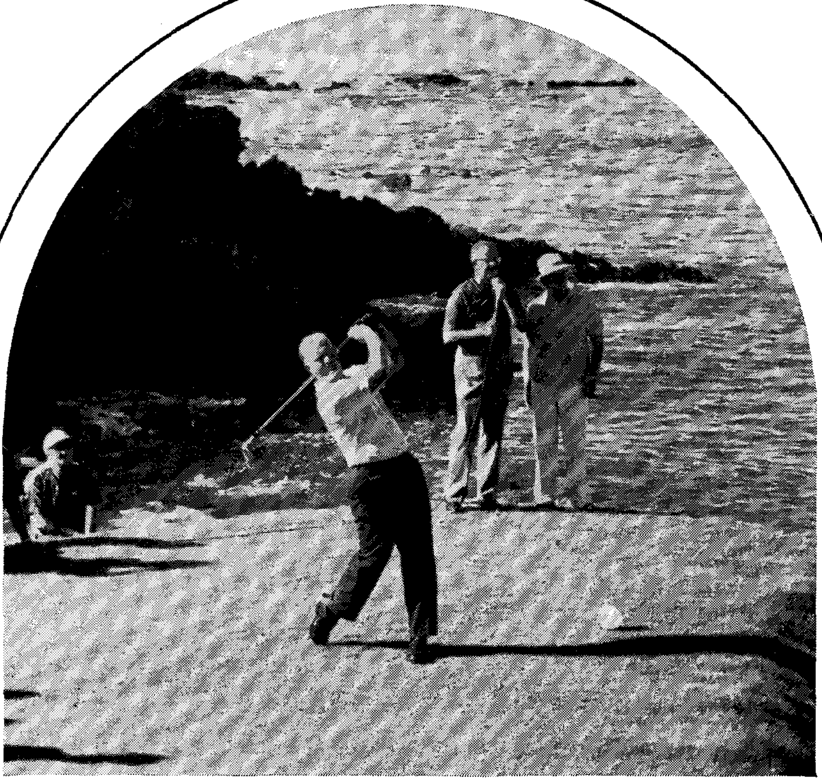
decorously inviting the colonel and the rest of the station to celebrate their twenty-fifth anniversary of married happiness. It is the flash of positive electricity, brief but illuminating.

THE excitement and controversy of the Royal Ballet's season at Covent Garden is the new work "Paradise Lost," created by Roland Petit as a showcase for the remarkable partnership, now at its height, of Nureyev and Fonteyn. It received ecstatic acclaim for being at last a galvanizing modern ballet from a company that has lately suffered serious losses of vital young talent in dancers and choreographers, defecting for one reason or another, and has been accused now and then of being stuck fast in stuffy middle age. The new ballet's stimulation and shock were heightened by its being given with two Diaghilev ballets of the twenties, both created by Bronislava Nijinska—the delicious "Les Biches," with its houseparty of ravishing pink-and-blue Marie Laurencin nymphs tossing their plumed heads at their hilariously dead-pan, muscular beaux, and Stravinsky's "Les Noces." The bridals depicted by Petit take their argument not from Milton but from a poem by Jean Cau, the novelist and Goncourt prize-winner, and it is all considerably more diverting than you might suppose. Nureyev's Adam and Fonteyn's Eve, unable to appear in their Eden pelts, simulate nakedness with brief coverings of shiny white plastic, very chic and Courrèges, by the *nouveau-réaliste* painter Martial Raysse, who also designed the Pop Art décor. Adam is hatched out of a glowing monster egg, which obligingly flashes the numerals of the countdown of the life rocket in the primeval dawn. When Eve joins him, the pair perform a long, astonishing series of jerky exploring movements toward each other, like dolls set stiffly going in some *boutique fantasque* of Genesis, staring, sampling, starting back. Temptation enters as a five-man serpent undulating in purple tights, and Adam is finally felled by fire descending from Heaven. The weird, crackling electronic score of the ballet is by Marius Constant, who conducted. Nureyev's most thrilling moment, following a series of his great, soaring leaps around the stage, was a headlong dive through the red lips of a vast female face—Eternal Woman or something—painted on the backcloth, a feat that made old ballet hands recall Nijinsky's wondrous levitation in "Le Spectre de la Rose." The perfection of Fonteyn's dancing in the untypical, gymnastically



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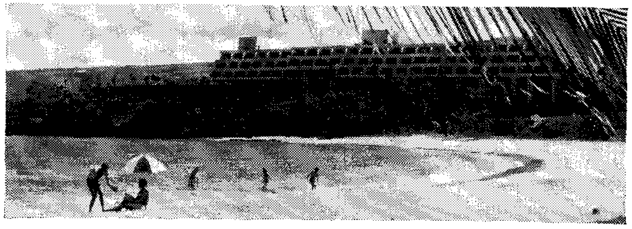

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demanding role was a revelation. At the third performance, the audience stood deliriously cheering them as they took call after call, while a shower of small bunches of flowers, supplementing the florists' sheaves carried on by the Covent Garden flunkies, sailed down from the shouting gallery enthusiasts and were tossed by the customarily dignified occupants of the stalls. It was a great ballet evening.

GIVING enormous pleasure to bookish viewers on two recent Friday evenings, the B.B.C. presented Leonard Woolf at home in Sussex looking back—in random recollections to Malcolm Muggeridge—at his Victorian childhood, his marriage, the beginnings of the Hogarth Press, founded by him and Virginia, and their Bloomsbury circle. For once, these treats appeared on B.B.C.-1, and not on the second channel, B.B.C.-2, which, as people living in the many parts of Britain that as yet are unable to pick it up bitterly complain, features most of the choice and more intelligent program items. For instance, B.B.C.-2 has been running the beautifully done "Forsyte Saga," with the result that the unfashionable Galsworthy, discovered by a whole new generation of readers, has been heading the best-seller lists in the paperback edition just brought out by Penguin. "We never thought anything at all of Galsworthy" was the austere verdict of Leonard Woolf (the "we" being matrimonial) in his literary musings on television. The camera followed the two men on a walk over the downs and rested for a while with them and a fond, panting little shadow of a dog on a hilltop, where Muggeridge lay staring at the summer sky, occasionally asking a desultory question, and his old friend chatted. The conversation was picked up again in the garden, into which Leonard Woolf, walking slowly and carefully, carried a tea tray and then poured, making excuses, seemingly unnecessary, for the inherited tremor of the hand which he has described in his autobiography. Now eighty-seven, gaunt, with such acutely sharp furrows in his fine face that it looks as though it were carved in wood, he produced his fastidiously spoken memories without hesitation or reticence. Among the writers he spoke of was Henry James, "a very strange character," who often visited Sir Leslie and Lady Stephen—Virginia Woolf's parents—in her childhood. The Stephen children would watch hopefully James's habit of tilting his chair perilously far back as he spun out the elaborate looped thread of his

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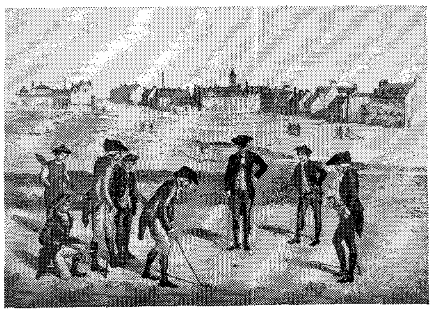

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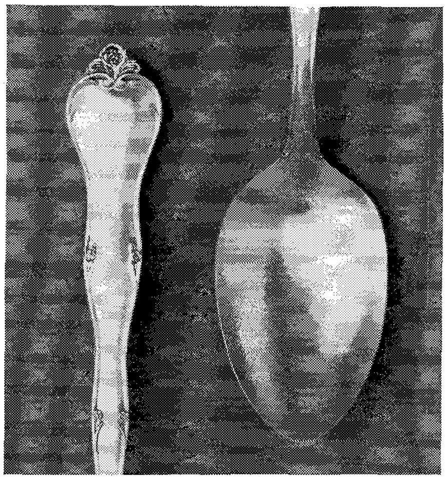

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sentences. Once, the marvellous thing happened and he fell over backward, but finished his sentence on the floor. Most of Leonard Woolf's reminiscences in the second half—in the garden—were of Virginia, whose long, medieval, sculpted face looked on from a pedestal among the leaves nearby: her books (they brought her in, he calculated, a munificent fifty or sixty pounds a year by the time she was forty-five), the sudden warning headaches that would herald an attack of her illness, the depressive moods, followed by the exalted, terrifying moments when her talk would "leave the ground," and, finally, her suicide here in this garden. Beautifully photographed and admirably natural, the short films seemed like privileged eavesdropping on a long, civilized life.

A NEW exhibition of Francis Bacon's paintings, always a major art event, is at the Marlborough New London Gallery until the end of April. The show is dominated by a number of portrait heads of people whose visages have seemingly been crushed, pulped, and spooned back into new forms, with here and there a recognizable human eye or mouth peering out of the frenzy of jubilant brushstrokes like a prisoner in a maze. They are brilliantly painted and have a sort of weighty architectural power as well as monotony. There are also several studies of the painter's friend George Dyer, who seems currently to fascinate his imagination. The figures, nude or clothed, crouch or sprawl or spin in corkscrew ectoplasm shapes in Bacon's now recognizable special world of tilted floral carpet and bare walls, sometimes of a mawkish lilac, isolated under a single swinging electric bulb. Though he has chided the critics for pinning horrific claustrophobic interpretations to his work, some of the visitors silently contemplating them the other morning were doubtless doing just that.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

Russia wants to buy this research submarine from the U.S., according to a disclosure by its manufacturer. General Dynamics Corp. Used primarily for oceanographic research, the highly advanced two-man sub costs about $900,000. It's 24½ feet long weighs 10 tons and can submerge to add excitement to any menu.
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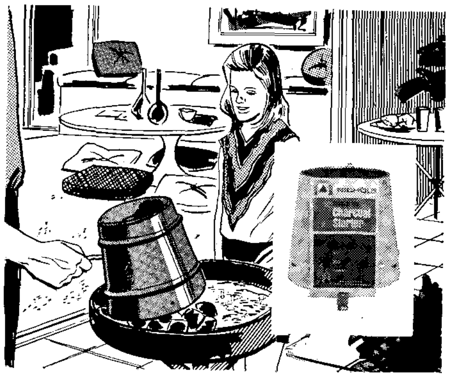

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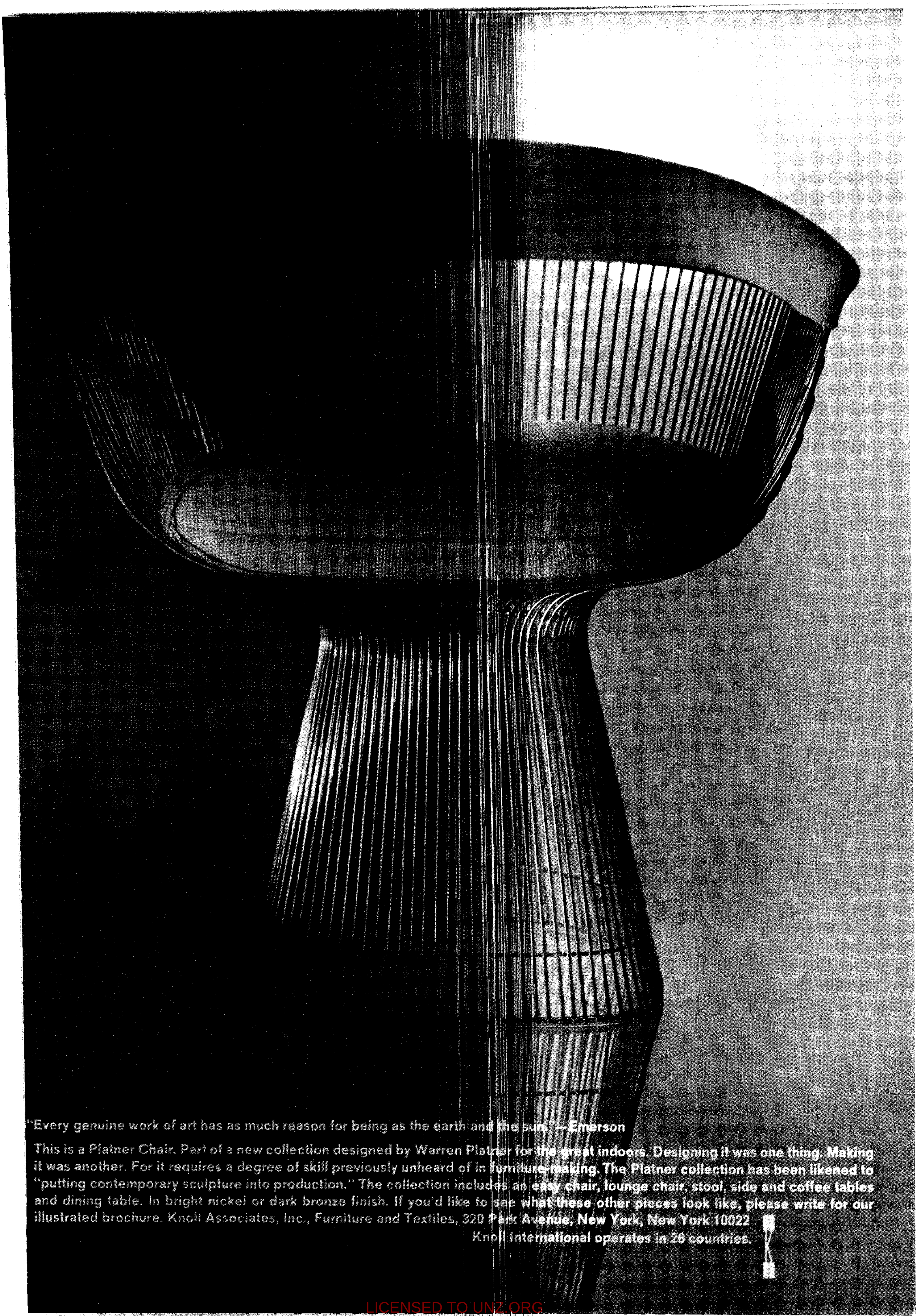

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Perfetto

TO me, the hero of the American Opera Society's performance of Gluck's "Orfeo ed Euridice," on Tuesday evening of last week in Carnegie Hall, was the conductor, Jonel Perlea. Drawing on an immense experience as an operatic maestro, he held the score and the singers to a virtually perfect standard of classical elegance, at the same time giving each soloist enough leeway for personal expression within the traditions of this aged masterpiece. The atmosphere was relaxed yet disciplined, and Gluck's music, which reaches the sublime in many places, was projected with just the right air of serenity. A note in the program stating that the work was heard in the original Vienna version was slightly misleading. The original Orfeo was the *castrato* contralto Gaetano Guadagni, whereas in this performance the role was sung by a baritone. Such shifts are not uncommon in baroque opera. For the later Paris première of "Orfeo," in 1774, Gluck, in fact, rewrote the role for a tenor, and added all that beautiful ballet music for the Elysian Fields scene. Generally, nowadays, the role is sung by a female contralto or soprano. A baritone Orfeo is almost unheard of, but since the baritone the other night was Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, there was reason for extra interest in the performance. Mr. Fischer-Dieskau performed his role with great dedication and with the distinction that he always brings to music of deep meaning. He knew where to emphasize and when to let his voice trail off into finespun pianissimos. All the same, I have a preference for the female voice in this role. Mr. Fischer-Dieskau is the most sensitive of artists, but his voice is not basically a beautiful one by operatic standards. It lacks the lyric quality that Gluck's score demands. However, the difficulty is a special one concerning a very special opera, whose classic purity is, in my opinion, slightly disturbed by the intrusion of the male voice.

The remainder of the cast was chosen with an expert ear. Elisabeth Schwarzkopf was the Euridice, and a more stylish and appropriate one would be difficult to imagine. She is perhaps the most sophisticated of living sopranos, and her performance was, as might have been expected, a triumph of musical intelligence. The fresh, youthful voice of Veronica Tyler—in its innocence almost the opposite of Miss Schwarzkopf's—was used beautifully in the role of the Happy Shade, and Lucia Popp was ideal in the role of Amore. Except for a repetition on Friday night, this was the Society's final evening of the season, and it was one that will be happily remembered.

LAST Wednesday night, the phenomenal Japanese conductor Seiji Ozawa brought the Toronto Symphony, of which he is the permanent director, to Carnegie Hall. It is always hard to judge the quality of an orchestra apart from the talents of the man who is its regular conductor, and it may be that the excellence of this one is entirely due to Mr. Ozawa's training and leadership. On the other hand, one must remember that Toronto is the home of one of the Western Hemisphere's most distinguished conservatories of music—an institution that has produced many magnificently trained artists. At any rate, no matter how the credit is to be divided, it is a fact that the Toronto Symphony under Mr. Ozawa sounds with exemplary smoothness and clarity.

I wish that Mr. Ozawa had chosen a better program for this occasion. Fortunately, I had recently heard him do Brahms' Second Symphony with the Philadelphia Orchestra, and had noted the extraordinary lucidity with which he can perform great classics. The other night's concert began with a light, precise reading of the Overture to Verdi's "I Vespri Siciliani"—one that recalled the style of Toscanini. This was followed by something called "Triptyque," by Pierre Mercure, a talented Canadian composer who was killed in an automobile accident in France last year. "Triptyque" would make an ideal ballet score. It is predominantly impressionistic in a post-Debussy manner, and though some quotations from the composer in the program notes threaten you with a trick (the last movement is the first movement played backward) the total effect is conventional. It is obviously not great music, but it is seriously intended and not without originality. Next came Ravel's Piano Concerto for the Left Hand, which

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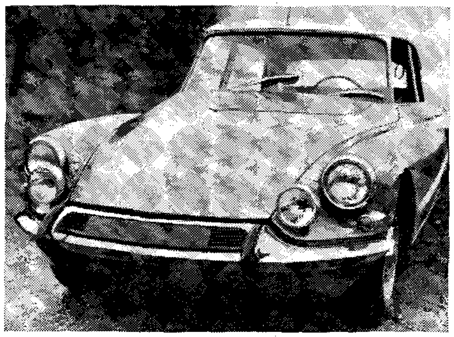

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is seriously intended but which is beginning to sound pretty trashy. The soloist was Leon Fleisher, and he performed it as if it were an exhibition piece, showing considerable fluency but not much taste. As his final number, Mr. Ozawa presented us with Berlioz's "Symphonie Fantastique"—and so you can see the source of my complaints about the program. Here he exhibited the refinement of ear and the remarkable lucidity of execution that seem to characterize his conducting. It was a lean performance, scrubbed clean, and remarkable for its precision. But the work itself has worn badly with me. Berlioz's extravagant gestures in the direction of self-conscious Romanticism and his downright vulgarities in the "March to the Scaffold" are things that I now find it not easy to accept.

IT has been interesting to watch the progress in public acceptance of the symphonies of Anton Bruckner over the past decade—or, let us say, fifteen years. At the start of that period, great portions of the audience walked out before a Bruckner symphony was over, and the critics were generally hostile, but a small group of champions remained for the end of the performance, applauding with fanatical fervor. Within the last ten years, the situation changed. Fewer people walked out; the majority remained, and, encouraged by the champions, applauded like mad at the end of a symphony. Then hardly anybody walked out, and the applause at the end was deafening, but it still had a slightly anxious ring, as if the majority had joined the crusade for the unappreciated composer. Nowadays, the audience takes Bruckner just about as it does Brahms or Tchaikovsky. The applause is still fervent—there is something about Bruckner's finales that arouses people to cheers—but it lacks that saving-the-underdog quality, and the critics, who in Olin Downes' time were quite caustic, are now respectful. Since I have been a Bruckner crusader for many years, I find this development heartening. There is no doubt that he has arrived as far as the American public is concerned—that, in short, they regard him simply as one of the great composers.

Last Thursday night, in Philharmonic Hall, the New York Philharmonic, under William Steinberg, presented Bruckner's Eighth Symphony. The symphony had been substituted for Bartók's "Bluebeard's Castle," owing to the illness of Regina Resnik, who

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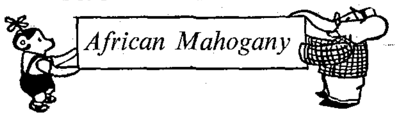

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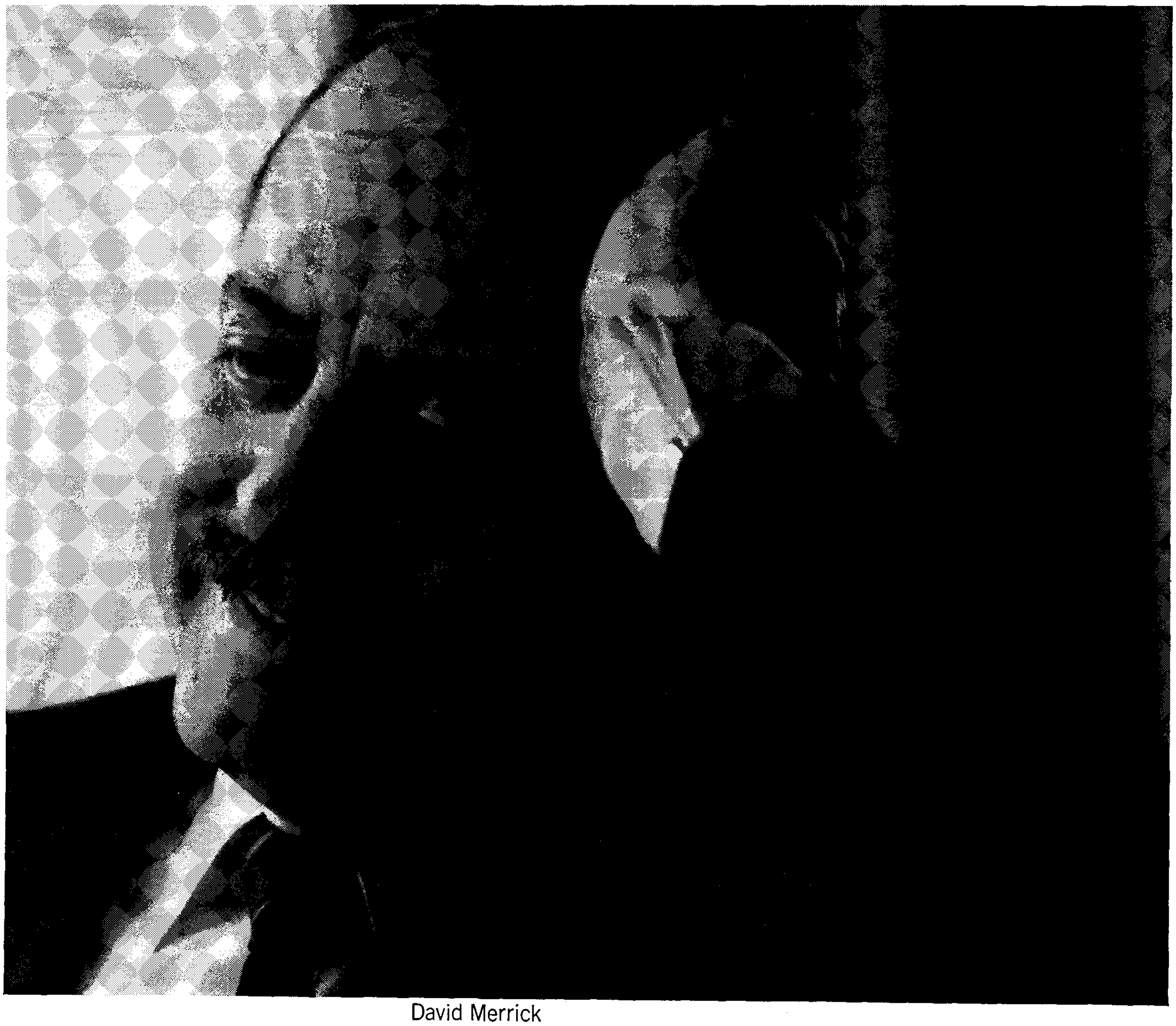

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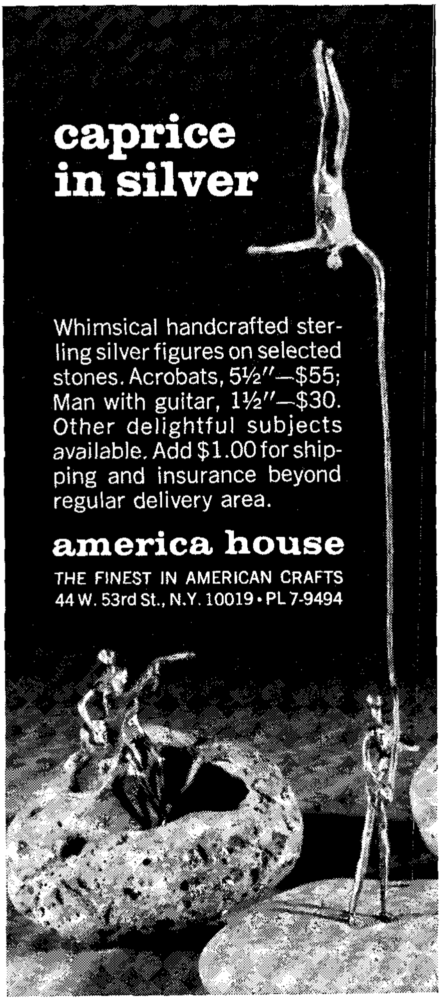

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was to have sung in that work, and it was preceded by *Beethoven's* Eighth. Mr. Steinberg, who is among the most sober and methodical of maestros, happens to be one of the few conductors around at the moment who have a special feeling for Bruckner, and in the case of Bruckner a special feeling is mandatory. I got the impression during the first part of the program, in fact, that Mr. Steinberg was merely getting the Beethoven symphony out of the way in order to devote himself to the Bruckner one. The Beethoven, though its performance was decent, seemed a little heavy in some places and a little brusque in others. The Allegretto Scherzando, which forms its "slow" movement, was not done with the utmost precision, and the responses of the cellos and basses to the statements of its main theme were sluggish and a bit weak. When the Bruckner Eighth arrived, however, Mr. Steinberg was in his best Brucknerian mood, and we heard a noble interpretation. It is difficult to choose among the last three symphonies of Bruckner; they are not only all masterpieces in the usual sense of the word but grand statements about courage, faith, and man's destiny. Of the three, my preference has always gone to the Eighth, because of its almost classical perfection of form. I have long since exhausted my vocabulary of superlatives in trying to describe it, and I shall not attempt this useless task again. To me, it is one of the supreme expressions of the musical art, rivalling the greatest works of Beethoven, Mozart, and Johann Sebastian Bach.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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Q—Are there any statistics available on the reasons why Americans travel abroad?
A—Just rough ones. About 80% travel for pleasure, 60% for business, and 3% for studies. The rest travel for reasons associated with health, religion, science, hobbies and just plain impulse.—*Los Angeles Times.*

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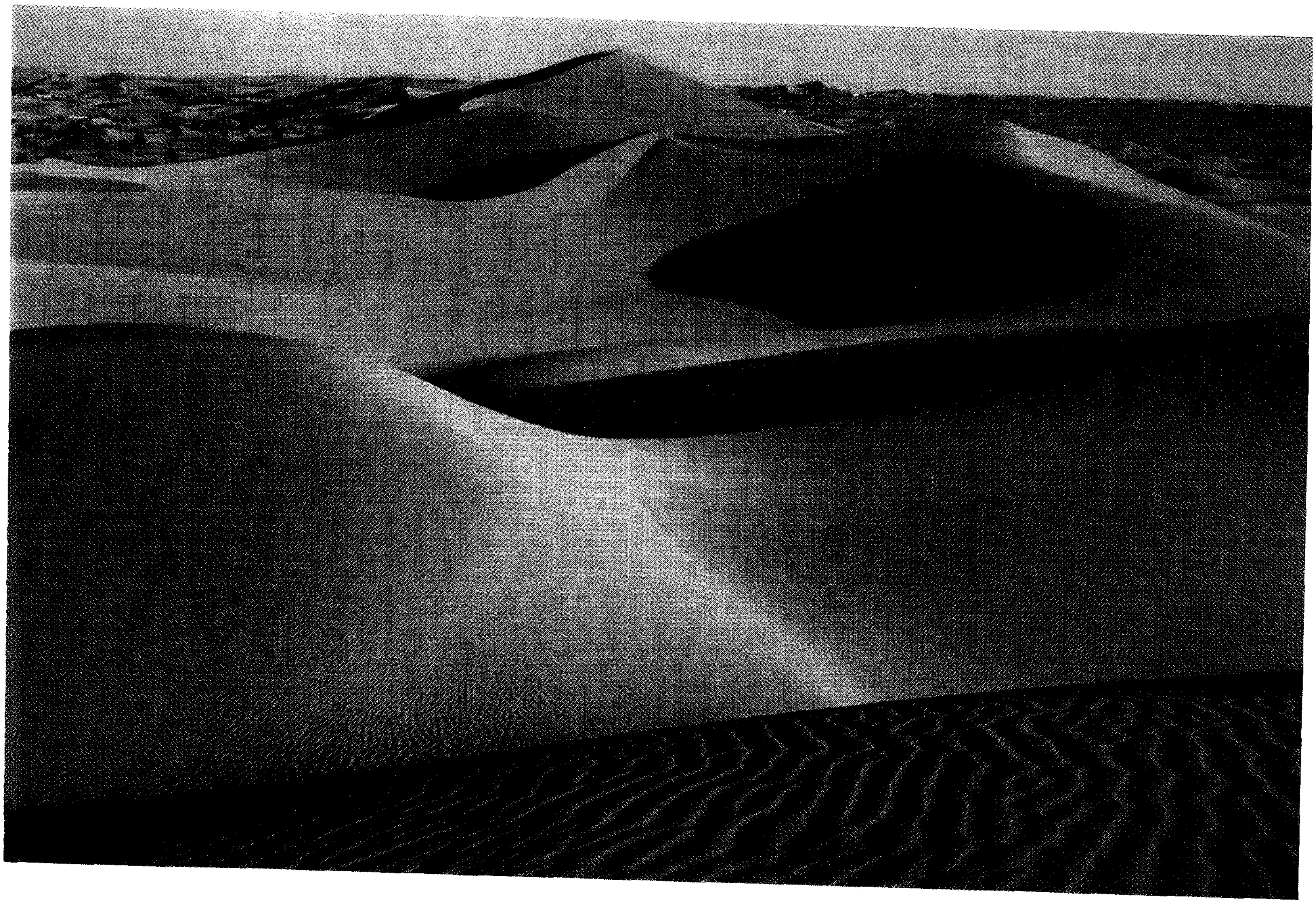

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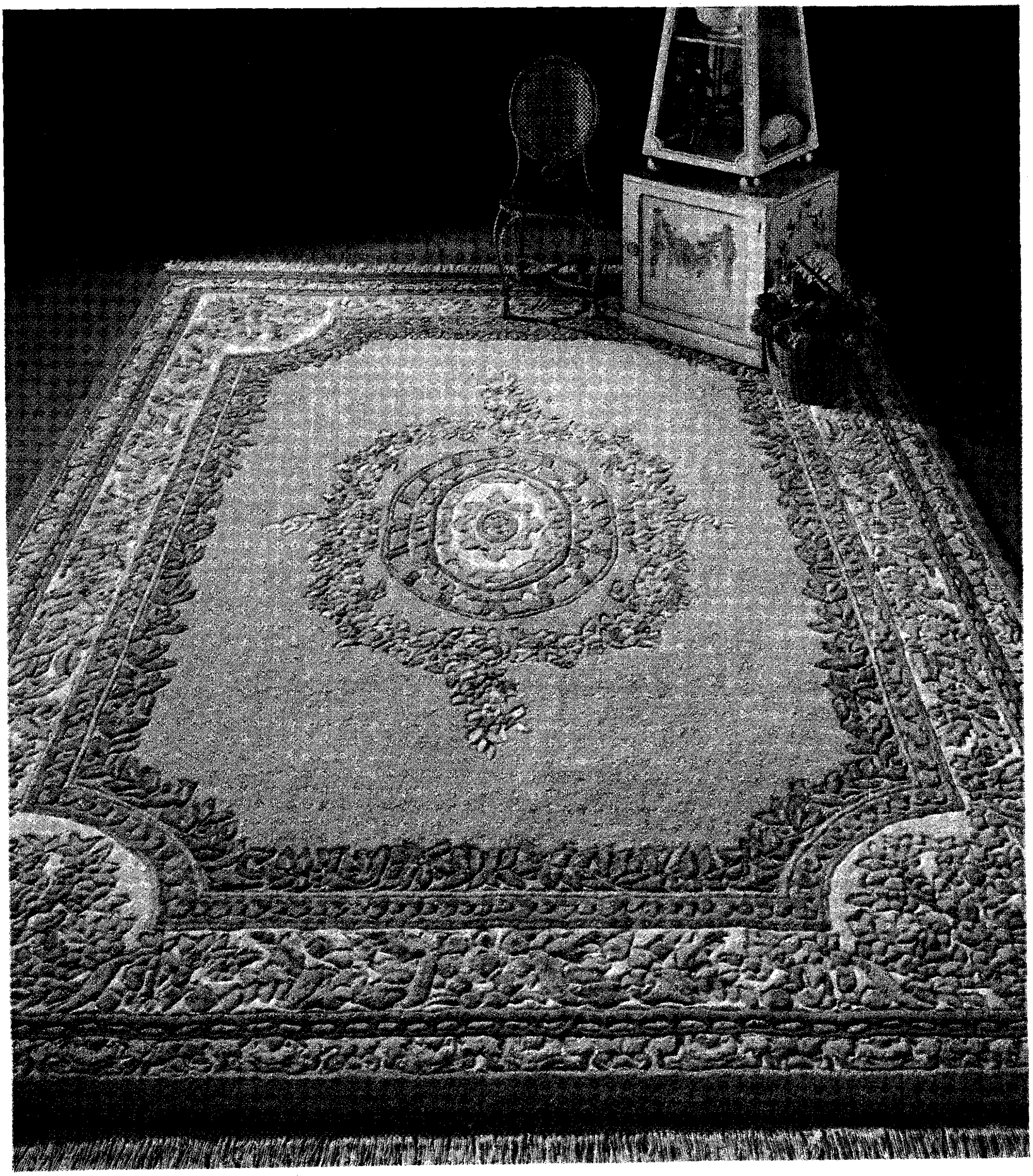

LETTER FROM PARIS

APRIL 5

NOT in recent memory has the National Assembly been as crowded as it was for the opening, on Monday, of the third legislative session of de Gaulle's Fifth Republic, predictably more of a risk for him and for France than the two preceding. Every able-bodied deputy—those newly elected last month and those who are old Parliamentary hands—turned up to sit in the hemicycle (helter-skelter, rather than grouped according to political parties) to see with his own eyes how this extremely important election of the President of the Chamber would turn out, and above all to try to tilt the election for or against de Gaulle's candidate, de Gaulle himself always seeming present like an aura around any candidate connected with his Fifth Republic. The visitors' loges were crammed with the international diplomatic corps and with brightly dressed women, the *rentrée* always being a politico-social event. The inadequate, minuscule press balcony, next to the ceiling, was packed with correspondents in two tiers, like a layer cake. This focal Parliamentary meeting took place in a France that had no government that day—in fact, still has none. As a prudent maneuver, de Gaulle's government had resigned Saturday, so that its twenty-two Ministers could vote as mere deputies. It was rather like hitching one's race horses to a plow for an afternoon's hard pull. The Cabinet's resignation would also make it easier for de Gaulle to discard permanently those members of it whom he might not contemplate inviting to turn into Ministers again later this week.

Monday's reëlection of M. Jacques Chaban-Delmas, who was de Gaulle's President of the Chamber for the past eight years, was the first sign of Gaullist political luck since the close-to-disastrous March elections. The President of the Chamber, whose authoritative position resembles that of the Speaker in Britain's Parliament, sits on a splendid brass-trimmed chair, decorated with lions and caryatids, that occupies the little tribune facing and overlooking the deputies. His entry into the Chamber takes place between a hedge of saluting Gardes Républicains and is accompanied by a rolling drumbeat. In the state hierarchy, he ranks as the fourth-most-important personage, the first being the President of the Republic, the second the President of the Senate (who may nevertheless soon be wiped out, along with the superannuated Senate itself), and the third the Premier. Then comes Chaban-Delmas once more, a politically highly intelligent dandy in cutaway and striped trousers by day, in tails and a white tie the size of a big butterfly at night sessions. He lives in state-bestowed furnished quarters behind the Chamber—the sumptuous Hôtel de Lassay, equipped at the state's expense with silver, servants, chauffeurs, linen, china, and car. What is more important right now is that with de Gaulle's government faced for the first time by a strong, brainy, semi-united opposition of the left, Chaban-Delmas has the power to control a great deal of that opposition at its Parliamentary source—to intervene in the debates, to interpret texts, to cut short awkward discussions, to forbid the reading of certain troublesome speeches, to curtail oppositional interference with the de Gaulle government's plans to govern.

At the moment, the Gaullists' prospects are not gay. The French industrial picture is rather melancholy, with a plague of strikes at Saint-Nazaire, Lyon, and Besançon, and with angry demonstrations by wine-growing farmers in the south, whose bishops in Carcassonne, Perpignan, Nîmes, and Montpellier have raised their voices in the farmers' behalf, saying that not for sixty years has there been a comparable upheaval in the wine-growing industry. The farmers accuse the government of keeping substantial quantities of their French wines off the market in order to make easier the sale of Tunisian wines—on top of the Algerian wines already flooding the southern market. The country's social services are in the red by three billion francs, and there is a six-billion-franc deficit in the nationalized industries. France's prosperity and pride of two years ago have suffered by having had a reef taken in them; government money is short for all the social reforms that have not been made and are now piling high. Prices constantly rise, food is dear, and working-class discontent is politically expensive. The psychological

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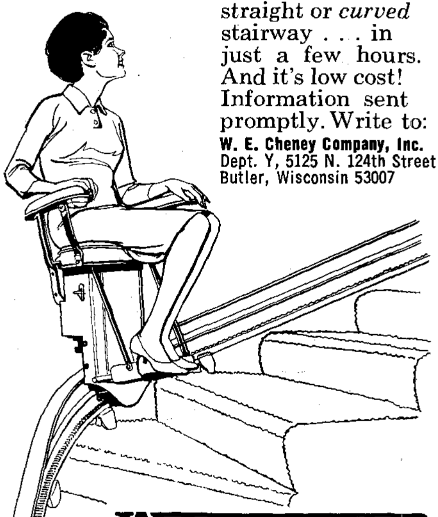

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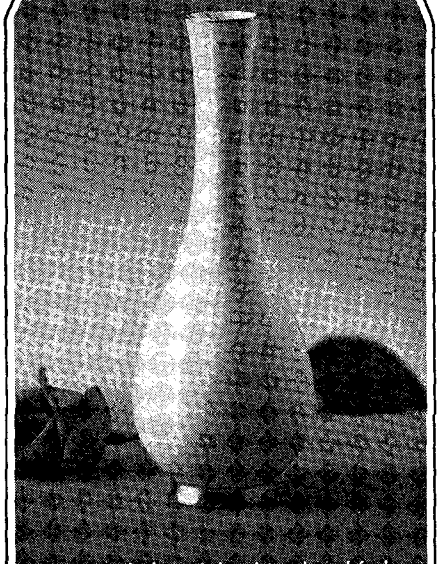

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shock of having almost lost the March elections has also cost a fortune in that precious public investment, political faith. These are some of the reasons that this third legislative session of de Gaulle's Fifth Republic carries its special hazards as it enters French current events.

As a theatregoer here, you may not often get nowadays what you want in a new play. But you are in luck if you find that what you have got turns out to be amoral, brilliantly mad, devoid of sex, anarchistic, intellectually confusing, and terminating with cannibalism, for by these ingredients you can be sure you are looking at the most stimulating new play in Paris—the one that other, perfectly rational playwrights are going to see with professional curiosity and that might well be the most talked-of production in Europe this spring. Called "L'Architecte et l'Empereur d'Assyrie," it opened a fortnight ago at the Théâtre Montparnasse, and was written by the Spaniard who signs himself Arrabal, now thirty-four years old, born in Spanish Morocco, and educated to be a lawyer. He is so small of stature as to look like a rather large Velázquez dwarf with a mariner's beard, and is a dramatist of constructive, powerful, and poetic gifts for writing about what is seriously absurd. Actually, the outward form of Arrabal's play is classic. It deals with a desert island on which lives a single man, called the Architect, dwelling in a small, tidy, carved-wood hut that looks like a nineteenth-century English gazebo. An airplane accident deposits out of the sky one survivor, who calls himself the Emperor of Assyria, and who arrives complete with inherited European culture and an overnight bag holding a change of clothes. From then on, this limited couple live out a rich variety of human relationships, confined exclusively to pairs of associated opposites created over time by society, literature, and history, such as master and slave, priest and believer, mother and child, sadist and masochist, and so on—shifting duos that change with the speed of dreams. Although written in a waking language of poesy, preciosity, and lyricism, flowing on the desert air in a kind of logomachy that is filled with puns and tirades (and sometimes mere empty pretensions), none of it is boring, being the real stuff of life, sliced thin and somewhat crookedly but still familiar and nourishing. Arrabal's text deals in haste with the problems of God, the mother-son fixation, the polymorphism of personality, our present

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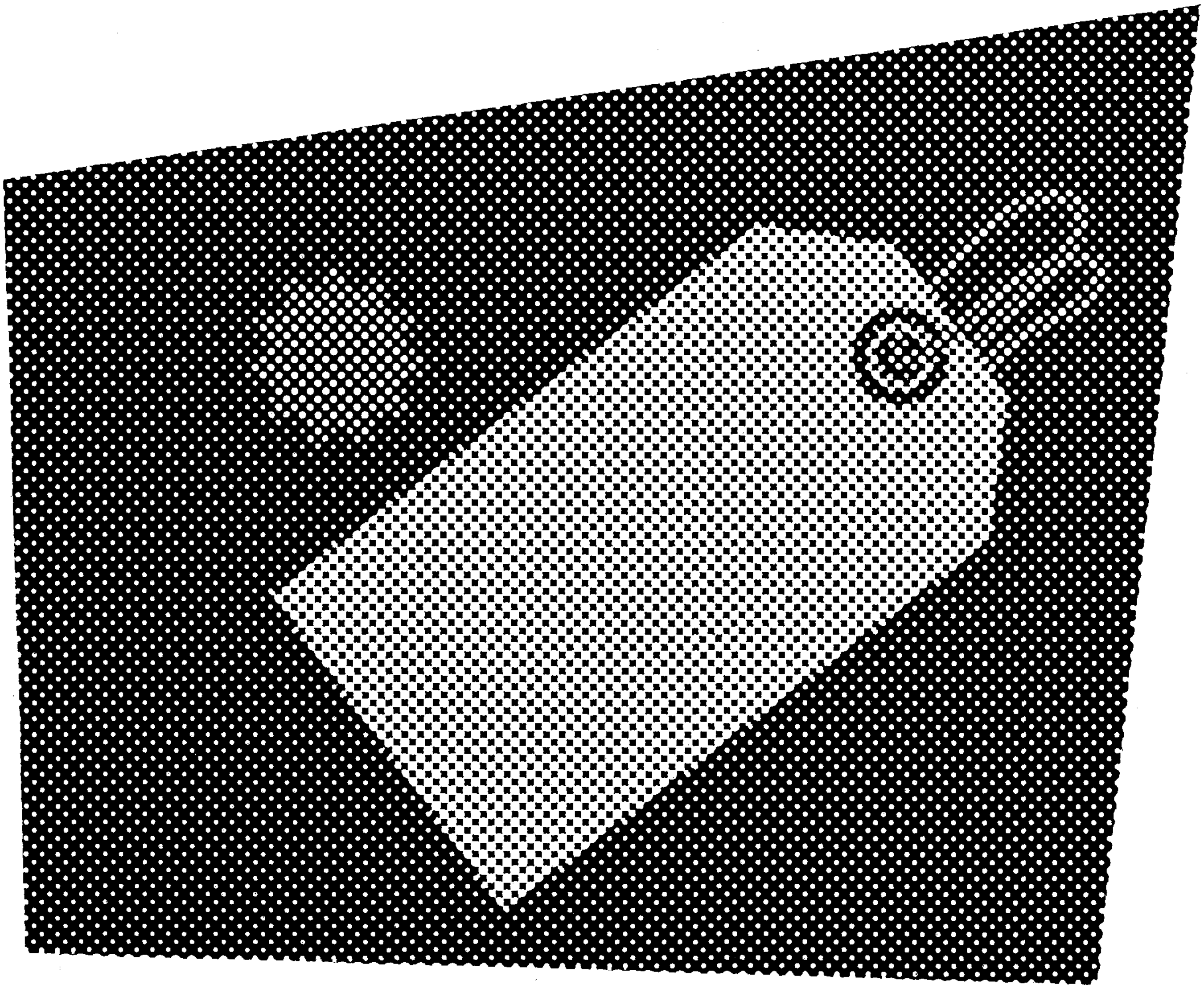

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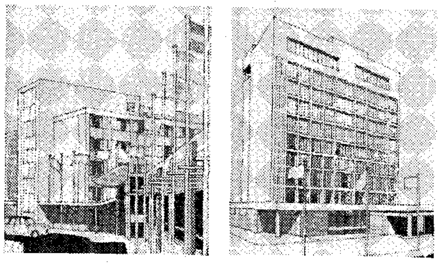

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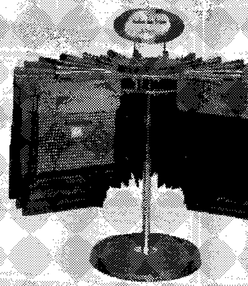
age of anxiety, the uses of friendship, and the desirability of death. There are moments of gross hilarity, as when the Emperor suddenly turns woman (by putting on a *soutien-gorge* and long stockings) and gives birth, simultaneously playing herself and her attendant physician with mock treble and alto voices. There are many violently comical moments. Religion is both insulted and practiced before a Spanish-baroque statue of a saint with a little monkey skull for its holy head. The terminal, dominant paired relation is that of crime and punishment. Having hated his mother and wished for her death, the Emperor insists upon guilt as his final civilized accomplishment, and demands that the Architect be his executioner—to kill him first and eat him afterward. "How tough he is," the Architect complains over his plate. "A good thing it isn't Friday." This lapse into anti-Catholic Iberian bad taste proves to be more of a shock than the play's few carefully concocted impious bawdy lines. Dropping a bone on the floor, the Architect plunges beneath the tablecloth to retrieve it and—presto!—emerges in the Emperor's garments and with the Emperor dressed as the Architect, since, in an inevitable climax, the two characters have succeeded in exchanging themselves. Raymond Gérôme recites and plays the Emperor's enormous text with astonishing vocal veneer and acting intelligence, and Jean-Pierre Jorris plays the Architect. Sir Laurence Olivier has bought the Arrabal play for London, and "The Labyrinth," an earlier Arrabal play, which had small success in January, and which few critics bothered with, has now been hastily revived in the little Théâtre de Plaisance. Lars Schmidt, Ingrid Bergman's husband, who now runs the Théâtre Montparnasse, has, with his unpredictable Arrabal success, unexpectedly, and perhaps even against his rationalist nature, become the leader of the foreign theatrical avant-garde in Paris.

THERE is a one-man show of nearly a hundred paintings by Pierre Soulages on view at the Musée National d'Art Moderne—a rather rare tribute to a Frenchman by a French museum that only every so often tries to choose its exhibiting artists alive. Dead French modern artists already easily fill museums all over France. At the age of forty-seven, Soulages is one of the best-known native painters in his own country, and one of the most consistently admired, perhaps because he keeps ripening without



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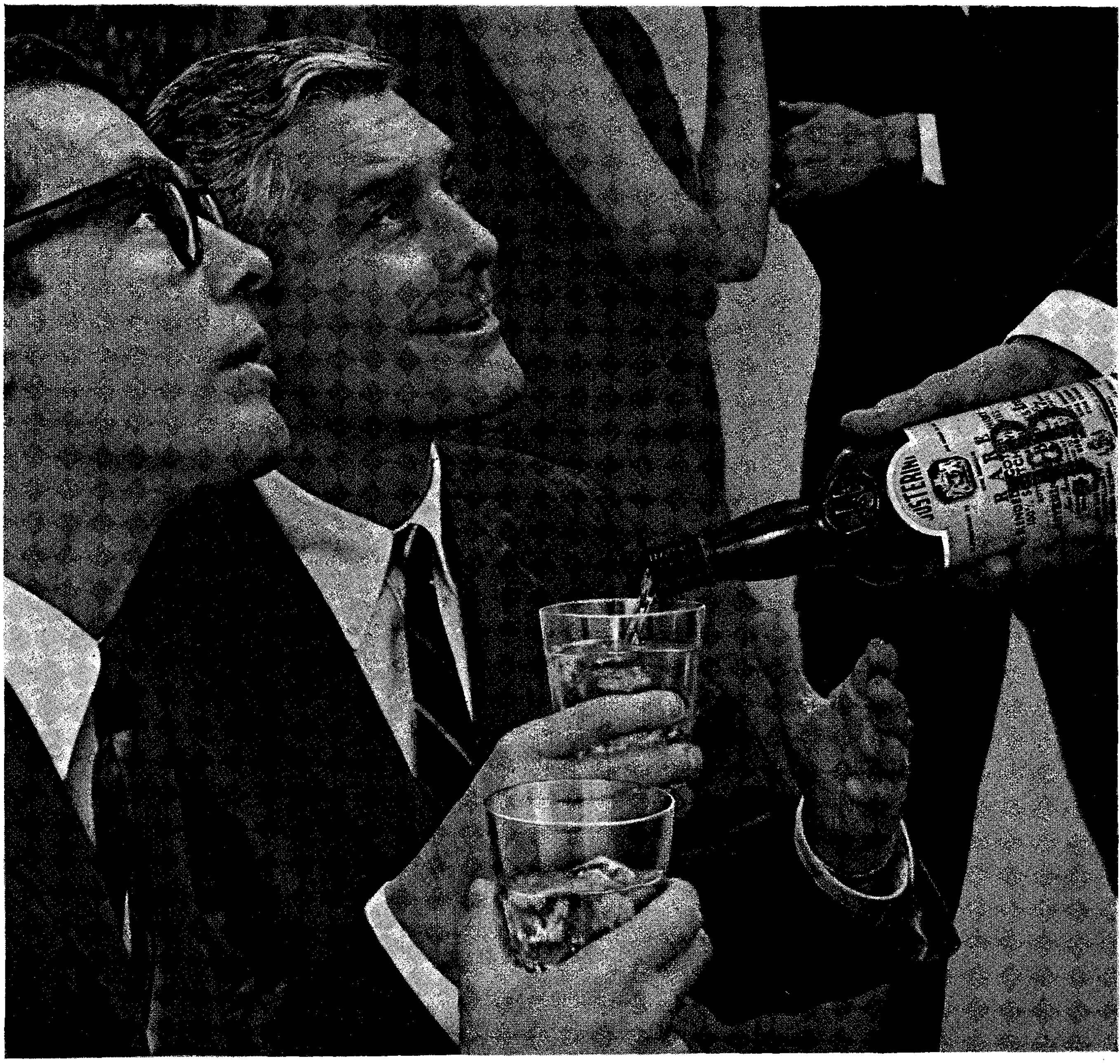

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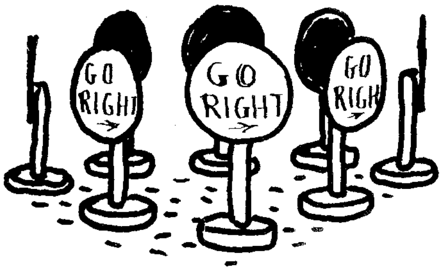
changing. He still paints black abstract monumentalities, large and small, which in their poise spring from the strength of a cross, the basic design he uses most—two more or less straight forms laid over each other diagonally like the letter X, which for ages has been strong enough to represent the unknown. The way music consists of sound, Soulages's work on canvas consists of the silent art and act of pure painting. This painting ability is what he greatly possesses, his pictorial quality being what we look at less—nor does it seem to be of great concern to him, either. In French studio jargon, he paints lyric abstractions, for which—as for all abstract painting—there is available no precise critical or descriptive vocabulary. The exhibition is in part taken from museums or private collections, such as Hamburg's Kunsthalle, Buffalo's Albright-Knox Art Gallery, Pittsburgh's Carnegie Institute Museum of Art, New York's Guggenheim Museum, Houston's Museum of the Fine Arts, Mary Callery's Paris collection, and that of Samuel Kootz, of New York. The Soulages show here will run until May 21st, and if you are coming to Paris you should not miss it. It will rank as the most notable official exhibition of the season.

On Thursday a week ago, two days before General de Gaulle's deadline for all Allied military installations to leave the soil of France, the semicircle of multicolored NATO flags was hauled down at SHAPE, in the modest-looking rural center of Rocquencourt, near the Forest of Marly, outside Paris, and after sixteen years Supreme Headquarters Allied Powers Europe came to its end in this Gallic part of the Continent. The military music that accompanied the brief ceremony was supplied by a British band from the Royal Armoured Corps, and after the flags were lowered it unexpectedly struck up "Charlie Is My Darling"—the wittiest, most sarcastic musical rebuke possible to the absent President de Gaulle at this farewell meeting of France's fourteen NATO military allies.

In the consistent Gaullist climate of anti-Americanism that hangs over the



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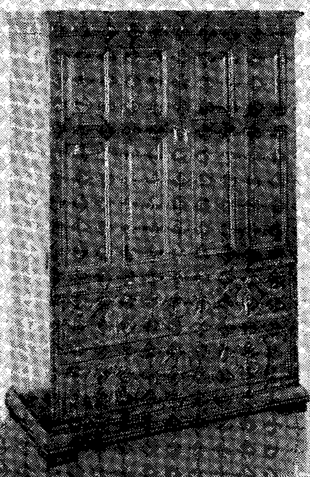

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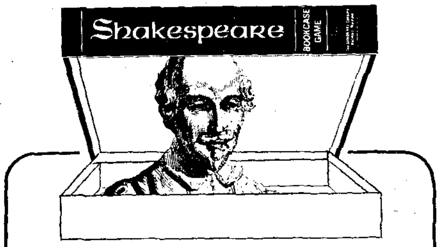

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Fifth Republic like a very long spell of bad transatlantic weather, there were no bright flashes of gratitude expressed in the Paris papers for the departing SHAPE group, headed for its new quarters in Belgium, except for one long, lively contribution written by the Academician André François-Poncet, formerly French Ambassador to West Germany. It was titled, with academic precision, "Amica America," and it was published on the front page of the well-regarded *Figaro,* doubtless the only Paris paper that could have enjoyed printing it. It consisted of an illuminating dialogue between L'Un and L'Autre, or This One and That One—This One being anti-American and pro-Gaullist, and That One being pro-American and not very fond of de Gaulle, and speaking pretty clearly for the ex-Ambassador himself. The pro-American slant in M. François-Poncet's dialogue was a rare treat for us American readers here. The article ran as follows, in part:

> THIS ONE: The ceremonies that marked the definite rupture between France and NATO were highly dignified. Allied headquarters at Rocquencourt closed its doors. Handshakes and courteous military salutes. General de Gaulle had already given the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor to the American General Lemnitzer and kissed him on both cheeks. No bitter words. Everything went off very nicely.
>
> THAT ONE: That's official propaganda. In reality, the Americans left shocked and embittered. They are still asking themselves what they did to be thrown out of a country that, essentially, they helped liberate and in which the graves of their soldiers killed in our cause can be counted by the thousand.
>
> THIS ONE: Just the same, the Americans are foreigners, and it's not normal for a foreign power to maintain a military garrison in a country not its own.
>
> THAT ONE: The Americans installed their military base here because we asked them to, as friends, in the defense of a free world.
>
> THIS ONE: In relation to America, we were living in a state of dependence. De Gaulle has restored French independence.
>
> THAT ONE: Now you've said a mouthful! Just what the Gaullists said during their election campaign! But they never told us what this dependence consisted of. When the Americans gave us the Marshall Plan, did they demand any humiliating exchanges for it?
>
> THIS ONE: You forget that it took them two years to come to our aid in both World Wars. They left us on the shelf at Yalta and were flatly against us at Suez.
>
> THAT ONE: There's both truth and falsehood in what you say. They were against any intervention, yet their Army crossed the Atlantic and was ready to fight with a will as soon as it landed. As for Yalta, what did France look like then? Whom was she following? Pétain, de Gaulle, Giraud, or the Communists? Only Churchill had faith in us. It's true that

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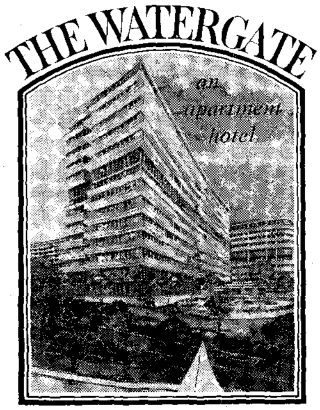

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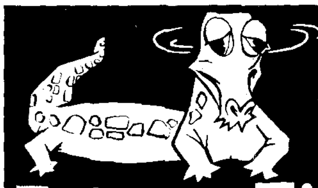

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Suez was a hard blow. It's odd that whenever this subject comes up you insist more on the American responsibility for it than on the Soviet veto, though that was accompanied by an explicit threat of war. However well-founded your criticisms of America may be, they will never free us of the debt we owe the country that saved our lives. In the range of human sentiments, individual or collective, loyalty ranks highest, ingratitude lowest. It is painful that our country places itself on this lowest level. What good has it done us to carry on this remorseless, systematic anti-American campaign?

THIS ONE: You say we have destroyed America's friendship for us. If the Americans were as offended as you say, General Lemnitzer would not have accepted being decorated and embraced by General de Gaulle.

THAT ONE: A ribbon of honor on the breast does not erase the mark of a kick on the backside. The Americans accepted because they did not want to worsen things by making a scandal. They happen to think that General de Gaulle and Gaullism are not eternal. Until things change, they are determined not to deepen between the two countries a chasm that they hope one day will no longer exist. May that day come soon! This is my wish and the wish of thousands of Frenchmen.

That One's fervent closing words are probably true, too. —GENÊT

•

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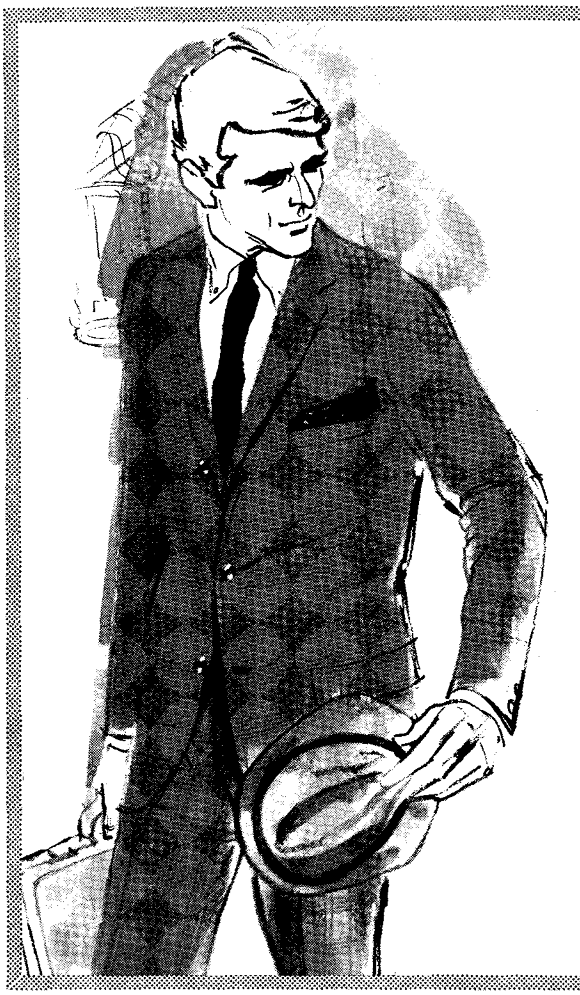
irregularly on the ear,
and where a call will carry
across to the opposite hill,
all hangs in a continuum,
and what is to happen, what befall,
seems more a matter of time
than one of will.

Mañana. Dear tomorrow.
The unknown in a nutshell,
invoked to give us breath,
to slough decision off,
to keep, a day away,
the world of Yea and Nay.

So, when the children
come trailing hopefully in
with question marks for eyes,
looking for a word
to hang their wishing on,
this one reassures them—
tomorrow, whatever it is,
will certainly be well—
mañana! Querida mañana!
They echo it like a spell.

—ALASTAIR REID



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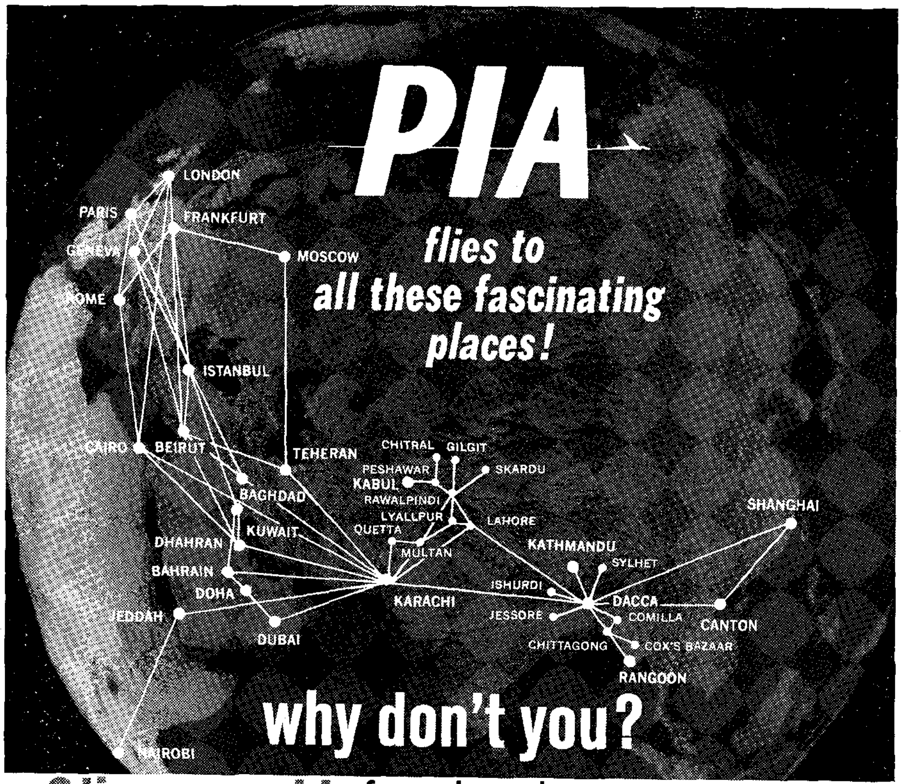
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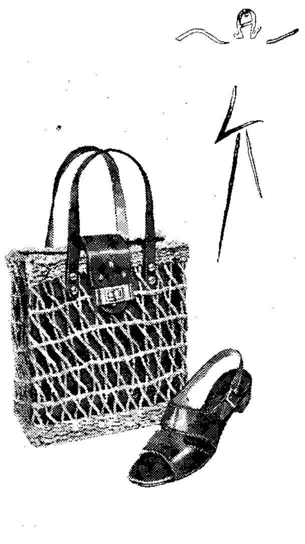

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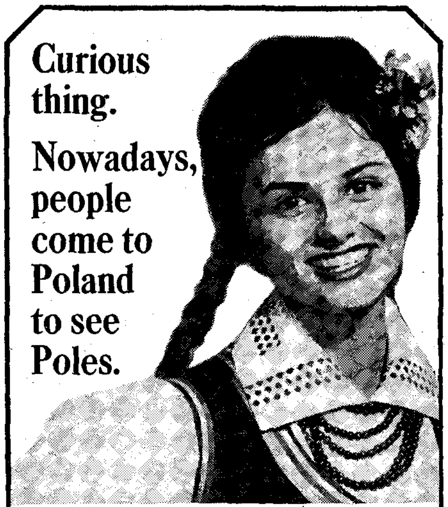

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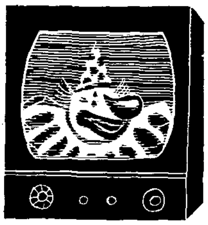
THE AIR

Morley Safer's Vietnam

THESE are heady times we live in, all right. Goodnight David out on strike. Goodnight Chet not out on strike. Johnny Carson huddling with network biggies. Arnold Zenker filling in for Walter Cronkite. Arnold Zenker? Well, anyway. In the process, people have been discovering Great Truths about television, such as that the evening news as read by Mr. Zenker (who is twenty-eight years old and was an executive of C.B.S. News *before* being called to higher duty) sounds pretty much the same as the evening news as read by Walter Cronkite (you all know who Walter Cronkite is), the main differences being that Cronkite's voice is lower and that Zenker gives the impression of being about to fall out of his chair at any moment.



This is probably as good a time as any to say that although television news is often maddeningly bad (inept, bland, second-hand, simplistic—a dozen cautions rolled into one), it can at times be very good indeed, as was a sixty-minute report called "Morley Safer's Vietnam," which C.B.S. News presented last week. Safer's hour struck me, quite simply, as one of the best pieces of journalism to come out of the Vietnam war in any medium, and a large measure of its success seemed to be due to the fact that Safer (who has been a C.B.S. correspondent in Vietnam for the past few years) was permitted to put the film together in his own way, with his own explicit point of view, with his own apparently strong sense of irony (you certainly don't see much of that on network news), and to be as personal as he wanted to be. The key word is "personal." There just hasn't been much personal reporting out of Vietnam by the networks (or the newspapers or the big magazines); it's as if it were all too large and important for one man to hoist aloft with an individual point of view—which is a pity, since although there are plenty of situations in which so-called factual, objective reporting makes sense, gives you something useful, there are a lot of other situations in which no useful facts are given, or in which many of the facts are somehow irrelevant ("U.S. FORCES KILL 55 VIETCONG IN RAID"), answering little and leaving the important questions (and answers) out there hidden in the fog. What Safer did was to grab off small handfuls of Vietnam—the people, the soldiers, the countryside, the dead, the living—and say, "This is who *I* am, this is how it looks and feels to *me*," and the result was as moving and as tough and as sensitive and as deeply felt a commentary on the war as I've run into.

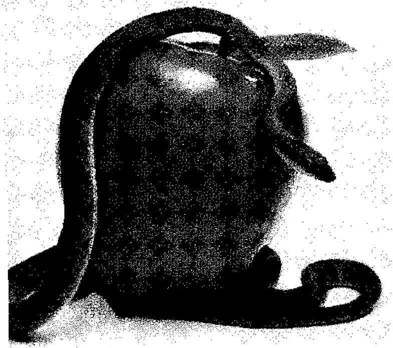
It's nearly impossible, I know, to describe something like Safer's program in print with any success, especially since so much of this particular film's impact was in the sound of the dialogue and in the editing and cutting. For example, there was a sequence beginning with General Westmoreland visiting some troops in the field—the General, tall, strange, remote, looking down upon some young kid, standing at attention out there in a Vietnamese clearing, his young face half hidden by a helmet liner, and asking him the kind of questions that, in other times and places, are supposed to connect people but that in this time and place seem only to confirm an unbelievable, non-human apartness:

WESTMORELAND: How's your morale?
G.I.: Pretty good, sir.
WESTMORELAND: How's your food?
G.I.: Real good, sir.
WESTMORELAND: Son, what state are you from?
G.I.: Texas, sir.
WESTMORELAND: What part?
G.I.: Southwest. Shullerville. . . .
WESTMORELAND: How old are you, son?
G.I.: Twenty years old, sir.
WESTMORELAND: Twenty years. Where did you get your basic training?
G.I.: Fort Polk, Louisiana, sir.

It was absolutely dreamlike, and could have been out of an old movie. (Has there ever been a General since Alexander the Great who didn't stand sternly before his young soldiers, his own eyes staring through their heads and out beyond to India or Hanoi, and ask them, in flat, abstracted tones, where they took their basic training?) Safer then cut to another G.I., a nice-looking young kid standing silhouetted against a line of trees and speaking in an easygoing, modest voice:

G.I.: I don't like my job.
SAFER: How's that?
G.I.: I'd rather be back home.
SAFER: What don't you like about it?
G.I.: Just—I don't like riding the people's gardens down. And just, I'd rather be back home.

Then back to Westmoreland, inter-



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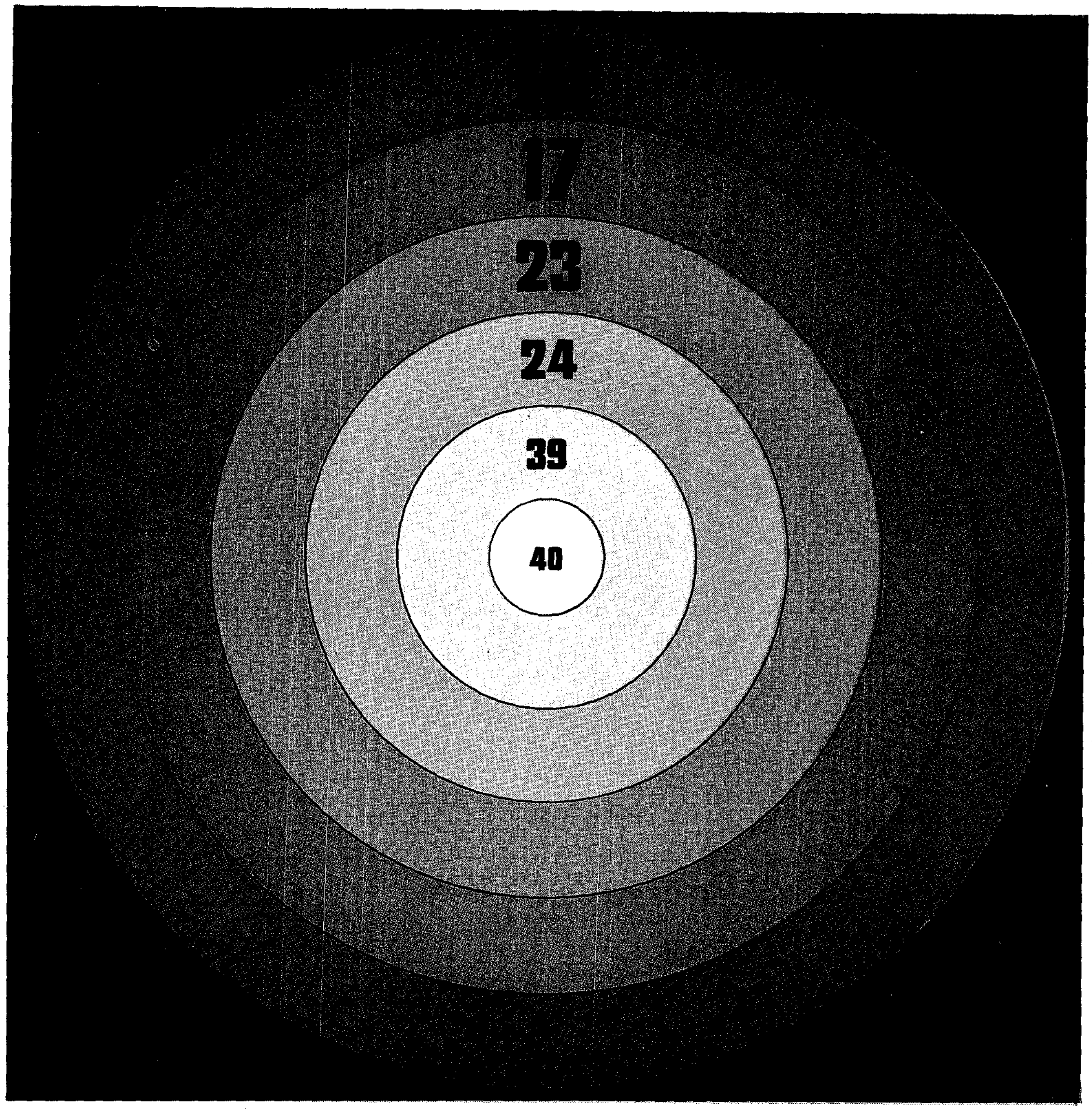

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viewing an officer whose company has just been under fire:

WESTMORELAND: Was he killed?
OFFICER: Yes, sir, he was literally blown apart.

Then back to Safer, talking to another G.I.:

SAFER: How about the brass?
G.I.: They're not bad over here.... They don't worry you.
SAFER: Just that Army life doesn't agree with you?
G.I.: No, I'd rather be a civilian. I'm a civilian at heart.

Then a final glimpse of Westmoreland, giving a speech to the men he's been visiting:

> It's a matter of great pride to me to see the high morale that has obtained with the troops—well, for the last year and a half, when we've had a substantial number of troops here. I attribute this to many things. First, they believe that they are performing an important mission. They take pride in doing a good job. They find this a very exciting experience. The food is good. The mail service is excellent, although from time to time there are delays—but these are exceptional.

I guess it's fair to say that Morley Safer isn't exactly happy about the Vietnam war, and since I'm not, either (as who is?), I may be guilty of admiring my own prejudices in what he showed us. But what I like to think I admire a whole lot more is his ability (and, for that matter, C.B.S.'s willingness) to risk an explicitly personal statement, and to bring a strong sense of irony to bear upon the war—although I can't see how it's really possible anywhere, any time, to report a war without irony. There was a whole lot of plain feeling, too, for the rigors of combat, for the strange languid rhythms of Army life, the softball playing, the waiting, the sleeping, the waiting, the writing letters home (only now they record them on tape), and especially for the time and place, our Army *there*, and what *there* is—the people, the countryside, Saigon, the tanks, the peasants, the tanks *and* peasants. And a lot of toughness. I'm thinking, for example, of a scene outside an Army hospital in which a bunch of wounded men were watching a girl—as it happened, Nancy Sinatra—a real miniskirted babe in a Hollywood cowboy outfit and blue suède boots, prancing about on the grass and belting out a rock number, "These Boots Are Made for Walking," and, of course (or not of course), dozens of the men watching her, from beds or from wheelchairs, had bandages around their legs, or no legs, or no feet. This is one of the more familiar ironies of war (I guess), but it

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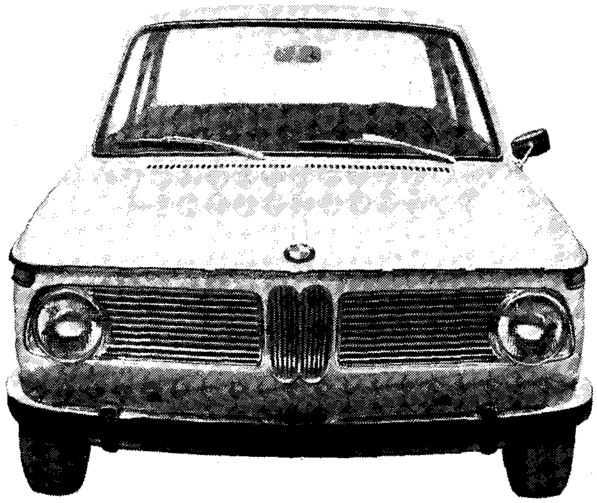

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was damned real and brutal, with the camera cutting back and forth between Nancy Sinatra, in her blue boots, and all those wounded men, who were obviously enjoying themselves—taking pictures of Nancy Sinatra with their cameras. Nancy Sinatra looked like such a doll. The sun was shining. The band was loud. The song was great.

There were other strong moments. A scene of Mme. Ky, along with other highborn or at least high-placed Vietnamese ladies and remnants of the French colony (all beautifully gussied up in 1938 Deauville dresses), attending the annual garden show in Saigon. A scene in which a burly Negro soldier was washing the head of a little Vietnamese kid and muttering gruffly about the bad "hygiene habits" of the South Vietnamese. A remarkable dialogue in a service club, where Safer was interviewing the crew of an attack helicopter, recently returned from a mission, the men smiling, relaxed, milling around with their beer cans—all nice boys. Safer asked them, "How do you feel when you make a kill like that?"

Pilot: I feel sort of detached from the whole thing. It's not personal. . . .

Captain: I feel real good when we do it. It's kind of a feeling of accomplishment. It's the only way you're going to win, I guess, is to kill 'em.

Third Pilot: I just feel like it's just another target. You know, like in the States you shot at dummies, over here you shoot at Vietnamese. Vietnamese Cong.

Another Pilot's Voice (*interrupting*): Cong. You shoot at Cong. You don't shoot at Vietnamese.

Third Pilot (*laughing*): All right. You shoot at Cong. Anyway, when you come out on the run and then you see them, and they come into your sights, it's just like a wooden dummy or something there, you just thumb off a couple pair of rockets. Like they weren't people at all.

Or when Safer was interviewing a young soldier, one of those fair-haired, blue-eyed soldiers with seemingly untouched farm-boy faces, and asking him what he felt about the war. The boy started out with what one imagines is the usual sort of mechanical response—"I'd be lying if I said I was glad to be here, but since I am here I'm glad to be doing what I'm doing"—and then, in one of those sudden moments when everything comes alive in a gesture, a look in the eye, he glanced around him, his face for one instant full of surprised affection. "The country's so *beautiful*, fertile, and everything . . ." he said.

It was an excellent film. The cameraman who shot much of it, by the way, was Ha Thuc Can, a Vietnamese.

—Michael J. Arlen

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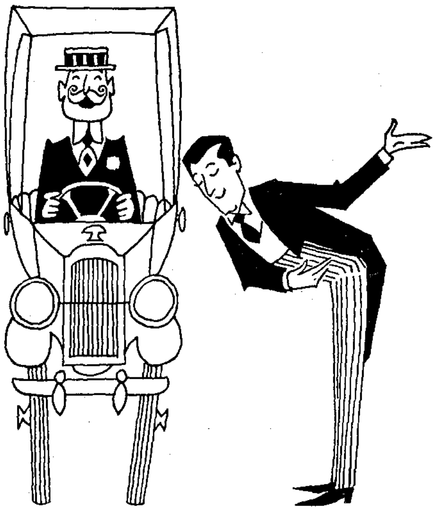

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BOOKS

Prisoner for Life

IN his time, Arnold Bennett was the shrewdest and most successful tradesman in English letters. He was cut out for the boom period that ran from the nineties until 1930, the heyday of the local boys who made good. Think of them: Lipton, the lords of the popular press, Lloyd George, Wells—all lower middle class and sneered at by the uppers, but aglow with vulgar ebullience and ruled by a popular king who looked like a successful grocer. And until about 1918 they could spend the pile they had made entirely as they wished. Bennett was a hard bargainer who knew his market, and—this is not so common among writers—a punctual and honest dealer. He could supply fiction as a commodity on any level. He pointed to the satisfied customers, put up his prices, saw no shame in it, and was only too rarely haunted by doubts. He may have worshipped the Goncourts and Flaubert, but his real hero was the best-seller Eden Phillpotts. Bennett knew there was room at the top, and there he studiously went and enormously enjoyed it—that is to say, as much as a bad liver, neuralgia, insomnia, general hypochondria, neurotic fastidiousness, and his misjudgment of the characters of women allowed him. His notion of pleasure was the Puritan's: work, work, work, making money and spending it, and—as a folly—eating. One can still get omelette Arnold Bennett at the Savoy. He had a touch of the temperament of the expert auctioneer who knows the price and the condition of everything—indeed, of life itself—as it comes up for sale, and, although carried away by the excitement of the bidding, keeps his head and dryly, cynically, but compassionately regards all the chicanery and sadness as "rather a shame." "Chicane" and "detracting" are key words that occur again and again in Bennett's work as he looks around the human salesroom. He sighs at what time does to the human figure and human hope.

"An energetic man whose values are all wrong" is the obvious comment—a man of talent betrayed by his own knowingness. He was lovable, comic, witty; his bumptiousness never offended. The North of England steadily produces these aggressive and hard-headed "cards," who grin as they put considerable splash into their endearing self-conceit and are rather proud of the ineluctable. The "bit of a lad" knows very well that his wound is his capital. What was the wound? One has to go back—under the sympathetic guidance of one more of Bennett's biographers, Mr. Dudley Barker, in "Writer by Trade" (Atheneum)—to the Bennett family and his youth. Arnold Bennett's family offers one more example of how the lower-middle-class English emerge from the underworld of social history. The Bennetts belonged to the small people of England, and to what was usually a small man's trade—the potteries. You might slave as a child in the potbanks, rise to be a laborer, and—desperately, without capital—start your own kiln and almost as certainly go bankrupt and begin again. Yet you were not quite of the industrial proletariat; if you were crushed, it was not by the mass regiments of iron, steel, and coal. There was always a rather grim chance, if you were willing to half kill your feeling nature; you made up for this loss by fierce religion, beer, and sexual backsliding. The aim: to rise in the world. Arnold Bennett's grandfather began as a working potter, but then opened a cheese-and-bacon stall in Burslem market. Toiling day and night brought money enough to start a small fancy-earthenware works. Intelligent, arrogant, and determined, the father in his turn worked as a potter, forced himself to be a part-time teacher, and—shrewdly joining the right Wesleyan church—married a draper's daughter and turned slum draper, then added pawnbroking to the business. A tiny inheritance enabled him to article himself to a lawyer; again, by slaving at night he managed to pass his law examinations, and, after moving, with nine children, from one miserable cottage to the next, at last qualified and prospered. When Arnold was thirteen, the family built themselves a large, ugly villa in Burslem and became people of consideration. Arnold began to call his father and mother Pater and Mater—exactly as Lawrence did when he got out of mining life.

Not surprisingly, there was a price to be paid for the Pater's rise in the

MOTHER'S
Stewed Figs

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world. He was a bigoted and severe man who crushed his wife and his children. His tongue took the skin off with his sarcasms and sneers. He was absolute master; neither wife nor children had any wills left. There was a scene if by any chance his children were not waiting to let him in at the front door when he came home from the office; he refused to accept the indignity of letting himself in with his own key. He was religious, and though his beliefs were "liberal," this was only because the liberal religious tradition was one that was directed to "rising." On the subject of sexual morality he was understandably violent; the unsuccessful—i.e., the mass of workers in the Potteries—idled in promiscuity. It is not astonishing that Arnold had become a helpless stammerer when he was nine and that no cure was ever found for the affliction, which caused him lifelong misery. Mr. Barker suggests that the cause was sexual shock in childhood. With eleven people shut up in a little cottage, such a shock is a possibility. He grew up, as his novels and "Journal" show, to regard sexual intercourse with a good deal of disgust, in spite of his worldly and very romantic interest in sinful liaisons—ideas he had picked up from Ouida and Zola. It has been guessed that he was a virgin until his late thirties, and it does seem that he was more stirred by little girls than by young women, of whom he was deeply afraid. For all his worldliness, he was emotionally infantile. The elder Bennett's grip on his children got harder as they grew up. Arnold was without will to choose a career—indeed, he can be said to have become a writer, much later on, by accident—and was pushed into his father's office. He was paid next to nothing, and he stayed until his twenties. His emancipation came about because of a clandestine course in Pitman's shorthand. He got a job with a London lawyer as a shorthand typist at twenty-five shillings a week. The father roared incredulously that the firm must be mad, and sneered that it would soon find the boy knew nothing about the law.

The young Arnold certainly did not know. But freedom gave him the chance of discovering, again by accident, a real talent—an exceptional memory, amounting to genius, for facts and for figures. Clerks who know how to work out lawyers' costs are rare; Arnold was born for it. In a few months, he was earning a very high salary indeed. More accidents occurred. An acquaintance interested him in book collecting. Arnold shrewdly started a mail-order bookselling concern. Another acquaintance turned out to be literary. He lived in a pleasant house, and Arnold became his tenant. Pleasant houses—after the famous family building adventure that had established their respectability—were decisive for Arnold. Finding himself among literary people and being clumsy and provincial, he spotted that his knowledge of out-of-the-way facts, and even of ones that—barely known to him—had historical or cultural significance, impressed them. He was out to impress. What did his charming and cultivated landlord see in this raw, repressed, stammering, and *ignorant* youth? Probity, intensity, spryness, practicality, a reserve of originality? I would think so. And pathos. What is astonishing—and it astonished Arnold Bennett, too—is that the landlord saw a writer.

The subsequent history of Bennett's life as a journalist, a writer of popular serials, between which he wedged his attempts at serious writing, to be modelled on the Goncourts, Zola, and Flaubert, is well known, and the financial urge has lately been made even clearer by the revelation that all his life he wrote about money every few days, sometimes twice a day, to Pinker, his agent. He had boldly organized a scheme by which Pinker guaranteed his income for years, and when the debt became large, Pinker took out an insurance policy on Bennett's life. This ingenious arrangement may have been Bennett's undoing, for he liked making a splash and he had a horror of debt; he wrote paying stuff conscientiously in order to meet the obligation.

Mr. Barker notes the peculiar part played by chance in Bennett's choice of a career. One can take this as a pointer to his alacrity and opportunism, but there is something deeper and sadder in these traits. Behind them is the fact that the elder Bennett had paralyzed his son's will. If one's natural will is frustrated, one is driven back on seizing lucky accidents and the invention of a pseudo will. Hence, I think, Bennett's forced passion for efficiency, punctuality, and planning every hour of the day, every week of the year—his religious regard for organization. It was really a form of hysteria, and he paid for it in hypochondria. (He also feared—though this is another matter—that he might inherit the disease that killed his father, which may have been the unpleasant affliction that hides itself under

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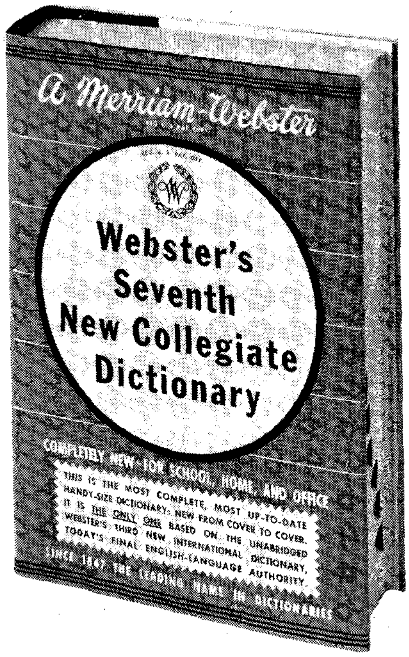
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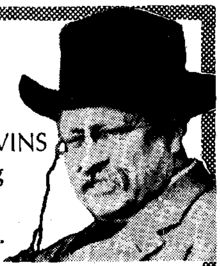

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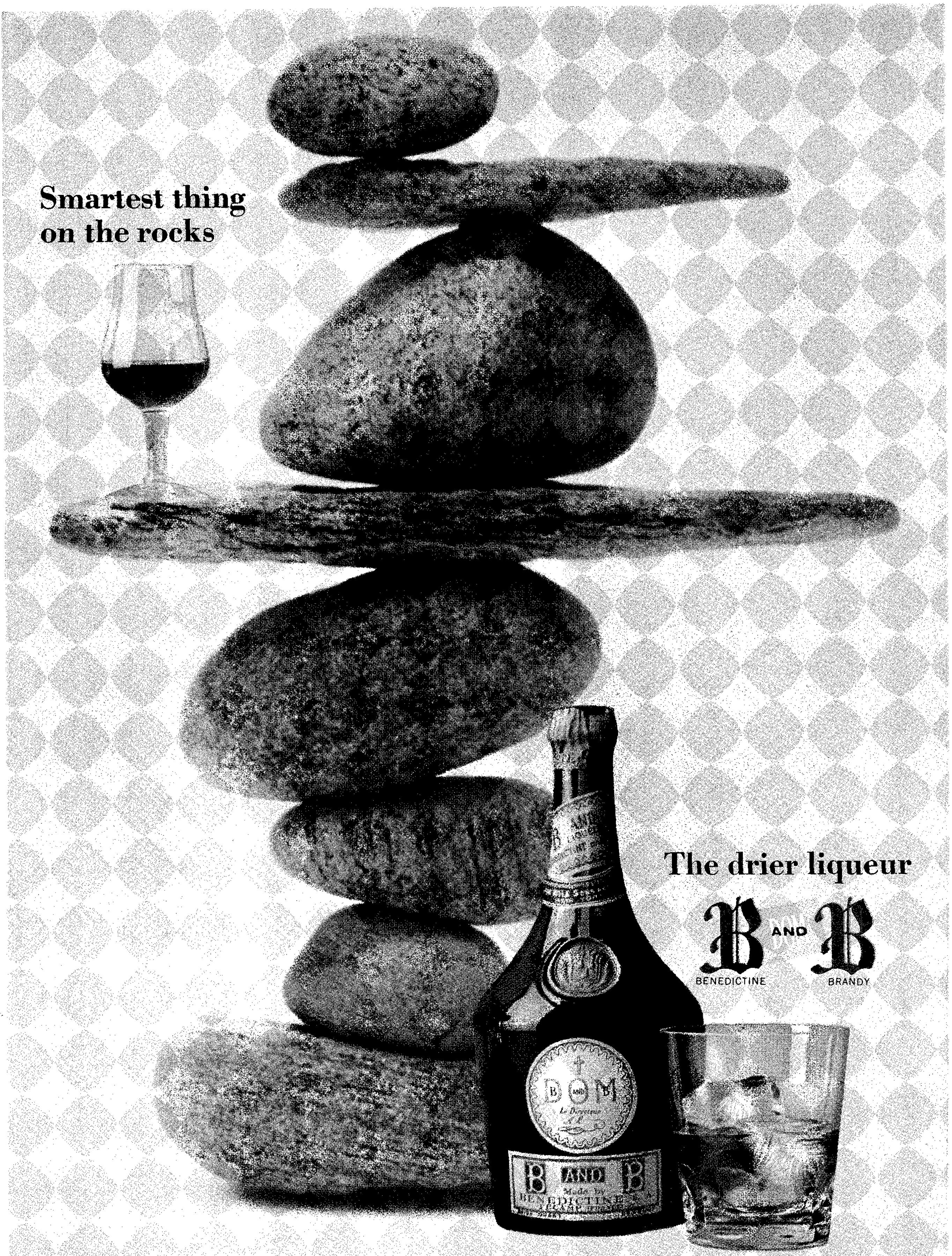
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the name of G.P.I.) The preposterous lengths to which Bennett's pseudo will could go are illustrated in the strange affair of his determination to marry when he was nearly forty. He announced the fact, gave a date for it, settled on a very young girl—Julian Green's sister. The story has various versions, but the main facts are definite; everyone knew about the plan except the girl. The place, the time, the witnesses were all arranged by him; he invited Wells to the ceremony—but the girl knew nothing about it until the day he proposed to her, certainly did not love him, and had no notion that he loved her. Bennett had to endure a damaging rejection and collapsed into helpless stammering. He was left with the plan on his hands, and very soon he turned to his French secretary and married her.

What had happened was a retreat into the will-less acceptance of circumstance; that, and the fantastic accident, are the continual themes of his stories. Chance, chicanery—the favorite word—and disillusion, which he called "detraction," arouse his sharp inventive powers and animate the irony of his work. He is the aesthete of wry humors and sadnesses, and underneath them one feels the sternly concealed weariness of a man who has rarely acted instinctively. He has resigned, in spite of all the show of dynamism, before he has begun. Mr. Barker makes the suggestive observation that in none of the Five Towns stories does Bennett ever go outside the intense factual recollection of the few streets, shops, and houses he knew in his childhood. A Zola, a Flaubert stepped beyond early knowledge; Bennett, imprisoned for life by his father's will, rarely did. Relief came in his clever but shoddy commercial writing, in which he preferred to wear himself out. Yet the pseudo will of the clever, unassailable Arnold Bennett the fact fetichist only half killed the artist. "The Old Wives' Tale" and a lot of "Clayhanger" last pretty well. No novelist who is concerned with writing about common England, outside the Establishment, can afford to neglect him. Like Crabbe, Bennett is a poet of the quotidian.

—V. S. Pritchett

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Meeting by the River, by Christopher Isherwood (Simon & Schuster). The river is the Ganges, and the meeting is between two brothers, Englishmen, who have not seen each

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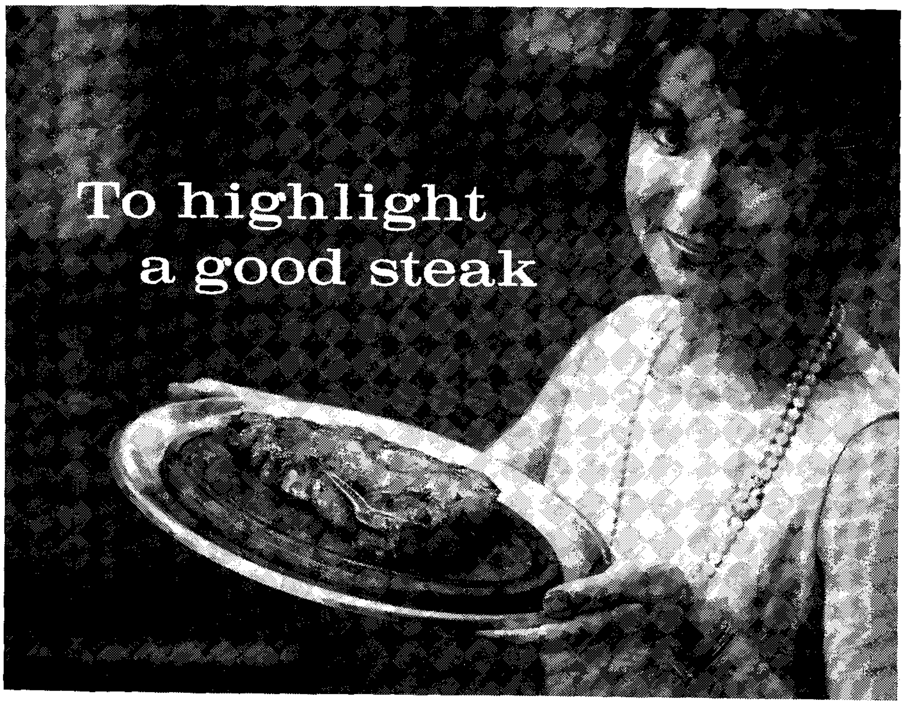

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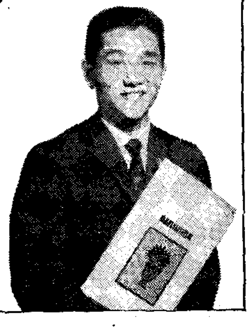

other for years. Patrick, the elder, a thirty-eight-year-old handsome and charming publisher, has a wife and two little daughters in London but is desperately shaken by a love affair he has just enjoyed with a very young American named Tom, whom he met in Los Angeles. Now, on his way to Singapore to discuss arrangements for a movie, he stops off on the banks of the Ganges to look in on his brother Oliver, an unhappy man who has found peace in a Hindu monastery and is planning to take his final vows very soon. The story is told mainly through highly affectionate letters written by Patrick to his mother, to his wife, and to Tom. Nothing is solved in the course of this short book, and nothing is settled. What we have is a quick picture of two brothers who are obsessed with each other, as they always have been and always will be. We see them struggling to loosen the knots that tie them together and keep them in infantile opposition. But neither of the brothers is very intelligent, and this particular episode in their lives is too contrived to be taken seriously. What is to be taken seriously is the self-satisfied, domineering, blithering Patrick, a well-fed, suntanned creature of ghastly power, who is large enough and sinister enough to sustain a much longer and fuller novel than this.

THE HEN'S HOUSE, by Peter Israel (Putnam). In a careful, deliberately unsuggestive style, Mr. Israel writes about a man who must decide whether, and how, to adjust to his membership, which often seems more like imprisonment, in a bland, unfathomable bureaucracy that requires regular conferences with a psychological interrogator, or whether to fight or trick his way into an outside world he can't remember or imagine. Except for a perfectly chilling account of a nightmare in Chapter 7, the novel has the quality of a Double-Crostic, which is more interesting being solved than solved, and even more fun being invented.

THE UNICORN GIRL, by Caroline Glyn (Coward-McCann). The greater part of Miss Glyn's writing is simple gabbling, but this first-person story of a thirteen-year-old English schoolgirl who keeps running away from herself—which is to say from her doubts about herself—has its moments of truth and gaiety.

NOTE: "Delinquent Chacha," a novel by Ved Mehta, has been published by

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The two flamboyant figures who dominate the scene are the author's own irrepressibly Irish father, and the great painter, Augustus John. "Everyone who makes an entrance is filliped into life. . . . But through all this parade of personalities [Lawrence of Arabia, Yeats, Lytton Strachey, Lady Gregory, Virginia Woolf, Dylan Thomas] the accent is on character rather than mere anecdote. The consistently developing story is always that of Nicolette Devas, whose life has been made up of highly talented people whom she writes of in a headlong Celtic manner." *—Harry T. Moore, Saturday Review.*

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Harper & Row. It first appeared, in its entirety, in this magazine.

GENERAL

MRS. SATAN: THE INCREDIBLE SAGA OF VICTORIA C. WOODHULL, by Johanna Johnston (Putnam), and VICKY: A BIOGRAPHY OF VICTORIA C. WOODHULL, by M. M. Marberry (Funk & Wagnalls). Two biographies of a woman who—with the not always helpful assistance of her younger sister, Tennessee Claflin, a professional faith healer—scandalized and fascinated America during the eighteen-seventies. To begin with, the ladies opened a brokerage office, backed by Commodore Vanderbilt; then they published a magazine, *Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly*, to espouse such causes as woman's suffrage, free love, Negro equality, the rights of labor, and spiritualism. Mrs. Woodhull ran for President and lectured far and wide announcing that she practiced what she preached—especially free love—and she publicized adultery committed by the noted minister Henry Ward Beecher. Both women fought—sometimes as aggressors, sometimes as victims—in spectacular legal proceedings that arose from these enterprises. In 1877, the sisters moved to England, where both married splendidly. Except for Victoria's continuing intermittently to run for President, they sought respectability as ardently as they had earlier sought rebellion. These two biographies differ as to some facts—the sisters' ancestry, for example, and the social standing of Mrs. Woodhull's second husband—and so, to some extent, each casts doubt on the other. Neither, alas, is provided with footnote references. Mrs. Johnston's book takes a sober view of Mrs. Woodhull, Mr. Marberry's a jocose one. Her work gives a clearer sense of the period's fermentation of ne'er-do-wells, crackpots, cranks, serious thinkers, and valuable radicals; it makes Mrs. Woodhull a figure of some, albeit minor, historical importance. His work emphasizes the scampish, disreputable quality of the lady and her entourage, and may be closer to nineteenth-century public opinion.

THE MYTHMAKERS, by Mary Barnard (Ohio University Press). This is a peculiarly delightful book, a just-right mixture of scholarship, humaneness, and fun. The author thinks that much modern work in the interpretation of primitive

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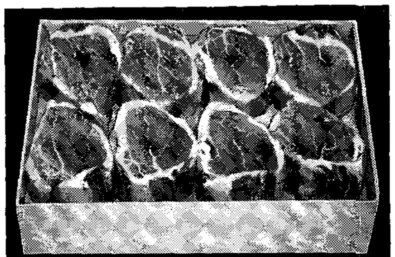
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myths—the kind of thought that assumes a "collective unconscious" and that emphasizes irrational or magical motives for all the behavior of primitive man—is quite mistaken. Similar myths have arisen in different societies out of similar situations, Miss Barnard maintains, but human beings—even primitives—are not so dumb that they think (for instance) that eclipses may really mean the end of the world. And human beings (for another instance) like to give parties, make jokes, drink intoxicating beverages, dance, and sing quite apart from whatever ritual or commemorative excuse they allege for these goings on. And so, she feels, theories that stress the fearful and ignore the festive aspects of, say, rites of spring are distorting. Miss Barnard's notions are welcome. Her respect for the common sense of primitive man enhances our respect for man as a species. And her reminder of life's enduring gaieties (as opposed to that German Expressionist, Jungian, moody outlook) very sensibly suggests something that all social-studies investigators would do well to remember—that human societies are not collections of neurasthenic patients.

SIX SUMMERS IN PARIS, 1789-94, by John Fisher (Harper & Row). A good, short, dispassionate, popular account of the French Revolution as the capital saw it. The author, who is English, regards the Revolution as a failure but holds no particular person responsible—for either the failure or the Revolution. And in the room he saves by not justifying any historical party line he puts in many interesting details of life in Paris, sketches of various people, great and small, and the other absorbing extras that a good historian can provide.

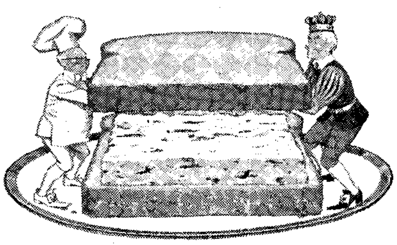
NOTE: "Los Angeles: The Ultimate City," by Christopher Rand, has been published by the Oxford University Press. Most of the book first appeared in this magazine.

•

MELBOURNE, March 1—Mr. Joseph Von Sternberg, the film director who made a star of Marlene Dietrich with the film The Blue Angel, plans to visit Australia in May as a guest of the Melbourne and Sydney Film Festival....

Some of Mr. Von Sternberg's films—An American Tragedy, Crime and Punishment, and Underworld—were the first of the gangster movies.—*Press release from the Australian News & Information Bureau.*

"The Blue Angel," of course, was the first of the Biblical ones.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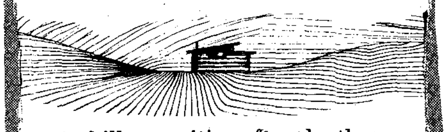
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